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ENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THE

LIFE AND REMAINS OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

SOLITUDE.

Vide Page 101.

HALIFAX.
MILNER & SOWERBY.

THE

LIFE AND REMAINS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

OF NOTTINGHAM,

XI-432

LATE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HALIFAX:
MILNER AND SOWERBY.

1854.

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TO

HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

THE FOLLOWING

TRIFLING EFFUSIONS

OF

A VERY YOUTHFUL MUSE,

ARE,

BY PERMISSION, DEDICATED,

BY HER GRACE'S

MUCH OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

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MEMOIRS

OF

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

THERE are few persons whose name is so hailed by the young, and whose character has produced so great an effect upon society, as that of Henry Kirke White.

There is a genius of the highest order in his poetical productions, and an erudite simplicity in his prose; and both are so recommended by sincerity, and consecrated by piety, that no one can read them without being awed by the subject, and improved by the sentiments.

What renders the piety and religious sentiments of this accomplished youth more conspicuous and remarkable, is, that it is well known he was once inclined to gaiety, and a victim of infidelity. He was fond of the stage, and took a part in private theatricals; associated with a circle of ingenious, but free-thinking and free-acting young men: but, to the surprise of his former acquaintances, he became perfectly orthodox in his principles, and devout in his practice. This gives us ground to believe that his opinions are sincere; that they were adopted after mature examination; and his life proves that his piety was unfeigned; for he acted throughout life according to the new principles which he had adopted.

Henry Kirke White was born at Nottingham, March 21, 1785. This celebrated poet, like many other men of genius, was of humble origin. His father was a butcher at Nottingham, and he was de-

signed by him to carry the basket, loaded with meat, to his customers. But Henry's spirit was too aspiring for this ignoble employment; and this, united with his mother's ambition, procured him a classical education. Mr. Blanchard, master of the Classical Academy, Nottingham, has been accused of not discerning his talents. But in a school consisting of upwards of a hundred boys, which we know he then conducted, it was perhaps impossible to discover the peculiar genius of every pupil. The usual routine of tasks were of course required of Henry, and it is very possible that the dry grammatical exercises which he had to perform, were not very agreeable to him.

The earliest instruction has often produced a good and salutary impression upon the minds of children, which has been felt even to maturer years. This was the benefit which Henry derived, at the age of four years, from Mrs. Garrington, his school-mistress. Henry, in his poem on Childhood, makes mention of her prudence and kindness with affectionate veneration.

There was a teacher at Mr. Blanchard's, who, with more spite than penetration, pronounced an ill-natured opinion of Henry, as a stupid, obstinate boy; but the lampoons which Henry immediately wrote upon him and the other teachers, were pointed with such wit and humour, that they completely proved the falsehood of the calumny.

The irksome confinement of school, to a boy whose taste for the sublime and beautiful led him to meet the approach of day, may be easily conceived; and his feelings are expressively pictured in his little poem 'On being confined to School.' The clear meanderings of the majestic Trent, the expansive and flowery meadows which form its banks, the hanging groves of Clifton which overshadow the stream, and the woods of Cotgrave, which crown its abrupt and sloping hills, all form scenes where his muse delighted to wander; and amidst them, the writer of these pages has often met Henry.

Here, with the meditations of a hermit, he often wandered at early morn, at sunny noon, or when the evening shades arose. And I can never retrace those well-known scenes without fancying I hear the whisper of his friendly spirit.

> Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
> Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
> He hied him to the thick o'er-arching shade,
> And there on mossy carpet listless laid.

Henry was only six years old when he first was sent to Mr. Blanchard's Academy, Nottingham. Here he was instructed in the rudiments of writing, arithmetic, and French. He remained in this classical establishment till he was eleven years old; at which age, it is said, he wrote a theme for every boy in his class, consisting of fourteen. The master commended every one of them, but upon Henry's he bestowed a very high encomium.

Some dispute with Mr. Blanchard, or a mother's fondness, or a principle of economy to save expense, removed Henry from this academy, to be a domestic pupil of Mr. Shipley, the writing-master of Mrs. White's seminary for young ladies. As might be expected, under the particular and kind attention of this worthy man, Henry's talents developed themselves. It has been often observed, that the best mode of study is to let every one pursue the track of knowledge, which his own genius prefers. Henry, now left to the uninterrupted pursuit of his favourite subjects at his own hours, soon found sufficient employment for all his time, in reading works on almost every subject, and exercising his talents on topics which his fancy preferred. Mr. Shipley could not but soon appreciate the superior abilities of a youth of such application; and by every attention assisted his progress in the Latin language. Having arrived at the age of fourteen, Henry was put to the stocking-loom, for the purpose of learning the nature of the

hosiery business, the staple trade of the town, for which his friends intended him. But his mounting spirit found a difficulty in lowering itself to this degrading employment. He seems to have complained of the degradation, in the lines commencing,

'Thee do I own the prompter of my joys.'

Dissatisfied with an occupation merely *manual,* and desirous of an employment, as he said, 'to occupy his *brains,*' his mother articled him to Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attorneys, and town-clerks of Nottingham. Yet in the midst of the pressing engagements of an attorney's office, he contrived to devote a portion of his time to the acquisition of considerable knowledge in the Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian languages, in astronomy and music, and learned to play the piano forte.

At this early age he was admitted a member of a literary society in Nottingham, and distinguished himself one evening at their meeting, by lecturing extempore a full hour on genius; upon which the members unanimously elected him their professor.

In p. 237. we find an instance of Henry's extempore powers in the art of poetry. A friend had doubted these powers, upon which Henry thus addressed him:

'Yet, ah! thy arrows are too keen, too sure,' &c.

At the age of fifteen, he gained the prize of a silver medal, offered by the editors of the Monthly Preceptor, for the best translation of a passage in Horace; and at sixteen, they voted him a pair of twelve-inch globes, for an imaginary Tour from London to Edinburgh. These literary distinctions introduced him to Capel Lofft, Esq. and Mr. Hill, who encouraged him, in 1802, to publish his Clifton Grove, and other poems.

His advancement at the bar, to which he had aspired, seemed prohibited by a natural deafness, which appeared immoveable. He now therefore turned his thoughts and wishes to the banks of the Cam, and

hoped that his little work might, by its sale, raise him a sum of money to assist him to pass through the University. But these hopes were all blasted by the malignant criticisms of the Monthly Review. Mr. Southey, with a generous hand, staunched the wound made by their barbed arrows, and encouraged him to venture a second edition, and offered his assistance in the publication.

While Henry was groping his way to knowledge, and forming his plans to reach the University, he was introduced to the Rev. Mr. Dashwood, curate of St. Mary's, Nottingham, who much encouraged him, and made him some presents.

About this time, his religious sentiments underwent a great revolution. He became a Christian from conviction, and maintained the faith which once he had opposed.

The method which he adopted, of translations, and re-translations back into the original, of Cicero and Cæsar, proved admirably usefu lin bringing him, in a short time, into the habit of easy and elegant Latin compositions, by which he acquired great credit at the University.

Henry's hopes of going to Cambridge became now very faint, and he entertained the idea of relinquishing his studies. But a recommendation of him having been drawn up and presented to the Elland Society, formed for the assistance of deserving students through the University, he was induced to persevere. This Society examined him with scrupulous severity, and pronounced their high esteem of his abilities; but hesitated in accepting him, on account of some supposed natural defect in his utterance.

He was, however, introduced to Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, and, by Mr. Dashwood, to Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge; and through these gentlemen, Mr. Wilberforce also took him under his patronage.

Henry therefore now renewed his literary pursuits, and after about six months of interrupted application,

entered, according to his earnest wish, the University of Cambridge. Here, by the elegance of his Latin compositions, he soon gained honour and reputation; and had the satisfaction, by the end of the year, to gain sufficient prizes to enable him to disburthen his mind of the load of gratitude which oppressed it, and to decline any farther pecuniary aid from his patrons.

For the purpose, however, of making himself more fit to compete with the candidates for University honours, he retired for a year to Winteringham, and put himself under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Granger, the Curate. Upon returning to Cambridge, Henry was much patronized by his tutors, and sat for the University prize, but was persuaded to decline the contest. His abilities were much talked of in his own circle; his college tempted his ambitious mind with promises of support, and with hopes of honours, and offered him a tutor during the vacation. The ambition of particular colleges to reflect honour on their own establishments, sometimes excites the members to sacrifices of time and health, which lead them to a literary suicide. Henry could not resist the tempting offers of his college. He read and studied, and took strong medicines; but it had been more kindness to have transplanted this overthriving plant into a quiet and open soil for a time, than thus to have forced it, in the hot-house of proffered honours, to grow beyond its strength, till it was exhausted.

Thus patronized and celebrated, and spurred on by the desire of approving himself to his friends, and justifying their hopes and wishes, he felt himself tied down to his studies with bands which he could not break, and resisted all the importunities of his friends to leave the University to visit them. His mother was particularly urgent with him to quit his college for the purpose of coming to Nottingham, to receive the benefit of his native air, and maternal nursing; but no arguments could prevail. He had already been to London, where he had spent a week, and he

would not absent himself again. His mind had been much excited by the various novelties of the metropolis, and the literary and religious disputes in which he had been involved; so that, instead of that calm repose which the state of his health and spirits required, he had been thrown into a sea of agitation, and returned to Cambridge almost in a fever. A cold he caught on the road accelerated its advance; and it made such rapid progress over his frame, that in a few days he was delirious. Messrs. Campbell and Leeson sat up with him some nights, and contributed to calm his troubled spirit, and allay the fears which depressed his mind. What seemed principally to distress him was, the inattention he had lately paid to his religious concerns, while absorbed in classical pursuits, and carried forward in literary ambition. The promises of the gospel, however, and the readiness of our Almighty Father to receive his children, who seek Him with their whole heart through his beloved Son, brought consolation to his mind, and gave him peace. He expressed his hopes and his satisfaction to his friends, and departed without a struggle; so that those who waited on his last moments, saw his eyes closed, and his hands clasped as in devotion, and could scarcely distinguish the last sigh which preceded the departure of his spirit to the world of light and life immortal. He died the 19th of October, 1806.

His early death, in the attainment of celebrity beyond his years, should act as a caution to other youths not to indulge an ambitious spirit at the expense of health and life; but to use moderation, even in the laudable pursuit of language and science, and to believe that perseverance, with health, will, in the end, better secure the objects which they have in view.

The fame of Henry was high in his own college: and yet scarcely was he heard of out of it till his death, when his writings rendered him so celebrated. The eulogies of the University of Cambridge, and the unequalled extent of his abilities, which his biogra-

phers have panegyrized, were smiled at as a romantic tale by almost all the Cambridge men of his time.

The chief excellencies of H. K. White were not the high honours which his classical or mathematical knowledge acquired him, nor the superiority of his acquisitions in language and science, but his true piety, his persevering labours, and his exalted poetical genius, displayed at so early a period of life. His unexpected and lamented death also, at the age of twenty-one, with the bright prospect of fame and honours glittering before him, has given an interest to his character. All these circumstances, combined, have drawn forth an attention to his writings, and given them an effect on the manners and principles of the rising generation; and they have produced more good than his improved abilities might have achieved, had he been spared to the age of threescore years and ten.

Henry felt the force of truth, and obeyed her dictates. Henry found the cordials of divine truth supporting him in his death, and now reaps her glorious reward in that world where knowledge opens to his untired eye its boundless stores, and satisfies his holy ambition with her unfading and eternal honours. May these be the high glories to which all students may direct their best and their most ardent expectations!

PREFACE.

THE following attempts in Verse are laid before the public with extreme diffidence. The Author is very conscious that the juvenile efforts of a youth, who has not received the polish of academical discipline, and who has been but sparingly blessed with opportunities for the prosecution of scholastic pursuits, must necessarily be defective in the accuracy and finished elegance which mark the works of the man who has passed his life in the retirement of his study, furnishing his mind with images, and at the same time attaining the power of disposing those images to the best advantage.

The unpremeditated effusions of a Boy, from his thirteenth year, employed, not in the acquisition of literary information, but in the more active business of life, must not be expected to exhibit any considerable portion of the correctness of a Virgil, or the vigorous compression of a Horace. Men are not, I believe, generally known to bestow much labour on their amusements: and these Poems were, most of them, written merely to beguile a leisure hour, or to fill up the languid intervals of studies of a severer nature.

Πας το οικειος εργον αγαπαω, 'Every one loves his own work,' says the Stagyrite; but it was no overweening affection of this kind which induced this publication. Had the Author relied on his own judgment only, these Poems would not, in all probability, ever have seen the light.

Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: The facilitation, through its means, of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the prin-

cipal objects of his ambition; and the increase of the capacity to pursue those inclinations which may one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.

The principal Poem in this little collection, 'Clifton Grove,' is, he fears, deficient in numbers and harmonious coherency of parts. It is, however, merely to be regarded as a description of a nocturnal ramble in that charming retreat, accompanied with such reflections as the scene naturally suggested. It was written twelve months ago, when the author was in his sixteenth year.—The Miscellanies are some of them the productions of a very early age.—Of the Odes, that 'To an early Primrose,' was written at thirteen: the others are of a later date.—The Sonnets are chiefly irregular; they have, perhaps, no other claim to that *specific* denomination, than that they consist only of fourteen lines.

Such are the Poems towards which I entreat the lenity of the public. The critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and, in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the iron mace of Criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen; and, remembering that, may he forbear from crushing, by too much rigour, the painted butterfly, whose transient colours may otherwise be capable of affording a moment's innocent amusement. H. K. WHITE.

Nottingham.

INSCRIPTION.

By William Smyth, Esq., Professor of Modern History, Cambridge; on a monumental tablet, with a medallion by Chantrey, erected in All-Saints' church, Cambridge, at the expense of Francis Boott, Esq., of Boston, United States.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BORN MARCH 21st, 1785; DIED OCTOBER 10th, 1806.

Warm with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful Poet came;
Unconquer'd powers th' immortal mind display'd,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay'd;
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The Martyr Student faded and expired.
O Genius, Taste, and Piety sincere,
Too early lost, 'midst duties too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen;
He told the tale, and shew'd what White had been—
Nor told in vain—far o'er th' Atlantic wave
A Wanderer came, and sought the Poet's grave;
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

W. S.

BY LORD BYRON.

No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep:
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb;
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.

POEMS.

TO MY LYRE, AN ODE.

THOU simple Lyre!—Thy music wild
  Has served to charm the weary hour,
And many a lonely night has 'guiled,
When even pain has own'd, and smiled,
  Its fascinating power.

Yet, O my Lyre! the busy crowd
  Will little heed thy simple tones:
Them mightier minstrels harping loud
Engross,—and thou and I must shroud
  Where dark oblivion 'thrones.

No hand, thy diapason o'er,
  Well skill'd, I throw with sweep sublime;
For me no academic lore
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,
  Or build the polish'd rhyme.

Yet thou to *Sylvan* themes canst soar;
  Thou know'st to charm the *woodland* train;
The rustic swains believe thy power
Can hush the wild winds when they roar,
  And still the billowy main.

These honours, Lyre, we yet may keep;
  I, still unknown, may live with thee;
And gentle zephyr's wing will sweep
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,
  Beneath the alder tree.

This little dirge will please me more
  Than the full requiem's swelling peal;

I'd rather than that crowds should sigh
For me, that from some kindred eye
The trickling tear should steal.

Yet dear to me the wreath of bay,
Perhaps from me debarr'd;
And dear to me the classic zone,
Which, snatch'd from learning's labour'd throne,
Adorns th' accepted bard.

And Oh! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where Cam or Isis winds along,
Perchance, inspired with ardour chaste,
I yet might call the ear of taste
To listen to my song.

Oh! then, my little friend, thy style
I'd change to happier lays;
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And through the long, the fretted aisle
Should swell the note of praise.

CLIFTON GROVE: A SKETCH IN VERSE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke,
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows, assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed;
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds;
And general silence reigns, save when below
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.
Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,

And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire:
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin;
Now, now, my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, bless'd Clifton! thy sublime demain.
Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.
And O thou sacred Power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne, where waving poplars sigh!
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild control
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,
Come, with thy wonted ardour, and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallow'd fire:
And thou, too, Fancy, from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wav'st thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of Sylphids on the moonbeams sail.
This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Save when, from yonder stream, the sunny ray,
Reflected, gives a dubious gleam of day;
Recalls, endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times when beneath the boxen hedge reclined,
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood;

Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response, delighted, smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I view'd the vivid glare
Of volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around reviled,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard, and smiled.
Beloved remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,—
In shades like these to live, is to be bless'd.
While Happiness evades the busy crowd,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou, too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here dost love to sit with upturn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the gray owl's silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night.
Congenial calms, more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre dress'd,
To Heaven my prayers, my daily prayers, I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days;
Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife,
May trace with me the lowly vale of life;
And when his banner Death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now, as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above th' embracing branches meet;
No more the river gurgles at my feet;

But seen deep down the cliff's impending side,
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my upland path,—across the Green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds,
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,
And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.
  Say, why does Man, while, to his opening sight,
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms;
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?
Could he who thus to vile enjoyments clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,
No more his soul would pant for joys impure;
The deadly chalice would no more allure;
But the sweet portion he was wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.
  Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms;
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate;
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate.
Though not for me 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet still my lot is bless'd, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye.
  Happy is he, who, though the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss;
Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain;
Though, were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,

These bounding prospects all were made for me:
For me yon waving fields their burden bear;
For me yon labourer guides the shining share;
While, happy, I in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed;
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

How lovely, from this hill's superior height,
Spreads the wide view before my straining sight;
O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hills' remotest bound,
My ken is borne: while o'er my head serene,
The silver moon illumes the misty scene;
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies.
The drowsy god has seal'd the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social faggot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised;
But lock'd in silence, o'er Arion's* star
The slumbering Night rolls on her velvet car:
The church-bell tolls, deep sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour for walking spectres made;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul;
Save when, disturb'd by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep-mouth'd mastiff bays the troubled night;
Or, where the village ale-house crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,

* The constellation Delphinus. For authority for this appellation, vide Ovid's Fasti, B. xi. 113.

Where the moss'd seat invites the traveller's stay,
That spot, oh! yet it is the very same;
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name.
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom;
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume;
And in the branch that rears above the rest,
The robin unmolested builds its nest.
'Twas here, when hope, presiding o'er my breast,
In vivid colours every prospect dress'd,
'Twas here, reclining, I indulg'd her dreams,
And lost the hour in visionary schemes.
Here, as I press once more the ancient seat,
Why, bland deceiver! not renew the cheat?
Say, can a few short years this change achieve,
That thy illusions can no more deceive?
Time's sombrous tints have every view o'erspread,
And thou, too, gay seducer! art *thou* fled?
Though vain thy promise, and the suit severe,
Yet thou couldst 'guile Misfortune of her fear;
And oft thy smiles, across life's gloomy way,
Could throw a gleam of transitory day.
How gay, in youth, the flattering future seems!
How sweet is manhood in the infant's dreams!
The dire mistake too soon is brought to light;
And all is buried in redoubled night.
Yet some can rise superior to the pain,
And in their breasts the charmer Hope retain:
While others, dead to feeling, can survey,
Unmov'd, their fairest prospects fade away:
But yet a few there be, too soon o'ercast!
Who shrink unhappy from the adverse blast,
And woo the first bright gleam, which breaks the [gloom,
To gild the silent slumbers of the tomb.
So in these shades, the early primrose blows,
Too soon deceived by suns and melting snows;
So falls untimely on the desert waste;
Its blossoms withering in the northern blast.
Now pass'd whate'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way;

Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustom'd seat.
And oh! how sweet this walk, o'erhung with wood,
That winds the margin of the solemn flood!
What rural objects steal upon the sight!
What rising views prolong the calm delight!
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
And, frequent interspers'd, the woodman's pile.
Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.
Around, what sounds, what magic sounds, arise;
What glimmering scenes salute my ravish'd eyes!
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed;
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head;
And, swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.
Still, every rising sound of calm delight
Stamps but the fearful silence of the night,
Save when is heard, between each dreary rest,
Discordant from her solitary nest,
The owl, dull-screaming to the wandering moon;
Now riding, cloud-wrapt, near her highest noon:
Or when the wild-duck, southering, hither rides,
And plunges sullen in the sounding tides.

How oft, in this sequester'd spot, when youth
Gave to each tale the holy force of truth,
Have I long linger'd, while the milk-maid sung
The tragic legend, till the woodland rung!
That tale, so sad! which, still to memory dear,
From its sweet source can call the sacred tear,
And (lull'd to rest stern Reason's harsh control)
Steal its soft magic to the passive soul.
These hallow'd shades,—these trees that woo the wind

Recall its faintest features to my mind.
A hundred passing years, with march sublime,
Have swept beneath the silent wing of time,
Since, in yon hamlet's solitary shade,
Reclusely dwelt the far-fam'd Clifton Maid,
The beauteous Margaret; for her, each swain
Confess'd in private his peculiar pain;
In secret sigh'd, a victim to despair,
Nor dared to hope to win the peerless fair.
No more the shepherd, on the blooming mead,
Attun'd to gaiety his artless reed;
No more entwin'd the pansied wreath, to deck
His favourite wether's unpolluted neck;
But listless, by yon babbling stream reclin'd.
He mix'd his sobbings with the passing wind;
Bemoan'd his hapless love; or, boldly bent,
Far from these smiling fields, a rover, went
O'er distant lands, in search of ease, to roam,
A self-will'd exile from his native home.
Yet not to all the maid express'd disdain;
Her Bateman loved, nor loved the youth in vain.
Full oft, low whispering o'er these arching boughs,
The echoing vault responded to their vows,
As here, deep hidden from the glare of day,
Enamour'd, oft they took their secret way.
Yon bosky dingle, still the rustics name;
'Twas there the blushing maid confess'd her flame.
Down yon green lane they oft were seen to hie,
When evening slumber'd on the western sky.
That blasted yew, that mouldering walnut bare,
Each bears mementos of the fated pair.
One eve, when Autumn loaded every breeze
With the fall'n honours of the mourning trees,
The maiden waited at the accustom'd bower,
And waited long beyond the appointed hour,
Yet Bateman came not. O'er the woodland drear,
Howling portentous, did the winds career;
And bleak and dismal on the leafless woods
The fitful rains rush'd down in sudden floods.

The night was dark; as, now and then, the gale
Paused for a moment,—Margaret listen'd, pale;
But through the covert to her anxious ear
No rustling footsteps spoke her lover near.
Strange fears now fill'd her breast, she knew not why.
She sigh'd, and Bateman's name was in each sigh.
She hears a noise,—'tis he, he comes at last;—
Alas! 'twas but the gale which hurried past:
But now she hears a quickening footstep sound,
Lightly it comes, and nearer does it bound;
'Tis Bateman's self, he springs into her arms,
'Tis he that clasps, and chides her vain alarms.
'Yet why this silence? I have waited long,
And the cold storm has yell'd the trees among.
And now thou'rt here, my fears are fled - yet speak,
Why does the salt tear moisten on thy cheek?
Say, what is wrong?'—Now, through a parting cloud,
The pale moon peer'd from her tempestuous shroud,
And Bateman's face was seen: 'twas deadly white,
And sorrow seem'd to sicken in his sight.
'Oh! speak, my love!' again the maid conjur'd;
'Why is thy heart in sullen woe immur'd?'
He raised his head, and thrice essay'd to tell;
Thrice from his lips the unfinish'd accents fell;
When thus at last reluctantly he broke
His boding silence, and the maid bespoke:
'Grieve not, my love, but ere the morn advance,
I on these fields must cast a parting glance;
For three long years, by cruel fate's command
I go to languish in a foreign land.
O Margaret! omens dire have met my view.
Say, when far distant, wilt thou bear me true?
Should honours tempt thee, and should riches fee,
Wouldst thou forget thine ardent vows to me,
And on the silken couch of wealth reclined,
Banish thy faithful Bateman from thy mind?'
'Oh! why,' replies the maid, 'my faith thus prove,
Canst thou, ah! canst thou, then, suspect my love?
Hear me, just God! if, from my traitorous heart,

My Bateman's fond remembrance e'er shall part;
If, when he hail again his native shore,
He finds his Margaret true to him no more,
May fiends of hell, and every power of dread,
Conjoin'd, then drag me from my perjur'd bed,
And hurl me headlong down these awful steeps,
To find deserved death in yonder Deeps!'*
Thus spake the maid and from her finger drew
A golden ring, and broke it quick in two;
One half she in her lovely bosom hides,
The other, trembling, to her love, confides.
'This bind the vow,' she said, 'this mystic charm
No future recantation can disarm.
The right vindictive does the fates involve;
No tears can move it, no regrets dissolve.'
She ceased. The death-bird gave a dismal cry;
The river moan'd; the wild gale whistled by;
And once again the lady of the night
Behind a heavy cloud withdrew her light.
Trembling she view'd these portents with dismay;
But gently Bateman kiss'd her fears away:
Yet still he felt conceal'd a secret smart;
Still melancholy bodings fill'd his heart.
When to the distant land the youth was sped,
A lonely life the moody maiden led. [walk,
Still would she trace each dear, each well-known
Still by the moonlight to her love would talk;
And fancy, as she paced among the trees,
She heard his whispers in the dying breeze.
Thus two years glided on in silent grief;
The third her bosom own'd the kind relief.
Absence had cool'd her love—the impoverish'd flame
Was dwindling fast; when, lo! the tempter came:
He offered wealth, and all the joys of life;
And the weak maid became another's wife!
Six guilty months had mark'd the false one's crime,

* This part of the Trent is commonly called 'The Clifton Deeps.'

When Bateman hail'd once more his native clime.
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim.
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ear the fatal news arose?
Chill'd with amazement, senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble monument of woe;
Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair:
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes (by memory ne'er forgot),
Those scenes, the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And traced again their former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gazed intently on the stealing flood.
Death in his mien and madness in his eye,
He watched the waters as they murmur'd by;
Bade the base murd'ress triumph o'er his grave—
Prepar'd to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent:
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt. Cool played upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind;
The willows waved; the stream it sweetly swept;
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept;
And all was peace;—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,
His Margaret lull'd in Germain's* arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,

* Germain is the traditionary name of her husband.

Then at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.
Sad on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around:
Then all was still—the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before;
The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene.
Now, see upon the perjured fair one hang
Remorse's gloom and never-ceasing pang.
Full well she knew, repentant now too late,
She soon must bow beneath the stroke of fate.
But, for the babe she bore beneath her breast,
The offended God prolong'd her life unbless'd.
But fast the fleeting moments roll'd away,
And near, and nearer drew the dreaded day;
That day, foredoom'd to give her child the light,
And hurl its mother to the shades of night.
The hour arrived, and from the wretched wife
The guiltless baby struggled into life—
As night drew on, around her bed a band
Of friends and kindred kindly took their stand;
In holy prayer they pass'd their creeping time,
Intent to expiate her awful crime.
Their prayers were fruitless.—As the midnight came,
A heavy sleep oppress'd each weary frame.
In vain they strove against the o'erwhelming load,
Some power unseen their drowsy lids bestrode.
They slept till, in the blushing eastern sky,
The blooming morning oped her dewy eye;
Then wakening wide, they sought the ravish'd bed,
But lo! the hapless Margaret was fled;
And never more the weeping train were doom'd
To view the false one, in the deeps intomb'd.
The neighbouring rustics told that, in the night
They heard such screams as froze them with affright;
And many an infant, at its mother's breast,
Started dismay'd, from its unthinking rest.
And even now, upon the heath forlorn,

They shew the path down which the fair was borne,
By the fell demons, to the yawning wave,
Her own and murder'd lover's mutual grave.
Such is the tale, so sad, to memory dear,
Which oft in youth has charm'd my listening ear;
That tale, which bade me find redoubled sweets
In the drear silence of these dark retreats;
And even now, with melancholy power,
Adds a new pleasure to the lonely hour.
'Mid all the charms by magic Nature given
To this wild spot, this sublunary heaven,
With double joy enthusiast Fancy leans
On the attendant legend of the scenes.
This sheds a fairy lustre on the floods,
And breathes a mellower gloom upon the woods;
This, as the distant cat'ract swells around,
Gives a romantic cadence to the sound;
This, and the deepening glen, the alley green,
The silver stream, with sedgy tufts between,
The massy rock, the wood-encompass'd leas,
The broom-clad islands, and the nodding trees,
The lengthening vista, and the present gloom,
The verdant pathway breathing waste perfume,
These are thy charms; the joys which these impart
Bind thee, bless'd Clifton! close around my heart.
Dear native Grove! where'er my devious track,
To thee will Memory lead the wanderer back.
Whether in Arno's polish'd vales I stray,
Or where 'Oswego's swamps' obstruct the day;
Or wander lone, where, wildering and wide,
The tumbling torrent laves St. Gothard's side:
Or by old Tejo's classic margent muse,
Or stand entranc'd with Pyrenean views;
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.
When Splendour offers, and when Fame incites,
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights;
Reject the boon; and, wearied with the change,
Renounce the wish which first induced to range;

Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes, once
Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore, more,
And, tir'd with worlds and all their busy ways,
Here waste the little remnant of my days.
But if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die;
Oh! should it please the world's supernal King
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing;
Or that my corse should, on some desert strand,
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoom's blasting hand;
Still, though unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander through this favourite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave.

GONDOLINE.—A BALLAD.

The night it was still, and the moon it shone
  Serenely on the sea;
And the waves, at the foot of the rifted rock,
  They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
  A maiden full fair to the sight;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
  And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear,
  It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in Fancy's ear,
  Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
  Of all our good king's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
  To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had pass'd away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The ocean's misty face:
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye;
'O! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die.'

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The curlew scream'd above;
She heard the scream with a sickening heart,
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
'Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die.'

And now she came to a horrible rift
All in the rock's hard side;
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendent from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm;

Yet Gondeline enter'd; her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet still, upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose:
So, on the mountain's piny top
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard, with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came;
She follow'd till, upon her sight,
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul:
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal saw before;
And such a sight as she saw there,
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst;
The flame was fierce and high;
And all the cave, so wide and long,
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout
Twelve wither'd witches stood:
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory, too; and red
And fiercely flamed their eyes:
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry;
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopp'd; and each prepar'd
To tell what she had done,
Since last the Lady of the night
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil;
And she lean'd, fearful, forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose: She said she'd seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd;
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,
And raised a devilish rout;
And she laugh'd so loud, the peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaring wave;

And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguil'd.

And there was, too, in that same bark,
A father and his son;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,
And the bark could no more it 'bide,
She said it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

The mother clasp'd her orphan child
Unto her breast, and wept;
And, sweetly folded in her arms,
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape o' the wind,
As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hands in the infant's hair,
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping into the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand,
And it was soft and fair;
It must have been a lovely child,
To have had such lovely hair.

And she said, the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
And his face grew deadly blue;
And his father he tore his thin gray hair,
And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told, how she bored a hole
In the bark, and it fill'd away;
And twas 'rare to hear how some did swear,
And some did vow and pray.

The man and woman they soon were dead;
The sailors their strength did urge;
But the billows that beat were their winding-sheet,
And the winds sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair i' the fire,
The red flame flamed high:
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The second begun: She said she had done
The task that Queen Hecat' had set her;
And that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplish'd a better.

She said there was an aged woman,
And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he;
And oft the woman him against
Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had work'd the daughter up
To murder her old mother;
That then she might seize on all her goods,
And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,

And pondering sorely on the life
Her wicked daughter led.

She heard her footsteps on the floor,
And she rais'd her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed;

And said, 'My child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live;
Now kiss my cheek, that, ere I die,
Thy sins I may forgive.'

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp, bright knife;
And the mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
And she scream'd aloud with fear,
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick and old,
She struggled hard, and fought;
The murderess cut three fingers through,
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore;
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high;
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose: She said she'd been
To Holy Palestine;
And seen more blood in one short day,
Than they'd all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had play'd.

There was a gallant-featur'd youth,
Who like a hero fought;
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And, in a vassal's garb disguised,
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embark'd,
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy Thane:—and thought
Him dead in Holy Land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed:
And soon, all mangled o'er with wounds,
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two:

She ceas'd, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their socks,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd,
And there was a gash across the brow,—
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas Bertrand's head! With a terrible scream,
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding-place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled the cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke—she half arose, and, wild,
She cast a horrid glare;
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock,
The moon it sweetly shone,
And shew'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep,
As it rush'd the rocks between;
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in; the torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more. But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.

LINES ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS, IN THE MORNING BEFORE DAY-BREAK.

Ye many-twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems!—big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewilder'd,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts:
Too vast, too boundless, for our narrow mind,
Warp'd with low prejudices, to infold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator! Him, who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.
Th' angelic hosts, in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to their golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, 'The Lord our God is great,'
In varied harmonies.—The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene.—The Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, 'The Lord is great,'
Responding to the Seraphim.—O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.
Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile

On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height—
What even are kings, when balanc'd in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds? Almighty God!
Thou the dread Author of these wondrous works,
Say, canst Thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst,
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.
Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds, and honours of the world appear!
How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatch'd the slow-pac'd night?—Why on the page,
The schoolman's labour'd page, have I employ'd
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health? or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart;
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow;
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?
Say, foolish one—can that unbodied fame,
For which thou barterest health and happiness,
Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave,
Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
Of everlasting punishment condign?
Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
And oh! assist me so to live on earth,
That I may die in peace, and claim a place
In thy high dwelling.—All but this is folly,
The vain illusions of deceitful life.

LINES, SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY A LOVER AT THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS. OCCASIONED BY A SITUATION IN A ROMANCE.

Mary, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,
And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling,
The big tear in his eye.—Mary, awake,
From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight,
On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft and low,
Pour on the silver ear of night thy tale,
Thy whisper'd tale of comfort and of love,
To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,
And cheer his breaking heart.—Come, as thou didst,
When o'er the barren moors the night-wind howl'd,
And the deep thunders shook the ebon throne
Of the startled night.—Oh! then, as, lone reclining,
I listen'd sadly to the dismal storm,
Thou, on the lambent lightnings wild careering,
Didst strike my moody eye;—dead pale thou wert,
Yet passing lovely. Thou didst smile upon me,
And oh! thy voice it rose so musical
Betwixt the hollow pauses of the storm,
That at the sound the winds forgot to rave,
And the stern demon of the tempest, charm'd,
Sunk on his rocking throne to still repose,
Lock'd in the arms of silence.
Spirit of her!
My only love!—Oh! now again arise,
And let once more thine airy accents fall
Soft on my listening ear. The night is calm,
The gloomy willows wave in sinking cadence
With the stream that sweeps below. Divinely swell-
On the still air, the distant waterfall ing
Mingles its melody; and, high above,
The pensive empress of the solemn night,
Fitful, emerging from the rapid clouds,
Shews her chaste face in the meridian sky.
No wicked elves upon the *Warlock-knoll*

Dare now assemble at their mystic revels.
It is a night, when from their primrose beds
The gentle ghosts of injur'd innocents
Are known to rise, and wander on the breeze,
Or take their stand by the oppressor's couch,
And strike grim terror to his guilty soul.
The spirit of my love might now awake,
And hold its custom'd converse.
Mary, lo!
Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave,
And calls upon thy name.—The breeze that blows
On his wan cheek, will soon sweep over him,
In solemn music, a funereal dirge,
Wild and most sorrowful.—His cheek is pale;
The worm that prey'd upon thy youthful bloom
It canker'd green on his.—Now lost he stands,
The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew,
Which bathes his aching temples, give sure omen
Of speedy dissolution.—Mary, soon
Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,
And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.

MY STUDY.—IN HUDIBRASTIC VERSE.

You bid me, Ned, describe the place
Where I, one of the rhyming race,
Pursue my studies *con amore*,
And wanton with the muse in glory.
Well, figure to your senses straight,
Upon the house's topmost height,
A closet, just six feet by four,
With white-wash'd walls and plaster floor,
So noble large, 'tis scarcely able
T' admit a single chair and table:
And (lest the muse should die with cold)
A smoky grate my fire to hold:
So wondrous small 'twould much it pose,
To melt the ice-drop on one's nose;
And yet so big, it covers o'er

Full half the spacious room and more.
A window vainly stuff'd about,
To keep November's breezes out,
So crazy, that the panes proclaim,
That soon they mean to leave the frame,
My furniture I sure may crack—
A broken chair without a back;
A table wanting just two legs,
One end sustained by wooden pegs:
A desk—of that I am not fervent,
The work of, Sir, your humble servant:
(Who, though I say't, am no such fumbler;)
A glass decanter and a tumbler,
From which my night-parch'd throat I lave,
Luxurious, with the limpid wave.
A chest of drawers, in antique sections,
And saw'd by me in all directions;
So small, Sir, that whoever views 'em
Swears nothing but a doll could use 'em.
To these if you will add a store
Of oddities upon the floor,
A pair of globes, electric balls,
Scales, quadrants, prisms, and cobbler's awls;
And crowds of books on rotten shelves,
Octavos, folios, quartos, twelves:
I think, dear Ned, you curious dog,
You'll have my earthly catalogue.
But stay,—I nearly had left out
My bellows, destitute of snout;
And on the walls,—Good Heavens! why there
I've such a load of precious ware,
Of heads, and coins, and silver medals,
And organ works, and broken pedals,
(For I was once a-building music,
Though soon of that employ I grew sick;)
And skeletons of laws which shoot
All out of one primordial root;
That you, at such a sight, would swear
Confusion's self had settled there.

There stands, just by a broken sphere,
A Cicero without an ear,
A neck, on which, by logic good,
I know for sure a head *once* stood;
But who it was the able master
Had moulded in the mimic plaster,
Whether 'twas Pope, or Coke, or Burn,
I never yet could justly learn:
But knowing well that any head
Is made to answer for the dead,
(And sculptors first their faces frame,
And after pitch upon a name,
Nor think it aught of a misnomer
To christen Chaucer's busto, Homer,
Because they both have beards, which, you know,
Will mark them well from Joan and Juno,)
For some great man, I could not tell,
But NECK might answer just as well,
So perch'd it up, all in a row
With Chatham and with Cicero.
Then all around, in just degree,
A range of portraits you may see
Of mighty men, and eke of women,
Who are no whit inferior *to* men.
With these fair dames and heroes round,
I call my garret classic ground.
For, though confin'd, 'twill well contain
The ideal flights of Madam Brain.
No dungeon's walls, no cell confin'd,
Can cramp the energies of mind!
Thus, though my heart may seem so small,
I've friends, and 'twill contain them all;
And should it e'er become so cold
That these it will no longer hold,
No more may heaven her blessings give;
I shall not then be fit to live.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nurs'd in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway,
And dar'd the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw,
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnotic'd and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserv'd;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear,
Serene, the ills of life.

SONNETS.

I.

To the river Trent. Written on recovery from sickness.

Once more, O Trent! along thy pebbly marge
A pensive invalid, reduc'd and pale,
From the close sick-room newly let at large,
Wooes to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
Oh! to his ear how musical the tale
Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat

And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail,
How wildly novel on his senses float!
It was on this that, many a sleepless night,
As lone he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
The owl's dull wing and melancholy scream;
On this he thought, this, this, his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

II.

Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And, by the beauties of the scene beguil'd,
May pity Man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

III.*

Supposed to have been addressed by a female lunatic to a lady.

Lady, thou weepest for the Maniac's woe,
And thou art fair, and thou, like me, art young;
Oh! may thy bosom never, never know
The pangs with which my wretched heart is wrung.
I had a mother once —a brother too.—
(Beneath yon yew my father rests his head;)
I had a lover once,—and kind, and true,
But mother, brother, lover, all are fled:

* This Quatorzain had its rise from an elegant sonnet, 'Occasioned by seeing a young female lunatic,' written by Mrs. Lofft, and published in the Monthly Mirror.

Yet, whence the tear that dims thy lovely eye?
O gentle lady —not for me thus weep;
The green sod soon upon my breast will lie;
And soft and sound will be my peaceful sleep.
Go thou and pluck the roses while they bloom —
My hopes lie buried in the silent tomb.

IV.

Supposed to be written by the unhappy poet Dermody, in a storm while on board a ship in his Majesty's service.

Lo! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly, and the loud piping wind
Rocks the poor sea-boy on the dripping shrouds,
While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclin'd,
Lists to the changeful storm; and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad;
And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes;
I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
View the drear tempest, and the yawning deep,
Nought dreading in the green sea's cave to sleep,
For not for me shall wife or children mourn;
And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell,
Sweetly as solemn peal of pious passing-bell.

V.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far.
The wind is bitter keen —the snow o'erlays
The hidden pits and dangerous hollow ways;
And darkness will involve thee. —No kind star
To-night will guide thee, Traveller, —and the war
Of winds and elements on thy head will break,
And in thy agonizing ear the shriek
Of spirits, howling on their stormy car,
Will often ring, appalling. I portend
A dismal night - and, on my wakeful bed,

Thoughts, Traveller, of thee will fill my head,
And him who rides where winds and waves contend,
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

VI.

BY CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

This sonnet was addressed to the author of this volume; and was occasioned by several little Quatorzains, misnomered Sonnets, which he published in the Monthly Mirror. He begs leave to return his thanks to the much-respected writer, for the permission, so politely granted, to insert it here, and for the good opinion he has been pleased to express of his productions.

YE, whose aspirings court the muse of lays,
'Severest of those orders which belong,
'Distinct and separate, to Delphic song,'
Why shun the sonnet's undulating maze?
And why its name, boast of Petrarchian days,
Assume, its rules disown'd? Whom from the throng
The muse selects, their ear the charm obeys
Of its full harmony: they fear to wrong
The *Sonnet*, by adorning with a name
Of that distinguished import, lays, though sweet,
Yet not in magic texture taught to meet
Of that so varied and peculiar frame.
Oh! think; to vindicate its genuine praise [sways.
Those it beseems, whose *Lyre* a favouring impulse

VII.

Recantatory, in reply to the foregoing elegant admonition.

LET the sublimer muse, who, wrapt in night,
Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
Or, o'er the field with purple havoc warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight;
Let her, whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its wild cadence to conform
The impetuous tenor of her hardy flight.
But me, far lowest of the sylvan train,

Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest-shade
With wildest song;—Me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,
And give it power to please, as soft it flows
Through the smooth murmurs of thy frequent close.

VIII.

ON HEARING THE SOUNDS OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

So ravishingly soft upon the tide
Of the infuriate gust, it did career,
It might have sooth'd its rugged charioteer,
And sunk him to a zephyr;—then it died,
Melting in melody; and I descried.
Borne to some wizard stream, the form appear
Of druid sage, who on the far-off ear
Pour'd his lone song, to which the surge replied:
Or thought I heard the haplers pilgrim's knell.
Lost in some wild enchanted forest's bounds,
By unseen beings sung; or are these sounds
Such as, 'tis said, at night are known to swell
By startled shepherd, on the lonely heath
Keeping his night-watch sad, portending death?

IX.

WHAT art thou, MIGHTY ONE! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands;
And thou dost bear, within thine awful hands,
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of His throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

A BALLAD.

Be hush'd, be hush'd, ye bitter winds;
Ye pelting rains, a little rest:
Lie still, lie still, ye busy thoughts,
That wring with grief my aching breast.

Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To triumph ov'r an artless maid;
Oh! cruel was my faithless love,
To leave the breast by him betray'd.

When exil'd from my native home,
He should have wip'd the bitter tear;
Nor left me faint and lone to roam,
A heart-sick, weary wanderer here.

My child moans sadly in my arms;
The winds they will not let it sleep:
Ah! little knows the hapless babe
What makes its wretched mother weep.

Now lie thee still, my infant dear;
I cannot bear thy sobs to see;
Harsh is thy father, little one;
And never will he shelter thee.

Oh! that I were but in my grave
And winds were piping o'er me loud;
And thou, my poor, my orphan babe,
Were nestling in thy mother's shroud!

THE LULLABY OF A FEMALE CONVICT TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT PREVIOUS TO EXECUTION.

Sleep, baby mine,* enkerchieft on my bosom,
Thy cries they pierce again my bleeding breast;
Sleep, baby mine, not long thou'lt have a mother,
To lull thee fondly in her arms to rest.

* Sir P. Sidney has a poem beginning 'Sleep, baby mine.'

Baby, why dost thou keep this sad complaining?
Long from mine eyes have kindly slumbers fled.
Hush, hush, my babe; the night is quickly waning;
And I would fain compose my aching head.

Poor wayward wretch! and who will heed thy weeping,
When soon an outcast on the world thou'lt be?
Who then will soothe thee, when thy mother's sleeping
In her low grave of shame and infamy?

Sleep, baby mine—To-morrow I must leave thee;
And I would snatch an interval of rest:
Sleep these last moments, ere the laws bereave thee;
For never more thou'lt press a mother's breast.

POEMS,

WRITTEN DURING, OR SHORTLY AFTER, THE PUBLICATION OF CLIFTON GROVE.

TO H. FUSELI, ESQ. R. A.

On seeing engravings from his designs.

MIGHTY magician! who, on Torneo's brow,
When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
Art wont to sit, and catch the gleam of light
That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;
And listen to the distant death-shriek long
From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,
While the weird sisters weave the horrid song;
Or when along the liquid sky
Serenely chant the orbs on high,
Dost love to sit in musing trance,
And mark the northern meteors dance;
(While, far below, the fitful oar
Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore),

And list the music of the breeze,
That sweeps by fits the bending seas;
And often bears with sudden swell
The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell,
By the spirits sung, who keep
Their night-watch on the treach'rous deep,
And guide the wakeful helms-man's eye
To Helicé in northern sky;
And there, upon the rock reclin'd,
With mighty visions fill'st the mind,
Such as bound in magic spell
Him* who grasp'd the gates of hell,
And, bursting Pluto's dark domain,
Held to the day the terrors of his reign.

Genius of horror and romantic awe,
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him,† thy darling child, who best
Thy shuddering images express'd?
Sullen of soul, and stern, and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurn'd the crowd;
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead.

Mighty magician! long thy wand has lain
Buried beneath the unfathomable deep;
And oh! for ever must its efforts sleep,—
May none the mystic sceptre e'er regain?
Oh yes, 'tis his!—Thy other son;
He throws the dark-wrought tunic on.
Fuesslin waves thy wand,—again they rise,
Again thy wildering forms salute our ravish'd eyes.
Him didst thou cradle on the dizzy steep,

* Dante. † Ibid.

Where round his head the volley'd lightnings flung
And the loud winds that round his pillow rung,
Wooed the stern infant to the arms of sleep;
Or on the highest top of Teneriffe
Seated the fearless boy; and bade him look
Where, far below, the weather-beaten skiff
On the gulf bottom of the ocean strook.
Thou mark'dst him drink, with ruthless ear,
The death-sob; and, disdaining rest,
Thou saw'st how danger fired his breast,
And in his young hand couch'd the visionary spear.
Then, Superstition, at thy call,
She bore the boy to Odin's Hall,
And set before his awe-struck sight
The savage feast and spectred sight:
And summon'd from his mountain tomb
The ghastly warrior son of gloom,
His fabled runic rhymes to sing,
While fierce Hresvelger flapp'd his wing.
Thou shew'dst the trains the shepherd sees,
Laid on the stormy Hebrides,
Which on the mists of evening gleam,
Or crowd the foaming desert stream.
Lastly, her storied hand she waves,
And lays him in Florentian caves.
There milder fables, lovelier themes,
Enwrap his soul in heavenly dreams.
There Pity's lute arrests his ear,
And draws the half-reluctant tear;
And now, at noon of night, he roves
Along th' embowering moonlight groves;
And, as from many a cavern'd dell
The hollow wind is heard to swell,
He thinks some troubled spirit sighs;
And, as upon the turf he lies,
Where sleeps the silent beam of night,
He sees, below, the gliding sprite;
And hears, in Fancy's organs, sound
Aërial music warbling round.

Taste lastly comes, and smooths the whole;
And breathes her polish o'er his soul.
Glowing with wild, yet chasten'd, heat,
The wondrous work is now complete.

The Poet dreams. The shadow flies;
And, fainting fast, its image dies.
But lo! the Painter's magic force
Arrests the phantom's fleeting course.
It lives—it lives—the canvass glows;
And tenfold vigour o'er it flows.
The Bard beholds the work achiev'd;
And, as he sees the shadow rise
Sublime before his wondering eyes,
Starts at the image his own mind conceiv'd.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.

RETIR'D, remote from human noise,
An humble poet dwelt, serene.
His lot was lowly, yet his joys
Were manifold, I ween.
He laid him by the brawling brook,
At eventide, to ruminate.
He watch'd the swallow skimming round;
And mus'd, in reverie profound,
On wayward man's unhappy state;
And ponder'd much, and paus'd, on deeds of ancient date.

II. 1. 'Oh! 'twas not always thus,' he cried;
'There was a time when Genius claim'd
Respect from even towering Pride,
Nor hung her head asham'd:
But now to Wealth alone we bow;
The titled and the rich alone
Are honour'd, while meek Merit pines;
On Penury's wretched couch reclines,

Unheeded in his dying moan,
As, overwhelm'd with want and woe, he sinks unknown.

III. 1. 'Yet was the muse not always seen
In Poverty's dejected mien;
Not always did repining rue
And misery her steps pursue.
Time was, when nobles thought their titles grac'd
By the sweet honours of poetic bays:
When Sidney sung his melting song,
When Sheffield joined th' harmonious throng,
And Lyttelton attuned to love his lays.
Those days are gone – alas, for ever gone!
No more our nobles love to grace
Their brows with anadems, by genius won;
But arrogantly deem the muse as base.
How differently thought the sires of this degenerate race!'

I. 2. Thus sang the minstrel. Still, at eve,
The upland's woody shades among,
In broken measures did he grieve,
With solitary song.
And still his shame was aye the same.
Neglect had stung him to the core;
And he, with pensive joy, did love
To seek the still congenial grove,
And muse on all his sorrows o'er;
And vow that he would join the abjur'd world no more.

II. 2. But human vows, how frail they be!
Fame brought Carlisle unto his view;
And, all amaz'd, he thought to see
The Augustan age anew.
Fill'd with wild rapture, up he rose;

No more he ponders on the woes,
Which erst he felt that forward goes,
Regrets he'd sunk in impotence,
And hails the ideal day of virtuous eminence.

III. 2. Ah! silly man, yet smarting sore
With ills which in the world he bore,
Again on futile hope to rest,—
An unsubstantial prop at best,
And not to know one swallow makes no summer!
Ah! soon he'll find the brilliant gleam,
Which flash'd across the hemisphere,
Illumining the darkness there,
Was but a simple, solitary beam;
While all around remain'd in custom'd night.
Still leaden Ignorance reigns serene,
In the false court's delusive height;
And only one Carlisle is seen,
To illume the heavy gloom with pure and steady light.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day,
The burning wheels have urged their way;
And eve, along the western skies,
Sheds her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain;
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft, with his accustom'd call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still; the master's gone;
And thresher puts his jacket on;
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.
Here comes shepherd Jack at last.

He has penn'd the sheep-cote fast;
For, 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor.
His empty wallet *Rover* carries;
Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans;
And supper messes in the cans.
In the hovel, carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field.
The horses are all bedded up;
And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set;
The leaven laid; the thatching wet;
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger, in the holly-walk.
Now on the settle, all but Bess
Are set to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow-gate.
Now they chat of various things,—
Of taxes, ministers, and kings;
Or else tell all the village news,—
How madam did the squire refuse;
How parson on his tithes was bent;
And landlord oft distrain'd for rent.
Thus do they talk, till, in the sky,
The pale-ey'd moon is mounted high;
And from the alehouse drunken Ned
Had reel'd; then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid: while master goes throughout;
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear.
Then both to bed together creep;
And join the general troop of sleep.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

COME, pensive sage, who lov'st to dwell
In some retir'd Lapponian cell,
Where, far from noise and riot rude,
Resides sequester'd Solitude.
Come, and o'er my longing soul
Throw thy dark and russet stole;
And open, to my duteous eyes,
The volume of thy mysteries.
I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps, still
The morning, in her buskin gray,
Springs upon her eastern way;
While the frolic zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer;
And, on ruder pinions borne,
Shake the dew-drops from the thorn.
There, as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest
The lively lark with speckled breast;
And hear, the floating clouds among,
Her gale-transported matin song:
Or, on the upland stile embower'd,
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flower'd,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still
To the herdsman's oaten quill,
Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifer's frequent low;
Or the milkmaid, in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love:
Or, when the noontide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where, in th' embower'd translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam;
And, o'er us on the marge reclin'd,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,

While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.
But oh! when evening's virgin queen
Sits on her fringed throne serene,
And mingling whispers, rising near,
Steal on the still reposing ear;
While distant brooks, decaying round,
Augment the mix'd dissolving sound,
And the zephyr, flitting by,
Whispers mystic harmony;
We will seek the woody lane,
By the hamlet, on the plain,
Where the weary rustic, nigh,
Shall whistle his wild melody;
And the croaking wicket oft
Shall echo from the neighbouring croft;
And, as we trace the green path lone,
With moss and rank weeds overgrown,
We will muse on pensive lore,
Till the full soul, brimming o'er,
Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear
Embodied in a quivering tear:
Or else, serenely silent, set
By the brawling rivulet,
Which on its calm unruffled breast
Rears the old mossy arch impress'd,
That clasps its secret stream of glass,
Half hid in shrubs and waving grass,
The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat,
Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet;
We'll watch, in eve's ethereal braid,
The rich vermillion slowly fade;
Or catch, faint twinkling from afar,
The first glimpse of the eastern star,

Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light,
That heralds in imperial night.
Meanwhile upon our wondering ear
Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear,
The distant sounds of pastoral lute,
Invoking soft the sober suit
Of dimmest darkness—fitting well
With love, or sorrow's pensive spell;
(So erst did music's silver tone
Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne):
And haply then, with sudden swell,
Shall roar the distant curfew bell,
While, in the castle's mouldering tower,
The hooting owl is heard to pour
Her melancholy song, and scare
Dull silence brooding in the air.
Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering car
Black-suited Night drives on from far;
And Cynthia, 'merging from her rear,
Arrests the waxing darkness drear;
And summons to her silent call,
Sweeping in their airy pall,
The unshriv'd ghosts, in fairy trance,
To join her moonshine morris-dance;
While, around the mystic ring,
The shadowy shapes elastic spring;
Then with a passing shriek they fly,
Wrapt in mists, along the sky,
And oft are by the shepherd seen,
In his lone night-watch on the green.
  Then, hermit, let us turn our feet
To the low abbey's still retreat,
Embower'd in the distant glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men,
Where, as we sit upon the tomb,
The glow-worm's light may gild the gloom,
And show, to Fancy's saddest eye,
Where some lost hero's ashes lie.

And oh! as through the moul'dering arch,
With ivy fill'd and weeping larch,
The night-gale whispers, sadly clear,
Speaking drear things to Fancy's ear,
We'll hold communion with the shade
Of some deep-wailing, ruin'd maid —
Or call the ghost of Spenser down,
To tell of woe and Fortune's frown,
And bid us cast the eye of hope
Beyond this bad world's narrow scope:
Or, if these joys to us denied,
To linger by the forest's side,
Or in the meadow, or the wood,
Or by the lone romantic flood;
Let us, in the busy town,
When sleep's dull streams the people drown,
Far from drowsy pillows flee,
And turn the church's massy key;
Then, as through the painted glass,
The moon's faint beams obscurely pass,
And darkly, on the trophied wall,
Her faint, ambiguous shadows fall;
Let us, while the faint winds wail
Through the long reluctant aisle,
As we pace with reverence meet,
Count the echoings of our feet:
While from the tombs, with confess'd breath,
Distinct responds the voice of death.
If thou, mild sage, wilt condescend
Thus on my footsteps to attend,
To thee my lonely lamp shall burn,
By fallen Genius' sainted urn,
As o'er the scroll of time I pore,
And sagely spell of ancient lore,
Till I can rightly guess of all
That Plato could to memory call;
And scan the formless views of things;
Or, with old Egypt's fetter'd kings,

Arrange the mystic trains that shine
In night's high philosophic mine;
And to thy name shall e'er belong
The honours of undying song.

TO THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

O THOU who, in my early youth,
When fancy wore the garb of truth,
Wert wont to win my infant feet
To some retir'd, deep-fabled seat,
Where, by the brooklet's secret tide,
The midnight ghost was known to glide:
Or lay me in some lonely glade,
In native Sherwood's forest shade,
Where Robin Hood, the outlaw bold,
Was wont his sylvan courts to hold;
And there, as musing deep I lay,
Would steal my little soul away,
And all thy pictures represent
Of siege and solemn tournament:
Or bear me to the magic scene,
Where, clad in greaves and gaberdine,
The warrior knight of chivalry
Made many a fierce enchanter flee;
And bore the high-born dame away,
Long held the fell magician's prey:
Or oft would tell the shuddering tale
Of murders, and of goblins pale,
Haunting the guilty baron's side,
(Whose floors with secret blood were dyed),
Which, o'er the vaulted corridore,
On stormy nights was heard to roar,
By old domestic, waken'd wide
By the angry winds that chide:
Or else the mystic tale would tell,
Of Greensleeve, or of Blue-Beard fell.

* * * * *

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

Oh! yonder is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home!
Oh! welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest, no more to roam!
Oh! I have travell'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province, I have tried;
And sung and danc'd my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report,
It lur'd me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights,
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights
That grace you dear belov'd retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tir'd,
No more my little home I'll leave!
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province, I have tried;
And sung and danc'd my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

LINES,

Written impromptu, on reading the following passage in Mr. Capel Lofft's beautiful and interesting Preface to Nathaniel Bloomfield's Poems, just published:—'It has a mixture of the sportive, which deepens the impression of its melancholy close. I could have wished, as I have said in a short note, the conclusion had been otherwise. The sours of life less offend my taste than its sweets delight it.'

Go to the raging sea, and say, 'Be still!'
Bid the wild, lawless wind obey thy will;
Preach to the storm, and reason with Despair;
But tell not Misery's son *that life is fair*.

Thou who in Plenty's lavish lap hast roll'd,
And every year with new delight hast told;
Thou who, recumbent on the lacquer'd barge,
Hast dropt down joy's gay stream of pleasant marge;
Thou may'st extol life's calm, untroubled sea.
The storms of misery never burst on *thee*.

Go to the mat where squalid Want reclines;
Go to the shade obscure where Merit pines;
Abide with him whom Penury's charms control,
And bind the rising yearnings of his soul;
Survey his sleepless couch; and, standing there,
Tell the poor pallid wretch *that life is fair*.

Press thou the lonely pillow of his head,
And ask why sleep his languid eyes has fled;
Mark his dew'd temples and his half-shut eye,
His trembling nostrils and his deep-drawn sigh,
His muttering mouth contorted with despair;
And ask if Genius could inhabit there.

Oh, yes! that sunken eye with fire once gleam'd;
And rays of light from its full circlet stream'd:
But now Neglect has stung him to the core;
And Hope's wild raptures thrill his breast no more.

Domestic Anguish winds its vitals round;
And added Grief compels him to the ground.
Lo! o'er his manly form, decay'd and wan,
The shades of death with gradual steps steal on;
And the pale mother, pining to decay,
Weeps, for her boy, her wretched life away.

Go, child of Fortune, to his early grave,
Where o'er his head obscure the rank weeds wave.
Behold the heart-wrung parent lay her head
On the cold turf, and ask to share his bed.
Go, child of Fortune, take thy lesson there;
And tell us then that life is *wondrous fair*.

Yet, Lofft, in thee, whose hand is still stretch'd forth
To encourage genius and to foster worth;
On thee, the unhappy's firm, unfailing friend,
'Tis just that every blessing should descend;
'Tis just that life to thee should only show
Her fairer side, but little mix'd with woe.

WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

Sad solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind,
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
In dim obscurity before him, thee,
Wrapt in thy dark magnificence, I call,
At this still midnight hour, this awful season,
When, on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me, wearisome; while all around,
All, all save me, sink in forgetfulness;
I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 'tis the hand
Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few.—The sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall,

Silent, unseen, unnotic'd, unlamented;
Come then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,
While meditate we may.—We have now
But a small portion of what men call time
To hold communion: for even now the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
And though to me has life been dark and dreary,
Though Hope for me has smil'd but to deceive,
And Disappointment still pursued her blandishments;
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me,
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—futurity.
Ay, I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of Death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none;—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London.—Some short bustle's caused,
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread.
And read my name upon the sculptur'd stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
For better things!—I hop'd I should not leave
The earth without a vestige. Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise, and I submit.
Henceforth, O world, no more of thy desires,
No more of hope! the wanton vagrant Hope!

I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me;
And my tir'd soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and prunes its wings for Heaven.

PASTORAL SONG.

Come, Anna! come, the morning dawns;
Faint streaks of radiance tinge the skies:
Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise:
While Nature, clad in vesture gay,
Hails the lov'd return of day.

Our flocks, that nip the scanty blade
Upon the moor, shall seek the vale;
And then, secure beneath the shade,
We'll listen to the throstle's tale:
And watch the silver clouds above,
As o'er the azure vault they rove.

Come, Anna! come, and bring thy lute,
That, with its tones, so softly sweet,
In cadence with my mellow flute,
We may beguile the noontide heat;
While, near, the mellow bee shall join,
To raise a harmony divine.

And then, at eve, when silence reigns,
Except when heard the beetle's hum,
We'll leave the sober-tinted plains.
To these sweet heights again we'll come;
And thou on thy soft lute shalt play
A solemn vesper to departing day.

VERSES.

When pride, and envy, and the scorn
Of wealth, my heart with gall imbued,
I thought how pleasant were the morn
Of silence, in the solitude;

To hear the forest bee on wing.
Or, by the stream of woodland spring,
To lie, and muse alone—alone,
While the tinkling waters moan,
Or such wild sounds arise, as say
Man and noise are far away.

Now, surely, thought I, there's enow
To fill life's dusty way;
And who will miss a poet's feet,
Or wonder where he stray?
So to the woods and wastes I'll go,
And I will build an osier bower:
And sweetly there to me shall flow
The meditative hour.

And when the Autumn's withering hand
Shall strew with leaves the sylvan land,
I'll to the forest caverns hie:
And, in the dark and stormy nights,
I'll listen to the shrieking sprites,
Who, in the wintry wolds and floods,
Keep jubilee, and shred the woods;
Or, as it drifted soft and slow,
Hurl in ten thousand shapes the snow.

* * * * *

EPIGRAM ON ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Bloomfield, thy happy-omen'd name
Ensures continuance to thy fame.
Both sense and truth this verdict give,—
While *fields* shall *bloom*, thy name shall live!

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

Season of general rest, whose solemn still
Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,

But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
Thee do I hail, as, at my casement high,
My candle waning melancholy by,
I sit, and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb that through the ether sails,
And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,
Hanging in thy dull sphere her vestal flame;
To her, while all around in sleep recline,
Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,
And sing the gentle honours of her name:

While Fancy lone o'er me, her votary, bends,
To lift my soul her fairy visions sends,
And pours upon my ear her thrilling song;
And Superstition's gentle terrors come,
See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom!
See round yon churchyard elm what spectres throng!

Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay,
My flageolet, and, as I pensive play,
The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene;
The traveller, late journeying o'er the moors,
Hears them aghast,—(while still the dull owl pours
Her hollow screams each dreary pause between):

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light,
Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,
Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep,
And, 'mid the dreary solitude serene,
Cast a much-meaning glance upon the scene,
And raise my mournful eye to heaven, and weep.

TO THOUGHT. WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

Hence, away, vindictive Thought!
Thy pictures are of pain.
The visions through thy dark eye caught,—
They with no gentle charms are fraught;
So, pr'ythee, back again.

I would not weep;
I wish to sleep;
Then why, thou busy foe, with me thy vigils keep?

Why dost o'er bed and couch recline?
Is this thy new delight?
Pale visitant, it is not thine
To keep thy sentry through the mine,
The dark vault of the night:
'Tis thine to die,
While o'er the eye
The dews of slumber press, and waking sorrows fly.

Go thou, and bide with him who guides
His bark through lonely seas;
And as, reclining on his helm,
Sadly he marks the starry realm,
To him thou may'st bring ease;
But thou to me
Art misery; [flee.
So, pr'ythee, plume thy wings, and from my pillow

And, Memory, pray what art thou?
Art thou of Pleasure born?
Does bliss untainted from thee flow?
The rose that gems thy pensive brow,
Is it without a thorn?
With all thy smiles
And witching wiles, [defiles.
Yet not unfrequent bitterness thy mournful sway

The drowsy night-watch has forgot
To call the solemn hour.
Lull'd by the winds, he slumbers deep;
While I in vain, capricious Sleep,
Invoke thy tardy power;
And restless lie,
With unclos'd eye,
And count the tedious hours as slow they minute by.

GENIUS: AN ODE.

I. 1. Many there be, who, through the vale of life
With velvet pace, unmoie'd, softly go;
While jarring Discord's inharmonious strife
Awakes them not to woe.
By them unheeded, carking Care,
Green-ey'd Grief, and dull Despair!
Smoothly they pursue their way,
With even tenor and with equal breath,
Alike through cloudy and through sunny day;
Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1. But, ah! a few there be whom griefs devour,
And weeping Woe, and Disappointment keen,
Repining Penury, and Sorrow sour,
And self-consuming Spleen.
And these are Genius' favourites: these
Know the thought-thron'd mind to please,
And from her fleshy seat to draw
To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll;
Disdaining all but 'wildering Rapture's law,
The captivated soul.

III. 1. Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light array'd,
Oh! hear the plaint by thy sad favourite made,
His melancholy moan.
He tells of scorn; he tells of broken vows,
Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days,
Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.
Thou gav'st to him with treble force to feel
The stings of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn;
And what o'er all does in his soul preside
Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
His high indignant pride.

I. 2. Lament not, ye who humbly steal through life,
That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
For, ah! what woes and sorrows, ever rife,
Distract his hapless head!
For him awaits no balmy sleep;
He wakes all night, and wakes to weep:
Or by his lonely lamp he sits,
At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps;
In feverish study, and in moody fits
His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2. And, oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil;
'Tis for untimely death.
Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
Despair depicted in his eyes;
He feels the vital flame decrease;
He sees the grave wide-yawning for its prey,
Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2. By Sulmo's bard, of mournful fame,
By gentle Otway's magic name,
By him, the youth who smil'd at death,
And rashly dar'd to stop his vital breath,
Will I thy pangs proclaim;
For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
Though gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
And far-resounding Fame.
What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;
Though unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
And thou at thy flash'd car dost nations draw,
Yet, ah! unseen behind thee fly
Corroding Anguish, soul-subduing Pain,
And Discontent that clouds the fairest sky,—
A melancholy train.

Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
Mocking thy derided state.
Thee chill Adversity will still attend, [friend,
Before whose face flies fast the summer's
And leaves thee all forlorn; [laughs;
While leaden Ignorance rears her head, and
And fat Stupidity shakes his jolly sides;
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With bee-eyed Wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils, and every hardship doth outbrave,
To gain the meed of praise, when he is moulder-
ing in his grave.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO THE MOON

Mild orb, who floatest through the realm of night,
A pathless wanderer o'er a lonely wild,
Welcome to me thy soft and pensive light,
Which oft in childhood my lone thoughts beguil'd:
Now doubly dear as o'er my silent seat,
Nocturnal Study's still retreat,
It casts a mournful, melancholy gleam,
And through my lofty casement weaves,
Dim through the vine's encircling leaves,
An intermingled beam.

These feverish dews that on my temples hang,
This quivering lip, these eyes of dying flame:
These the dread signs of many a secret pang;
These are the meed of him who pants for fame!
Pale moon, from thoughts like these divert my soul.
Lowly I kneel before thy shrine on high.
My lamp expires. Beneath thy mild control,
These restless dreams are ever wont to fly.

Come, kindred mourner, in my breast
Soothe these discordant tones to rest,
And breathe the soul of peace.

Mild visitor, I feel thee here;
It is not pain that brings this tear,
For thou hast bid it cease.

Oh! many a year has pass'd away,
Since I, beneath thy fairy ray,
Attun'd my infant reed:
When wilt thou, Time, those days restore,—
Those happy moments now no more?

* * * * *

When on the lake's damp marge I lay,
And mark'd the northern meteor's dance,
Bland Hope and Fancy, ye were there
To inspirate my trance.
Twin sisters, faintly now ye deign
Your magic sweets on me to shed;
In vain your powers are now essay'd
To chase superior pain.

And art thou fled, thou welcome orb?
So swiftly pleasure flies;
So to mankind, in darkness lost,
The beam of ardour dies.
Wan Moon, thy nightly task is done;
And now, encurtain'd in the main,
Thou sinkest into rest;
But I, in vain, on thorny bed
Shall woo the god of soft repose—

* * *

FRAGMENT.

Loud rage the winds without.—The wintry cloud
O'er the cold north star casts her flitting shroud;
And Silence, pausing in some snow-clad dale,
Starts as she hears, by fits, the shrieking gale.
Where now, shut out from every still retreat,
Her pine-clad summit, and her woodland seat,
Shall meditation, in her saddest mood,
Retire, o'er all her pensive stores to brood?

Shivering and blue, the peasant eyes askance
The drifted fleeces that around him dance,
And hurries on his half-averted form,
Stemming the fury of the sidelong storm.
Him soon shall greet his snow-topt [cot of thatch;]
Soon shall his numb'd hand tremble on the latch;
Soon from his chimney's nook the cheerful flame
Diffuse a genial warmth throughout his frame.
Round the light fire, while roars the north wind loud,
What merry groups of vacant faces crowd!
These hail his coming—these his meal prepare;
And boast in all that cot no lurking care.

What, though the social circle be denied,
Even sadness brightens at her own fire-side;
Loves, with fix'd eye, to watch the fluttering blaze,
While musing memory dwells on former days;
Or Hope, blest spirit! smiles—and, still forgiven,
Forgets the passport, while she points to heaven.
Then heap the fire—shut out the biting air,
And from its station wheel the easy chair.
Thus fenced and warm, in silent fit, 'tis sweet
To hear, without, the bitter tempest beat:
All, all alone to sit, and muse, and sigh,
The pensive tenant of obscurity.

* * * *

FRAGMENT.

O thou, most fatal of Pandora's train,
Consumption! silent cheater of the eye;
Thou com'st not rob'd in agonizing pain,
Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye;
But silent and unnotic'd thou dost lie;
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse,
And, while thou giv'st new lustre to the eye,
While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,
Even then life's little rest thy cruel power subdues.

Oft I've beheld thee in the glow of youth,
  Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloom'd;
And dropp'd a tear, for then thy cankering tooth
  I knew would never stay, till, all consum'd,
  In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd:
But, oh! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,
  Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly
Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,
  Preparing swift her passage to the sky!
Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,
  The liquid lustre of her fine blue eye;
Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,
And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant
    trance.

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,
  And dissolution hover'd o'er her head;
Even then *so beauteous* did her form appear,
  That none who saw her but admiring said,
  Sure so much beauty never could be dead.
Yet the dark lash of her expressive eye
Bent lowly down upon the languid——
  * * * *

SONNETS.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

LOFFT, unto thee one tributary song
  The simple Muse, admiring, fain would bring;
She longs to lisp thee to the listening throng,
  And with thy name to bid the woodlands ring.
Fain would she blazon all thy virtues forth,
  Thy warm philanthropy, thy justice mild;
Would say how thou didst foster kindred worth,
  And to thy bosom snatch'd Misfortune's child.

Firm she would paint thee, with becoming zeal;
Upright, and learned, as the Pylian sire;
Would say how sweetly thou couldst sweep the lyre,
And show thy labours for the public weal:
Ten thousand virtues tell with joys supreme;
But ah! she shrinks abash'd before the arduous theme.

TO THE MOON. WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

Sublime, emerging from the misty verge
Of the horizon dim, thee, Moon, I hail,
As, sweeping o'er the leafless grove, the gale
Seems to repeat the year's funereal dirge.
Now Autumn sickens on the languid sight,
And leaves bestrew the wanderer's lonely way;
Now unto thee, pale arbitress of night,
With double joy my homage do I pay.
When clouds disguise the glories of the day,
And stern November sheds her boisterous blight,
How doubly sweet to mark the moony ray
Shoot through the mist from the ethereal height,
And, *still unchang'd*, back to the memory bring
The smiles Favonian of life's earliest spring.

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

Fast from the West the fading day-streaks fly;
And ebon Night assumes her solemn sway;
Yet here alone, unheeding time, I lie;
And o'er my friend still pour the plaintive lay.
Oh! 'tis not long since, George, with thee I woo'd
The maid of musings, by yon moaning wave;
And hail'd the moon's mild beam, which now, renew'd
Seems softly sleeping on thy silent grave!
The busy world pursues its boisterous way;
The noise of revelry still echoes round;
Yet I am sad, while all beside is gay;
Yet still I weep o'er thy deserted mound.
Oh! that, like thee, I might bid sorrow cease;
And, 'neath the green-sward, sleep the sleep of peace.

TO MISFORTUNE.

Misfortune, I am young; my chin is bare;
And I have wonder'd much, when men have told
How youth was free from sorrow and from care,
That thou shouldst dwell with me, and leave the old.
Sure, dost not like me! Shrivell'd hag of hate,
My phiz (and thanks to thee) is sadly long;
I am not either, beldam, over strong;
Nor do I wish at all to be thy mate,
For thou, sweet Fury, art my utter hate.
Nay, shake not thus thy miserable pate;
I am yet young, and do not like thy face; [chase,
And, lest thou shouldst resume the wild-goose
I'll tell thee something all thy heat to assuage.--
Thou wilt not hit my fancy in my age.

As thus, oppress'd with many a heavy care,
(Though young, yet sorrowful), I turn my feet
To the dark woodland, longing much to greet
The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there:
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
Fills my sad breast; and, tir'd with this vain coil,
I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil.
And as, amid the leaves, the evening air
Whispers still melody, I think, ere long,
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak;
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful fantasies upon me throng;
And I do ponder, with most strange delight,
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

TO APRIL.

Emblem of life, see changeful April sail,
In varying vest, along the shadowy skies,
Now bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise;
Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,

And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail,
Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,
While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.
So, to us, sojourners in life's low vale,
The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
While still the Fates the web of Misery weave;
So Hope exultant spreads her aëry sail,
And from the present gloom the soul conveys
To distant summers and far happier days.

Ye unseen spirits, whose wild melodies,
At evening, rising slow, yet sweetly clear,
Steal on the musing poet's pensive ear,
As by the wood-spring stretch'd supine he lies;
When he who now invokes you low is laid,
His tir'd frame resting on the earth's cold bed,
Hold ye your nightly vigils o'er his head,
And chant a dirge to his reposing shade!
For he was wont to love your madrigals;
And often by the haunted stream that laves
The dark sequester'd woodland's inmost caves,
Would sit and listen to the dying falls,
Till the full tear would quiver in his eye,
And his big heart would heave with mournful ec-
stacy.

TO A TAPER.

'Tis midnight. On the globe, dead slumber sits;
And all is silence, in the hour of sleep;
Save when the hollow gust, that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep;
To watch, my taper, thy pale beacon burn:
And, as still Memory does her vigils keep,
To think of days that never can return.
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head;
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;

And the sad meaning tear, unmix'd with dread,
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane;—like thine, my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away.

TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, *Mother*, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his bright sphere should sink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee, in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought! Where'er our steps may roam,—
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

Yes, 'twill be over soon. This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unvaried pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before,—
Yon landscape smile,—yon golden harvest grow,—
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below.
I sigh, when all my youthful friends caress;
They laugh in health, and future evils brave:
Them shall a wife and smiling children bless,
While I am mouldering in my silent grave.
God of the just, Thou gav'st the bitter cup,
I bow to thy behest, and drink it up.

TO CONSUMPTION.

GENTLY, most gently, on thy victim's head,
Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay,
Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away;
And softly go to slumber with the dead.
And if, 'tis true, what holy men have said,
That strains angelic oft foretell the day
Of death, to those good men who fall thy prey,
Oh! let the aërial music round my bed,
Dissolving sad in dying symphony,
Whisper the solemn warning to my ear;
That I may bid my weeping friends good bye,
Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DESBARREAUX.

THY judgments, Lord, are just. Thou lov'st to wear
The face of pity and of love divine;
But mine is guilt. Thou must not, canst not, spare,
While Heaven is true, and equity is thine.
Yes, O my God, such crimes as mine, so dread,
Leave but the choice of punishment to Thee.
Thy interest calls for judgment on my head;
And even thy mercy dares not plead for me!
Thy will be done—since 'tis thy glory's due;
Did from mine eyes the endless torrents flow,
Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,
I bless the avenging hand that lays me low:
But on what spot shall fall thine anger's flood,
That has not first been drench'd in Christ's atoning blood?

POEMS OF A LATER DATE.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS, WHO, WHEN HENRY REASONED WITH HIM CALMLY, ASKED 'IF HE DID NOT FEEL FOR HIM.'

'*Do I not feel?*' The doubt is keen as steel.
Yea, I do feel—most exquisitely feel.
My heart can weep, when from my downcast eye
I chase the tear, and stem the rising sigh.
Deep buried there I close the rankling dart;
And smile the most when heaviest is my heart.
On this I act—whatever pangs surround,
'*Tis magnanimity to hide the wound!*
When all was new, and life was in its spring,
I lived an unlov'd, solitary thing;
Even then I learn'd to bury, deep from day,
The piercing cares that wore my youth away:
Even then I learn'd for others' cares to feel:
Even then I wept I had not power to heal:
Even then, deep-sounding through the nightly gloom,
I heard the wretched's groan, and mourn'd the
wretched's doom.
Who were my friends in youth? The midnight fire;
The silent moonbeam, or the starry choir.
To these I 'plain'd, or turn'd, from outer sight,
To bless my lonely taper's friendly light.
I never yet could ask, howe'er forlorn,
For vulgar pity mix'd with vulgar scorn.
The sacred source of woe I never ope;
My breast's my coffer, and my God's my hope:
But that I *do* feel, Time, my friend, will show,
Though the cold crowd the secret never know.
With them I laugh; yet, when no eye can see,
I weep for nature, and I weep for thee.
Yes, thou didst wrong me, * * *; I fondly thought
In thee I'd found the friend my heart had sought;

I fondly thought that thou couldst pierce the guise,
And read the truth that in my bosom lies;
I fondly thought, ere Time's last days were gone,
Thy heart and mine had mingled into one.
Yes—and they yet will mingle. Days and years
Will fly, and leave us partners in our tears:
We then shall feel that friendship has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour;
Time's trial o'er, shall clasp each other's hand,
And wait the pasport to a better land.

Thine, H. K. WHITE.

Half past Eleven o'clock at Night.

CHRISTMAS-DAY. 1804.

YET once more, and once more, awake, my Harp,
From silence and neglect. One lofty strain,
Lofty, yet wilder t' an the winds of Heaven,
And speaking mysteries more than words can tell,
I ask of thee; for I, with hymnings high,
Would join the dirge of the departing year.
Yet with no wintry garland from the woods,
Wrought of the leafless branch or ivy sear,
Wreathe I thy tresses, dark December! now.
Me higher quarrel calls, with loudest song
And fearful joy, to celebrate the day
Of the Redeemer.—Near two thousand suns
Have set their seals upon the rolling lapse
Of generations, since the day-spring first
Beam'd from on high!—Now to the mighty mass
Of that increasing aggregate we add
One unit more. Space, in comparison,
How small, yet mark'd with how much misery!
Wars, famines, and the fury Pestilence,
Over the nations hanging her dread scourge;
The oppressed, too, in silent bitterness,
Weeping their sufferance; and the arm of wrong
Forcing the scanty portion from the weak,
And steeping the lone widow's couch with tears.

So has the year been character'd with woe,
In Christian land, and mark'd with wrongs and crimes:
Yet 'twas not thus *He* taught — not thus *He* lived,
Whose birth we this day celebrate with prayer
And much thanksgiving.—He, a man of woes,
Went on the way appointed, — path, though rude,
Yet borne with patience still. He came to cheer
The broken-hearted, to raise up the sick,
And on the wandering and benighted mind
To pour the light of truth. Oh! task divine!
Oh! more than angel teacher! He had words
To soothe the barking waves, and hush the winds:
And, when the soul was toss'd in troubled seas,
Wrapp'd in thick darkness and the howling storm,
He, pointing to the star of peace on high,
Arm'd it with holy fortitude, and bade
It smile at the surrounding wreck,——
When with deep agony his heart was rack'd,
Not for himself the tear-drop dew'd his cheek:
For *them* He wept, for *them* to Heaven He pray'd,
His persecutors—'Father, pardon them;
They know not what they do.'
Angels of Heaven,
Ye who beheld Him fainting on the cross,
And did Him homage, say, may mortal join
The hallelujahs of the risen God?
Will the faint voice and grovelling song be heard
Amid the seraphim in light divine?
Yes, He will deign, the Prince of Peace will deign,
For mercy to accept the hymn of faith,
Low though it be, and humble.—Lord of life,
The Christ, the Comforter, thine advent now
Fills my uprising soul.—I mount, I fly,
Far o'er the skies, beyond the rolling orbs;
The bonds of flesh dissolve, and earth recedes,
And care, and pain, and sorrow, are no more.

* * * * *

NELSONI MORS.

Yet once again, my Harp, yet once again,
One ditty more, and on the mountain ash
I will again suspend thee. I have felt
The warm tear frequent on my cheek, since last,
At eventide, when all the winds were hush'd,
I woke to thee the melancholy song.
Since then, with *Thoughtfulness*, a maid severe,
I've journey'd, and have learn'd to shape the freaks
Of frolic fancy to the line of truth;
Not unrepining, for my froward heart
Still turns to thee, mine Harp, and to the flow
Of spring-gales past the woods and storied haunts
Of my not songless boyhood. Yet once more,
Not fearless, I will wake thy tremulous tones,
My long neglected Harp.—He must not sink,
The good, the brave—he must not, shall not sink
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Though from the Muse's chalice I may pour
No precious dews of Aganippe's well,
Or Castaly; though from the morning cloud
I fetch no hues to scatter on his hearse;
Yet will I wreathe a garland for his brows,
Of simple flowers, such as the hedge-rows scent
Of Britain, my lov'd country; and with tears
Most eloquent, yet silent, I will bathe
Thy honour'd corse, my *Nelson*—tears as warm
And *honest* as the ebbing blood that flow'd
Fast from thy *honest* heart.—Thou, Pity, too,
If ever I have lov'd, with faltering step,
To follow thee, in the cold and starless night,
To the top-crag of some rain-beaten cliff;
And, as I heard the deep gun bursting loud
Amid the pauses of the storm, have pour'd
Wild strains, and mournful, to the hurrying winds,
Thy dying soul's *viaticum*; if oft
Amid the carnage of the field I've sate

With thee upon the moonlight throne, and sung
To cheer the fainting soldier's dying soul,
With mercy and forgiveness —visitant
Of Heaven — sit thou upon my harp,
And give it feeling, which were else too cold
For argument so great, for theme so high.
How dimly on that morn the sun arose,
Kerchief'd in mist, and tearful, when——

* * * * *

HYMN.

In heaven we shall be purified, so as to be able to endure the splendours of the Deity.

Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake;
Retune thy strings, for Jesus' sake.
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

When God's right arm is bar'd for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, oh! where, shall man retire,
T 'escape the horrors of his ire?

'Tis He, the Lamb; to Him we fly,
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

Thus, while we dwell in this low scene,
The Lamb is our unfailing screen:
To Him, though guilty, still we run;
And God still spares us, for his Son.

While yet we sojourn here below,
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
Fall'n, abject, mean, a sentenc'd race,
We deeply need a hiding-place.

Yet, courage; days and years will glide,
And we shall lay these clods aside;
Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,
And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
Shall meet the Father, face to face,
And need no more a hiding-place.

The last stanza of this hymn was added extemporaneously, by Henry, one summer evening, when he was with a few friends on the Trent, and singing it, as he was wont to do on such occasions.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O Lord, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

And wilt Thou bend a listning ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, Thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before Thee pray;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

Oh! let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horrors then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—The star of Bethlehem!

A HYMN.

O Lord, my God, in mercy turn;
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To Thee I call, to Thee I cry,
Oh! leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against Thee, Lord, I know;
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy *law*;
The hour is past—the day's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, Vengeance, smile—and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet, Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling;
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross; and, holding there,
Even me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

MELODY.

Inserted in a Collection of Selected and Original Songs, published by the Rev. J. Plumptre, of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

Yes, once more that dying strain,—
Anna, touch thy lute for me;
Sweet, when Pity's tones complain,
Doubly sweet, is melody.

While the Virtues thus inweave
Mildly soft the thrilling song,
Winter's long and lonesome eve
Glides unfelt, unseen, along.

Thus, when life hath stolen away,
And the wintry night is near,
Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray
Age's closing evening cheer.

SONG.—BY WALLER.

A lady of Cambridge lent Waller's Poems to Henry; and, when he returned them to her, she discovered an additional Stanza written by him at the bottom of the Song here copied.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the Maid
That Goodness Time's rude hand defies;
That Virtue lives, when Beauty dies.

H. K. White.]

'I'M PLEASED, AND YET I'M SAD.'

When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
  One, two, three, four, and five,
I at my study-window sit,
And, wrapp'd in many a musing fit,
  To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions calm and sweet
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,
  And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
  I'm pleas'd, and yet I'm sad.

The silvery rack that flies away,
Like mortal life or pleasure's ray,
  Does that disturb my breast?
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
  Or pleasure's fading vest?

Is it that here I must not stop,
But o'er yon blue hill's woody top
  Must bend my lonely way?
No, surely no! for give but me
My own fire-side, and I shall be
  At home where'er I stray.

Then is it that you steeple there
With music sweet shall fill the air,
  When thou no more canst hear?
Oh, no! oh, no! for then, forgiv'n,
I shall be with my God in heav'n,
  Releas'd from every fear.

Then whence it is I cannot tell;
But there is some mysterious spell
That holds me when I'm glad!
And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
When yet in truth I know not why,
Or wherefore I am sad.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow.
It is not grief that bids me moan;
It is that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tir'd hedger hies him home;
Or by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet, when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead;
It floats upon the water's bed.
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, with sullen wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale.
I've none to smile when I am free,
And when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too;
I start, and, when the vision's flown,
I weep that I am all alone.

If far from me the Fates remove
Domestic peace, connubial love,
The prattling ring, the social cheer,
Affection's voice, affection's tear,
Ye sterner powers, that bind the heart,
To me your iron aid impart!
Oh! teach me, when the nights are chill,
And my fire-side is lone and still,
When to the blaze that crackles near,
I turn a tir'd and pensive ear,
And Nature, conquering, bids me sigh,
For love's soft accents whispering nigh;
Oh! teach me, on that heavenly road
That leads to Truth's occult abode,
To wrap my soul in dreams sublime,
Till earth and care no more be mine.
Let bless'd Philosophy impart
Her soothing measures to my heart;
And while with Plato's ravish'd ears
I list the music of the spheres,
Or on the mystic symbols pore,
That hide the Chald's sublimer lore,
I shall not brood on summers gone,
Nor think that I am all alone.

Fanny! upon thy breast I may not lie!
Fanny! Thou dost not hear me when I speak!
Where art thou, love? —Around I turn my eye,
And, as I turn, the tear is on my cheek.
Was it a dream? or did my love behold
Indeed my lonely couch? —Methought the breath
Fann'd not her bloodless lip; her eye was cold
And hollow; and the livery of death
Invested her pale forehead. —Sainted maid!
My thoughts oft rest with thee in thy cold grave,
Through the long wintry night, when wind and wave
Rock the dark house where thy poor head is laid.

Yet, hush! my fond heart, hush! there is a shore
Of better promise; and I know, at last,
When the long sabbath of the tomb is past,
We two shall meet in Christ—to part no more.

FRAGMENTS.

These fragments are Henry's latest composition: and were for the most part, written upon the back of his mathematical papers, during the few moments of the last year of his life, in which he suffered himself to follow the impulse of his genius.

'SAW'ST thou that light?' exclaim'd the youth, and paus'd:
Through yon dark firs it glanc'd; and, on the stream
That skirts the woods, it for a moment play'd.
Again, more light it gleam'd;—or does some sprite
Delude mine eyes with shapes of wood and streams,
And lamp, far-beaming through the thicket's gloom,
As from some bosom'd cabin, where the voice
Of revelry, or thrifty watchfulness,
Keeps in the lights at this unwonted hour?
No sprite deludes mine eyes,—the beam now glows
With steady lustre.—Can it be the moon,
Who, hidden long by the invidious veil
That blots the heavens, now *sets* behind the woods?
'No moon to-night has look'd upon the sea
Of clouds beneath her,' answer'd Rudiger;
'She has been sleeping with Endymion.'
* * * *

THE pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith,
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veil'd

With intervening vapours; and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea that hides
The earth's fair breast, the sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
The glaring sunbeam plays.

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes;
And, from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

THERE was a little bird upon that pile;
It perch'd upon a ruin'd pinnacle,
And made sweet melody.
The song was soft, yet cheerful and most clear,
For other note none swell'd the air but his.
It seem'd as if the little chorister,
Sole tenant of the melancholy pile,
Were a lone hermit, outcast from his kind,
Yet withal cheerful.—I have heard the note
Echoing so lonely o'er the aisle forlorn,
——Much musing—

OH! pale art thou, my lamp, and faint
Thy melancholy ray,
When the still night's unclouded saint
Is walking on her way.
Through my lattice, leaf-embower'd,
Fair she sheds her shadowy beam;
And o'er my silent sacred room,
Casts a checker'd twilight gloom.
I throw aside the learned sheet;
I cannot choose but gaze, she looks so mildly sweet.
Sad vestal, why art thou so fair,
Or why am I so frail?

Methinks thou lookest kindly on me, Moon,
And cheerest my lone hours with sweet regards;
Surely like me thou'rt sad, but dost not speak
Thy sadness to the cold unheeding crowd:
So mournfully composed, o'er yonder cloud
Thou shinest, like a cresset, beaming far
From the rude watch-tower, o'er the Atlantic wave.

Oh! give me music—for my soul doth faint;
I'm sick of noise and care; and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

Hark! how it falls; and now it steals along,
Like distant bells upon the lake, at eve,
When all is still; and now it grows more strong,
As when the choral train their dirges weave,
Mellow and many-voic'd; where every close,
O'er the old minster roof, in echoing waves reflows.
Oh! I am wrapt aloft. My spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind.
Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
And floating pæans fill the buoyant wind.
Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed;
Far from its clayey cell it springs,—

* * * *

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Ah! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
Secure his own will never need it too?

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue;
Soon will they learn to scan, with thoughtful eye,
The illusive past and dark futurity;
Soon will they know—

* * * *

And must thou go, and must we part?
Yes, Fate decrees, and I submit;
The pang that rends in twain my heart,
O Fanny dost thou share in it?

Thy sex is fickle,—when away,
Some happier youth may win thy—
* * * *

SONNET.

When I sit musing on the checker'd past,
(A term much darken'd with untimely woes,)
My thoughts revert to her, for whom still flows
The tear, though half disown'd;—and, binding fast
Pride's stubborn cheat to my too yielding heart,
I say to her she robb'd me of my rest,
When that was all my wealth.—'Tis true, my breast
Received from her this wearying, lingering smart;
Yet, ah! I cannot bid her form depart;
Though wrong'd, I love her— yet in anger, love,
For she was most unworthy.—Then I prove
Vindictive joy; and on my stern front gleams,
Thron'd in dark clouds, inflexible * * *
The native pride of my much-injur'd heart.

When high romance o'er every wood and stream
Dark lustre shed, my infant mind to fire,
Spell-struck, and fill'd with many a wondering dream,
First in the groves I woke the pensive lyre;
All there was mystery then; the gust that woke
The midnight echo, was a spirit's dirge;
And unseen fairies would the moon invoke,
To their light morrice by the restless surge.
Now to my sober'd thought, with life's false smiles,
Too much * * ...
The fragrant Fancy spreads no more her wiles;
And dark forebodings now my bosom fill.

HUSH'D is the lyre—the hand that swept
The low and pensive wires,
Robb'd of its cunning, from the task retires.
Yes—it is still—the lyre is still;
The spirit, which its slumbers broke,
Hath pass'd away; and that weak hand that woke
Its forest melodies, has lost its skill.
Yet I would press you to my lips once more,
Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poesy;
Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,
Mix'd with decaying odours; for to me
Ye have beguil'd the hours of infancy,
As in the wood-paths of my native——

* * * *

ONCE more, and yet once more,
I give unto my harp a dark-woven lay;
I heard the waters roar;
I heard the flood of ages pass away.
O thou, stern spirit, who dost dwell
In thine eternal cell,
Noting, gray chronicler! the silent years;
I saw thee rise,—I saw the scroll complete;
Thou spakest, and at thy feet
The universe gave way.

TIME: A POEM.

This poem was begun either during the publication of Clifton Grove, or shortly afterwards. Henry never laid aside the intention of completing it; and some of the detached parts were among his latest productions.

GENIUS of musings, who, the midnight hour
Wasting in woods or haunted forests wild,
Dost watch Orion in his arctic tower,
Thy dark eye fix'd as in some holy trance;
Or, when the volley'd lightnings cleave the air,
And Ruin gaunt bestrides the winged storm,

Sitt'st in some lonely watch-tower, where thy lamp,
Faint-blazing, strikes the fisher's eye from far,
And 'mid the howl of elements, unmov'd
Dost ponder on the awful scene, and trace
The vast *effect* to its superior source,—
Spirit, attend my lowly benison!
For now I strike to themes of import high
The solitary lyre; and, borne by thee
Above this narrow cell, I celebrate
The mysteries of Time!

Him who, august,
Was ere these worlds were fashion'd, - ere the sun
Sprang from the east, or Lucifer display'd
His glowing cresset in the arch of morn,
Or vesper gilded the serener eve;
Yea, He *had been* for an eternity!
Had swept unvarying from eternity
The harp of desolation - ere his tones,
At God's command, assum'd a milder strain,
And startled on his watch, in the vast deep,
Chaos's sluggish sentry, and evok'd
From the dark void the smiling universe.
Chain'd to the grovelling frailties of the flesh,
Mere mortal man, unpurg'd from earthly dross,
Cannot survey, with fix'd and steady eye,
The dim uncertain gulf, which now the muse,
Adventurous, would explore;—but, dizzy grown,
He topples down the abyss.—If he would scan
The fearful chasm, and catch a transient glimpse
Of its unfathomable depths, that so
His mind may turn with double joy to God,
His only certainty and resting-place;
He must put off awhile this mortal vest,
And learn to follow, without giddiness,
To heights where all is vision, and surprise,
And vague conjecture. He must waste by night
The studious taper, far from all resort
Of crowds and folly, in some still retreat,

High on the beetling promontory's crest,
Or in the caves of the vast wilderness,
Where, compass'd round with Nature's wildest shapes,
He may be driven to centre all his thoughts
In the Great Architect, who lives confess'd
In rocks, and seas, and solitary wastes.
So has divine Philosophy, with voice
Mild as the murmurs of the moonlight wave,
Tutor'd the heart of him who now awakes,
Touching the chords of solemn minstrelsy,
His faint, neglected song—intent to snatch
Some vagrant blossom from the dangerous steep
Of poesy, a bloom of such a hue,
So sober, as may not unseemly suit
With Truth's severer brow; and one withal
So hardy as shall brave the passing wind
Of many winters,—rearing its meek head
In loveliness, when he who gather'd it
Is number'd with the generations gone.
Yet not to me hath God's good providence
Given studious leisure,* or unbroken thought,
Such as he owns,—a meditative man,
Who from the blush of morn to quiet eve
Ponders, or turns the page of wisdom o'er,
Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din;
From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
With Mirth's unholy shouts. For me the day
Hath duties which require the vigorous hand
Of steadfast application, but which leave
No deep improving trace upon the mind.
But be the day another's;—let it pass!
The night's my own!—They cannot steal my night!
When evening lights her folding-star on high,
I live, and breathe, and in the sacred hours
Of quiet and repose, my spirit flies,
Free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
And mounts the skies, and imps her wing for Heaven.-

*The author was then in an attorney's office.

Hence do I love the sober-suited maid;
Hence Night's my friend, my mistress, and my theme;
And she shall aid me *now* to magnify
The night of ages,—*now*, when the pale ray
Of star-light penetrates the studious gloom;
And, at my window seated, while mankind
Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze
Of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
Thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
Assumes her wonted sway.

Behold the world
Rests, and her tir'd inhabitants have paus'd
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceas'd to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshar'd. The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, surpris'd
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd
On death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapp'd,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,
Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
Of Nature utters audibly within
The general moral:—tells us that repose,
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
Is coming on us that the weary crowds,
Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around
With grave-clothes; and their aching, restless heads
Mouldering in holes and corners unobserv'd,
Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.
Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass?—that earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?

There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it
Some rainbow promise:—Not a moment flies,
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.
'Tis but as yesterday, since on yon stars,
Which now I view, the Chaldee Shepherd* gaz'd
In his mid-watch observant, and dispos'd
The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shape.
Yet in the interim what mighty shocks
Have buffeted mankind—whole nations raz'd—
Cities made desolate—the polish'd sunk
To barbarism, and once-barbaric states
Swaying the wand of science and of arts;
Illustrious deeds and memorable names
Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray Tradition voluble no more.
Where are the heroes of the ages past?
Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones
Who flourish'd in the infancy of days?
All to the grave gone down. On their fall'n fame,
Exultant, mocking at the pride of man,
Sits grim *Forgetfulness*.—The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame;
Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd the blaze
Of his red eye-ball.—Yesterday his name
Was mighty on the earth—To-day—'tis what?
The meteor of the night of distant years,
That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld,
Musing at midnight upon prophecies,
Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam
Point to the mist-pois'd shroud, then quietly
Clos'd her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up
Safe in the charnel's treasures.

Oh! how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling—how confin'd
His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,

* Alluding to the first astronomical observations made by the Chaldean shepherds.

His phrase grows big with immortality,
And he, poor insect of a summer's day,
Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
Of endless glory and perennial bays.
He idly reasons of eternity,
As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
Are, in comparison, a little point,
Too trivial for account.—Oh! it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies.
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, my name shall live with this
Till time shall be no more; while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fall'n fabric of the other day
Preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know
That Time must conquer; that the loudest blast
That ever fill'd Renown's obstreperous trump,
Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires.
Who lies inhum'd in the terrific gloom
Of the gigantic pyramid? or who
Rear'd its huge walls? Oblivion laughs, and says
The prey is mine.—They sleep, and never more
Their names shall strike upon the ears of man,—
Their memory burst its fetters.

Where is *Rome?*
She lives but in the tale of other times.
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home;
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust.
But not to Rome alone has fate confin'd
The doom of ruin; cities numberless,
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-raz'd from memory, and their very name

And *being* in dispute.—Has Athens fallen?
Is polish'd Greece become the savage seat
Of ignorance and sloth? and shall *we* dare

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

And empire seeks another hemisphere.
Where now is Britain?—Where her laurell'd names,
Her palaces, and halls? Dash'd in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduc'd her pride;
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.——Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody Superstition hollow rings,
And the scar'd native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, break alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.
Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime; and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before,—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arriv'd

At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs,
And moralizes on the state of man.
  Still on its march, unnotic'd and unfelt,
Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not.
We have our spring-time and our rottenness;
And, as we fall, another race succeeds,
To perish likewise.—Meanwhile Nature smiles—
The seasons run their round—The sun fulfils
His annual course—and heaven and earth remain
Still changing, yet unchang'd—still doom'd to feel
Endless mutation in perpetual rest.
Where are conceal'd the days which have elaps'd?
Hid in the mighty cavern of *the past*,
They rise upon us only to appal,
By indistinct and half-glimps'd images,
Misty, gigantic, huge, obscure, remote.
  Oh! it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
And the pale moon, that through the casement high,
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
Of utter silence; it is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability;
To wind the mighty secrets of *the past*,
And turn the key of Time! Oh! who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense
Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres;
But the Eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end. Time had been with him
For *everlasting*, ere the dædal world
Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—Like Him
It knew no source; like Him 'twas uncreate.
What is it then? the past Eternity!
We comprehend a *future* without end;

We feel it possible that even yon sun
May roll for ever: but we shrink amaz'd—
We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time
Knew no commencement;—that, heap age on age,
And million upon million, without end,
And we shall never span the void of days
That were, and are not but in retrospect.
The Past is an unfathomable depth,
Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
For ever and for ever.

Change of days
To us is sensible; and each revolve
Of the recording sun conducts us on
Farther in life, and nearer to our goal.
Not so with Time,—mysterious chronicler!
He knoweth not mutation;—centuries
Are to his being as a day, and days
As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,
Are always equal; when the world began
God had existed from eternity.

* * * *

Now look on man,
Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elaps'd?
Is he not standing in the self-same place
Where once we stood?—The same eternity
Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
His *past* is not of longer span than ours,
Though myriads of ages interven'd;
For who can add to what has neither sum,
Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end?
Oh! who can compass the Almighty mind?
Who can unlock the secrets of the High?
In speculations of an altitude
Sublime as this, our reason stands confess'd
Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.
Who can apply the futile argument
Of finite beings to infinity?

He might as well compress the universe
Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
Drink up the sea it swims in.—Can the less
Contain the greater? or the dark obscure
Infold the glories of meridian day?
What does Philosophy impart to man,
But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration. All her lessons end
In wider views of God's unfathom'd depths.
  Lo! the unletter'd hind, who never knew
To raise his mind, excursive, to the heights
Of abstract contemplation, as he sits
On the green hillock by the hedge-row side,
What time the insect swarms are murmuring,
And marks, in silent thought, the broken clouds
That fringe with loveliest hues the evening sky,
Feels in his soul the hand of Nature rouse
The thrill of gratitude to Him who form'd
The goodly prospect. He beholds the God
Thron'd in the west, and his reposing ear
Hears sounds angelic in the fitful breeze
That floats through neighbouring copse or fairy brake,
Or lingers playful on the haunted stream.
Go with the cotter to his winter fire,
Where o'er the moors the loud blast whistles shrill,
And the hoarse ban-dog bays the icy moon;
Mark with what awe he lists the wild uproar,
Silent, and big with thought; and hear him bless
The God that rides on the tempestuous clouds,
For his snug hearth, and all his little joys:
Hear him compare his happier lot with his
Who bends his way across the wintry wolds,
A poor night-traveller, while the dismal snow
Beats in his face, and, dubious of his path,

He stops, and thinks, in every lengthening blast,
He hears some village mastiff's distant howl,
And sees, far streaming, some lone cottage light;
Then, undeceiv'd, upturns his streaming eyes,
And clasps his shivering hands; or, overpower'd,
Sinks on the frozen ground, weigh'd down with sleep,
From which the hapless wretch shall never wake.
Thus the poor rustic warms his heart with praise
And glowing gratitude;—he turns to bless,
With honest warmth, his Maker and his God!
And shall it e'er be said that a poor hind,
Nurs'd in the lap of Ignorance, and bred
In want and labour, glows with nobler zeal
To laud his Maker's attributes; while he
Whom starry Science in her cradle rock'd,
And Castaly enchasten'd with its dews,
Closes his eyes upon the holy word,
And, blind to all but arrogance and pride,
Dares to declare his infidelity,
And openly contemn the Lord of Hosts?
What is Philosophy, if it impart
Irreverence for the Deity, or teach
A mortal man to set his judgment up
Against his Maker's will?—The Polygar,
Who kneels to sun or moon, compar'd with him,
Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
Is the most bless'd of men! —Oh! I would walk
A weary journey to the farthest verge
Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,
Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,
Preserves a lowly mind; and to his God,
Feeling the sense of his own littleness,
Is as a child in meek simplicity!.
What is the pomp of learning,—the parade
Of letters and of tongues? Even as the mists
Of the gray morn before the rising sun,
That pass away and perish.

Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.
'Tis as the tower erected on a cloud,—
Baseless and silly as the schoolboy's dream.
Ages and epochs that destroy our pride,
And then record its downfall, what are they
But the poor creatures of man's teeming brain?
Hath Heaven its ages? or doth Heaven preserve
Its stated eras? Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past;
Thron'd in his might, all times to Him are present;
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come;
He sees before Him one eternal *now*.
Time moveth not!—our being 'tis that moves;
And we, swift gliding down life's rapid stream,
Dream of swift ages and revolving years,
Ordain'd to chronicle our passing days;
So the young sailor, in the gallant bark,
Scudding before the wind, beholds the coast
Receding from his eyes, and thinks, the while,
Struck with amaze, that he is motionless,
And that the land is sailing.

Such, alas!
Are the illusions of this Proteus life;
All, all is false; through every phasis still
'Tis shadowy and deceitful. It assumes
The semblances of things, and specious shapes;
But the lost traveller might as soon rely
On the evasive spirit of the marsh,
Whose lantern beams, and vanishes, and flits,
O'er bog, and rock, and pit, and hollow way,
As we on its appearances.

On earth
There is nor certainty nor stable hope.
As well the weary mariner, whose bark

Is toss'd beyond Cimmerian Bosphrus,
Where Storm and Darkness hold their drear domain,
And sunbeams never penetrate, might trust
To expectation of serener skies,
And linger in the very jaws of death,
Because some peevish cloud were opening,
Or the loud storm had bated in its rage;
As we look forward, in this vale of tears,
To permanent delight,—from some slight glimpse
Of shadowy, unsubstantial happiness.
The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond
The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep
Of mortal desolation. He beholds,
Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride
Of rampant Ruin, or the unstable waves
Of dark Vicissitude.—Even in death,—
In that dread hour, when, with a giant pang,
Tearing the tender fibres of the heart,
The immortal spirit struggles to be free,
Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not;
For it exists beyond the narrow verge
Of the cold sepulchre.—The petty joys
Of fleeting life indignantly it spurn'd,
And rested on the bosom of its God.
This is man's only reasonable hope;
And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,
Shall not be disappointed.—Even He,
The Holy One—Almighty—who clanc'd
The rolling world along its airy way,—
Even he will deign to smile upon the good,
And welcome him to those celestial seats,
Where joy and gladness hold their changeless reign.
Thou, proud man, look upon yon starry vault;
Survey the countless gems which richly stud
The Night's imperial chariot;—Telescopes
Will show thee myriads more, innumerous
As the sea sand;—each of those little lamps
Is the great source of light, the central sun

Round which some other mighty sisterhood
Of planets travel; every planet stock'd
With living beings impotent as thee.
Now, proud man! now, where is thy greatness fled?
What art thou in the scale of universe?
Less, less than nothing! -Yet of thee, the God
Who built this wondrous frame of worlds, is careful,
As well as of the mendicant who begs
The leavings of thy table. And shalt thou
Lift up thy thankless spirit, and contemn
His heavenly providence? Deluded fool,
Even now the thunderbolt is wing'd with death,—
Even now thou totterest on the brink of hell.
How insignificant is mortal man,
Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour!
How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit
Of infinite duration, boundless space!
God of the universe! Almighty One!
Thou who dost walk upon the winged winds,
Or with the storm, thy rugged charioteer,
Swift and impetuous as the northern blast,
Ridest from pole to pole; Thou who dost hold
The forked lightnings in thine awful grasp,
And reignest in the earthquake, when thy wrath
Goes down towards erring man,—I would address
To Thee my parting pæan; for of Thee,
Great beyond comprehension, who Thyself
Art Time and Space, sublime Infinitude,
Of Thee has been my song. With awe I kneel
Trembling before the footstool of thy state,
My God! my Father! —I will sing to Thee
A hymn of laud, a solemn canticle,
Ere on the cypress wreath which overshades
The throne of Death, I hang my mournful lyre,
And give its wild strings to the desert gale.
Rise, son of Salem! rise, and join the strain:
Sweep to accordant tones thy tuneful harp;
And, leaving vain laments, arouse thy soul

To exultation. Sing hosanna, sing,
And hallelujah, for the Lord is great,
And full of mercy! He has thought of man;
Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has thought
Of us poor worms, that batten in the dews
Of morn, and perish ere the noon-day sun.
Sing to the Lord, for He is merciful:
He gave the Nubian lion but to live,
To rage its hour, and perish; but on man
He lavish'd immortality and heaven.
The eagle falls from her aërial tower,
And mingles with irrevocable dust:
But man from death springs joyful,
Springs up to life and to eternity.
Oh! that, insensate of the favouring boon,
The great exclusive privilege, bestow'd
On us unworthy trifles, men should dare
To treat with slight regard the proffer'd heaven,
And urge the lenient, but All-just, to swear
In wrath, 'They shall not enter in my rest!'
Might I address the supplicative strain
To thy high footstool, I would pray that Thou
Wouldst pity the deluded wanderers,
And fold them, ere they perish, in thy flock.
Yea, I would bid thee pity them, through Him,
Thy well-beloved, who, upon the cross,
Bled, a dread sacrifice for human sin,
And paid, with bitter agony, the debt
Of primitive transgression.

Oh! I shrink,
My very soul doth shrink, when I reflect
That the time hastens, when, in vengeance cloth'd,
Thou shalt come down to stamp the seal of fate
On erring mortal man. Thy chariot wheels
Then shall rebound to earth's remotest caves;
And stormy Ocean from his bed shall start
At the appalling summons. Oh! how dread,
On the dark eye of miserable man,

Chasing his sins in secrecy and gloom,
Will burst th' effulgence of the opening Heaven;
When, to the brazen trumpet's deafening roar,
Thou and thy dazzling cohorts shall descend,
Proclaiming the fulfilment of the word!
The dead shall start astonish'd from their sleep;
The sepulchres shall groan, and yield their prey;
The bellowing floods shall disembogue their charge
Of human victims.—From the farthest nook
Of the wide world shall troop the risen souls;
From him whose bones are bleaching in the waste
Of polar solitudes, or him whose corse,
Whelm'd in the loud Atlantic's vexed tides,
Is wash'd on some Carribean prominence,
To the lone tenant of some secret cell
In the Pacific's vast * * * realm,
Where never plummet's sound was heard to part
The wilderness of water; they shall come
To greet the solemn advent of the Judge.
Thou first shall summon the elected saints
To their apportion'd heaven; and thy Son,
At thy right hand, shall smile with conscious joy
On all his past distresses, when for them
He bore humanity's severest pangs.
Then shalt thou seize th' avenging scimitar,
And, with a roar as loud and horrible
As the stern earthquake's monitory voice,
The wicked shall be driven to their abode
Down the immitigable gulf, to wail
And gnash their teeth in endlesss agony.

* * * *

Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high!—Invincible, and thron'd
In unparticipated might. Behold
Earth's proudest boasts, beneath thy silent sway
Sweep headlong to destruction; thou, the while,
Unmov'd and heedless; thou dost hear the rush
Of mighty generations, as they pass

To the broad gulf of ruin, and dost stamp
Thy signet on them, and they rise no more.
Who shall contend with Time—unvanquish'd Time,
The conqueror of conquerors, and lord
Of desolation?—Lo! the shadows fly,
The hours, and days, and years, and centuries,
They fly, they fly, the nations rise and fall;
The young are old; the old are in their graves.
Heard'st thou that shout? It rent the vaulted skies;
It was the voice of people,—mighty crowds.
Again! 'tis hush'd—Time speaks, and all is hush'd;
In the vast multitude now reigns alone
Unruffled solitude. They all are still!
All—yea, the whole—the incalculable mass,
Still as the ground that clasps their cold remains.
Rear thou aloft thy standard.—Spirit, rear
Thy flag on high; and glory in thy strength.
But do thou know, the season yet shall come,
When from its base thine adamantine throne
Shall tumble; when thine arm shall cease to strike,
Thy voice forget its petrifying power;
When saints shall shout, and *Time shall be no more.*
Yea, He doth come—the mighty Champion comes,
Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound,
Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
And desolate stern Desolation's lord.
Lo! where He cometh! the Messiah comes!
The King! the Comforter! the Christ!—He comes
To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
The power of Time.—Hark! the trumpet's blast
Rings o'er the heavens! They rise, the myriads rise—
Even from their graves they spring, and burst the chains
Of torpor. He has ransom'd them. * * *
Forgotten generations live again,
Assume the bodily shapes they own'd of old,
Beyond the flood. The righteous of their times
Embrace and weep; they weep the tears of joy.

The sainted mother wakes, and in her lap
Clasps her dear babe, the partner of her grave,
And heritor, with her, of heaven,—a flower
Wash'd by the blood of Jesus from the stain
Of native guilt, even in its early bud.
And, hark! those strains, how solemnly serene
They fall, as from the skies—at distance fall—
Again more loud—the hallelujahs swell;
The newly-risen catch the joyful sound;
They glow, they burn; and now, with one accord,
Bursts forth sublime from every mouth the song
Of praise to God on high, and to the Lamb
Who bled for mortals.

* * * * *

Yet there is peace for man.—Yea, there is peace
Even in this noisy, this unsettled scene;
When from the crowd, and from the city far,
Haply he may be set (in his late walk
O'ertaken with deep thought) beneath the boughs
Of honeysuckle, when the sun is gone,
And with fix'd eye, and wistful, he surveys
Tho solemn shadows of the heavens sail,
And thinks the season yet shall come, when Time
Will waft him to repose, to deep repose,
Far from the unquietness of life—from noise
And tumult far—beyond the flying clouds,
Beyond the stars and all this passing scene,
Where change shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

* * * * *

CHILDHOOD: A POEM.

This appears to be one of the Author's earliest productions; written when about the age of fourteen.

PART I.

PICTUR'D in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys, to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,

The village churchyard, and the village green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view the unclouded skies of former days!
  Beloved age of innocence and smiles,
When each wing'd hour some new delight beguiles,
When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
Bless'd Childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
And from myself the artless picture bring;
These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
Each humble friend, each *pleasure*, now no more;
And every stump, familiar to my sight,
Recalls some fond idea of delight.
  This shrubby knoll was once my favourite seat;
Here did I love at evening to retreat,
And muse alone, till, in the vault of night,
Hesper, aspiring, shew'd his golden light.
Here once again, remote from human noise,
I sit me down to think of former joys;
Pause on each scene, each treasur'd scene, once more,
And once again each infant walk explore;
While, as each grove and lawn I recognise,
My melted soul suffuses in my eyes.
  And O thou Power, whose myriad trains resort
To distant scenes, and picture them to thought;
Whose mirror, held unto the mourner's eye,
Flings to his soul a borrow'd gleam of joy;
Bless'd Memory, guide, with finger nicely true,
Back to my youth my retrospective view;
Recall, with faithful vigour, to my mind,
Each face familiar, each relation kind;
And all the finer traits of them afford,
Whose general outline in my heart is stor'd,
  In yonder cot, along whose mouldering walls

In many a fold the mantling woodbine falls,
The village matron kept her little school;
Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule.
Staid was the dame, and modest was her mien;
Her garb was coarse, yet whole, and nicely clean:
Her neatly border'd cap, as lily fair,
Beneath her chin was pinn'd with decent care;
And pendent ruffles, of the whitest lawn,
Of ancient make, her elbows did adorn.
Faint with old age, and dim were grown her eyes,
A pair of spectacles their want supplies:
These does she guard, secure in leathern case,
From thoughtless wights, in some unwonted place.
Here first I enter'd, though with toil and pain,
The low vestibulé of learning's fane:
Enter'd with pain, yet soon I found the way,
Though sometimes toilsome, many a sweet display.
Much did I grieve, on that ill-fated morn,
When I was first to school reluctant borne;
Severe I thought the dame, though oft she tried
To soothe my swelling spirits when I sigh'd;
And oft, when harshly she reproved, I wept,
To my lone corner broken-hearted crept,
And thought of tender home, where anger never kept.
But soon, inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the dame with jocund smiles;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favourite rapidly I grew:
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight;
And, as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talk'd of the honours of my future days.
Oh! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought;
Could she have seen me, when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears;
Then had she wept, and wish'd my wayward fate

Had been a lowlier, an unletter'd, state;
Wish'd that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have pass'd through life
Where, in the busy scene, by peace unbless'd,
Shall the poor wanderer find a place of rest?
A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
Without a hope the calm of peace to gain;
Long toss'd by tempests o'er the world's wide shore,
When shall his spirit rest, to toil no more?
Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
The sandy surface of his unwept grave.
Childhood, to thee I turn, from life's alarms,
Serenest season of perpetual calms, —
Turn with delight, and bid the passions cease,
And joy to think with thee I tasted peace.
Sweet reign of innocence, when no crime defiles,
But each new object brings attendant smiles;
When future evils never haunt the sight,
But all is pregnant with unmix'd delight;
To thee I turn, from riot and from noise,
Turn to partake of more congenial joys.
'Neath yonder elm, that stands upon the moor,
When the clock spoke the hour of labour o'er,
What clamorous throngs, what happy groups, were seen,
In various postures, scatt'ring o'er the green!
Some shoot the marble, others join the chase
Of self-made stag, or run the emulous race;
While others, seated on the dappled grass,
With doleful tales the light-wing'd minutes pass.
Well I remember how, with gesture starch'd,
A band of soldiers oft with pride we march'd;
For banners, to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind;
And for our warlike arms we sought the mead,
And guns and spears we made of brittle reed;
Then, in uncouth array, our feats to crown,
We storm'd some ruin'd pig-sty for a town.
Pleased with our gay disports, the dame was wont

To set her wheel before the cottage front,
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,
To view our gambols and our boyish geer.
Still, as she look'd, her wheel kept turning round,
With its belov'd monotony of sound.
When tir'd with play, we'd set us by her side,
(For out of school she never knew to chide) —
And wonder at her skill —well known to fame —
For who could match, in spinning, with the dame?
Her sheets, her linen, which she shew'd with pride
To strangers, still her thriftness testified;
Though we poor wights did wonder much, in troth,
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.
  Oft would we leave, though well-belov'd, our play,
To chat at home the vacant hour away.
Many's the time I've scamper'd down the glade,
To ask the promis'd ditty from the maid,
Which well she lov'd, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring.
She told of innocence foredoom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Or little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept.
Sad was such tale, and wonder much did we,
Such hearts of stone there in the world could be.
Poor simple wights, ah! little did we ween
The ills that wait on man in life's sad scene!
Ah! little thought that we ourselves should know,
This world's a world of weeping and of woe!
  Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought.
Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
Then first that poesy charm'd mine infant ear.
Soon stor'd with much of legendary lore,
The sports of childhood charm'd my soul no more.
  Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,

And there, on mossy carpet listless laid,
While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
Soar on the wings of Fancy through the air,
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

* * * *

PART II.

THERE are, who think that Childhood does not share
With age the cup, the bitter cup, of care:
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.
From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step has farther cause to know,
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with woe.
Yet in the youthful breast, for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
Th' impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.
How different manhood! —then does Thought's con-
Sink every pang still deeper in the soul; [trol
Then keen Affliction's sad unceasing smart
Becomes a painful resident in the heart;
And Care, whom not the gayest can out-brave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.
Then, as each long-known friend is summon'd hence,
We feel a void no joy can recompense,
And, as we weep o'er every new-made tomb,
Wish that ourselves the next may meet our doom.
Yes, Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep,
But halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep,
And sanguine Hope, through every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms th' internal strife.
Yet e'en round childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;

And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.
Thus, when the long-expected moment came,
When forced to leave the gentle-hearted dame,
Reluctant throbbings rose within my breast,
And a still tear my silent grief express'd.
When to the public school compell'd to go,
What novel scenes did on my senses flow!
There in each breast each active power dilates,
Which 'broils whole nations and convulses states;
There reign, by turns alternate, love and hate;
Ambition burns, and factious rebels prate;
And in a smaller range, a smaller sphere,
The dark deformities of man appear.
Yet there the gentler virtues kindred claim;
There Friendship lights her pure untainted flame;
There mild Benevolence delights to dwell,
And sweet Contentment rests without her cell;
And there, 'mid many a stormy soul, we find
The good of heart, the intelligent of mind.
'Twas there, O George! with thee I learn'd to join
In Friendship's bands in amity divine.
Oh! mournful thought!—Where is thy spirit now,—
As here I sit on favourite Logar's brow,
And trace, below, each well-remember'd glade,
Where, arm in arm, erewhile with thee I stray'd?
Where art thou laid? On what untrodden shore,
Where nought is heard save ocean's sullen roar,
Dost thou, in lowly, unlamented state,
At last repose from all the storms of fate?
Methinks I see thee struggling with the wave,
Without one aiding hand stretched out to save;
See thee convulsed, thy looks to heaven bend,
And send thy parting sigh unto thy friend;
Or, where immeasurable wilds dismay,
Forlorn and sad thou bend'st thy weary way;
While sorrow and disease, with anguish rife,
Consume apace the ebbing springs of life.

Again I see,— his door against thee shut,—
The unfeeling native turn thee from his hut;
I see thee, spent with toil and worn with grief,
Sit on the grass, and wish the long'd relief;
Then lie thee down, the stormy struggle o'er,
Think on thy native land—and rise no more!
  Oh! that thou couldst, from thine august abode,
Survey thy friend in life's dismaying road;
That thou couldst see him, at this moment here,
Embalm thy memory with a pious tear,
And hover o'er him, as he gazes round,
Where all the scenes of infant joys surround.
  Yes! yes! his spirit's near! The whispering breeze
Conveys his voice sad sighing on the trees;
And lo! his form transparent I perceive,
Borne on the gray mist of the sullen eve.
He hovers near, clad in the night's dim robe;
While deathly silence reigns upon the globe.
  Yet, ah! whence comes this visionary scene?
'Tis Fancy's wild aërial dream, I ween.
By her inspired, when reason takes its flight,
What fond illusions beam upon the sight!
She waves her hand, and, lo! what forms appear!
What magic sounds salute the wondering ear!
Once more o'er distant regions do we tread,
And the cold grave yields up its cherish'd dead:
While, present sorrows banish'd far away,
Unclouded azure gilds the placid day;
Or, in the future's cloud-encircled face,
Fair scenes of bliss to come we fondly trace;
And draw minutely every little wile,
Which shall the feathery hours of time beguile.
  So when, forlorn and lonesome, at her gate,
The Royal Mary solitary sate,
And view'd the moonbeam trembling on the wave,
And heard the hollow surge her prison lave,
Towards France's distant coast she bent her sight,
For there her soul had wing'd its longing flight.

There did she form full many a scheme of joy,
Visions of bliss, unclouded with alloy,
Which bright through Hope's deceitful optics beam'd,
And all became the surety which it seem'd.
She wept, yet felt, while all within was calm,
In every tear a melancholy charm.
To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sust'nance to the sheep,
With thee, my friend, I oftentimes have sped,
To see the sun rise from his healthy bed;
To watch the aspect of the summer morn
Smiling upon the golden fields of corn;
And taste, delighted, of superior joys,
Beheld through Sympathy's enchanted eyes.
With silent admiration oft we view'd
The myriad hues o'er heaven's blue concave strew'd;
The fleecy clouds, of every tint and shade,
Round which the silvery sun-beam glancing play'd;
And the round orb itself, in azure throne,
Just peeping o'er the blue hill's ridgy zone.
We mark'd, delighted, how, with aspect gay,
Reviving Nature hail'd returning day;
Mark'd how the flowerets rear'd their drooping heads,
And the wild lambkins bounded o'er the meads;
While from each tree, in tones of sweet delight,
The birds sung pæans to the source of light.
Oft have we watch'd the speckled lark arise,
Leave his grass bed, and soar to kindred skies,
And rise, and rise, till the pain'd sight no more
Could trace him in his high aërial tour;
Though on the ear, at intervals, his song
Came wafted slow the wavy breeze along;
And we have thought how happy were our lot,
Bless'd with some sweet, some solitary, cot,
Where, from the peep of day, till russet eve
Began in every dell her forms to weave,
We might pursue our sports from day to day,
And in each other's arms wear life away.

At sultry noon, too, when our toils were done,
We to the gloomy glen were wont to run.
There on the turf we lay, while, at our feet,
The cooling rivulet rippled softly sweet;
And mused on holy theme and ancient lore,
Of deeds, and days, and heroes, now no more;
Heard, as his solemn harp Isaiah swept,
Sung woe unto the wicked land—and wept;
Or, fancy-led, saw Jeremiah mourn
In solemn sorrow o'er Judea's urn.
Then to another shore perhaps would rove;
With Plato talk in his Ilyssian grove;
Or, wandering where the Thespian palace rose,
Weep once again o'er fair Jocasta's woes.
Sweet then to us was that romantic band,
The ancient legends of our native land—
Chivalric Britomart, and Una fair,
And courteous Constance, doom'd to dark despair,
By turns our thoughts engaged; and oft we talk'd
Of times when monarch Superstition stalk'd,
And when the blood-fraught galliots of Rome
Brought the grand Druid fabric to its doom;
While, where the wood-hung Meinai's waters flow,
The hoary harpers pour'd the strain of woe.
While thus employ'd, to us how sad the bell
Which summon'd us to school! 'Twas Fancy's knell;
And, sadly sounding on the sullen ear,
It spoke of study pale and chilling fear.
Yet even then, (for oh! what chains can bind,
What powers control, the energies of mind?)
Even there we soar'd to many a height sublime;
And many a day-dream charm'd the lazy time.
At evening, too, how pleasing was our walk,
Endear'd by Friendship's unrestrained talk,
When to the upland heights we bent our way,
To view the last beam of departing day.
How calm was all around! No playful breeze
Sigh'd 'mid the wavy foliage of the trees;

But all was still, save when, with drowsy song,
The gray-fly wound his sullen horn along;
And save when, heard in soft, yet merry, glee,
The distant church-bells' mellow harmony.
The silver mirror of the lucid brook,
That 'mid the tufted broom its still course took;
The rugged arch that clasp'd its silent tides,
With moss and rank weeds hanging down its sides
The craggy rock that jutted on the sight;
The shrieking bat that took its heavy flight;
All, all was pregnant with divine delight.
We lov'd to watch the swallow swimming high
In the bright azure of the vaulted sky;
Or gaze upon the clouds, whose coloured pride
Was scatter'd thinly o'er the welkin wide,
And, ting'd with such variety of shade,
To the charm'd soul sublimest thoughts convey'd.
In these what forms romantic did we trace,
While Fancy led us o'er the realms of space!
Now we espied the Thunderer in his car,
Leading the embattled seraphim to war;
Then stately towers descried, sublimely high,
In Gothic grandeur frowning on the sky;
Or saw, wide stretching o'er the azure height,
A ridge of glaciers in mural white,
Hugely terrific.—But those times are o'er;
And the fond scene can charm mine eyes no more:
For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle through this world of woe.
  The scene is o'er. Still, seasons onward roll;
And each revolve conducts me towards the goal:
Yet all is blank without one soft relief,
One endless continuity of grief;
And the tired soul, now led to thoughts sublime,
Looks but for rest beyond the bounds of time.
  Toil on, toil on, ye busy crowds that pant
For hoards of wealth which ye will never want:
And, lost to all but gain, with ease resign
The calms of peace and happiness divine!

Far other cares be mine. Men little crave
In this short journey to the silent grave;
And the poor peasant, bless'd with peace and health,
I envy more than Crœsus with his wealth:
Yet grieve not I, that fate did not decree
Paternal acres to await on me.
She gave me more; she plac'd within my breast
A heart with little pleased—with little bless'd.
I look around me, where, on every side,
Extensive manors spread in wealthy pride;
And could my sight be borne to either zone,
I should not find one foot of land my own.
But whither do I wander? Shall the muse,
For golden baits, her simple theme refuse?
Oh, no! but while the weary spirit greets
The fading scenes of childhood's far-gone sweets,
It catches all the infant's wand'ring tongue,
And prattles on, in desultory song.
That song must close. The gloomy mists of night
Obscure the pale stars' visionary light;
And ebon darkness, clad in vapoury wet,
Steals on the welkin in primeval jet.
The song must close. Once more my adverse lot
Leads me, reluctant, from this cherish'd spot:
Again compels to plunge in busy life;
And brave the hateful turbulence of strife.
Scenes of my youth—ere my unwilling feet
Are turn'd for ever from this lov'd retreat,—
Ere on these fields, with plenty cover'd o'er,
My eyes are closed, to ope on them no more,
Let me ejaculate, to feeling due,
One long, one last, affectionate adieu.
Grant that, if ever Providence should please
To give me an old age of peace and ease,—
Grant that, in these sequester'd shades, my days
May wear away in gradual decays;
And, O ye spirits, who unbodied play
Unseen upon the pinions of the day,
Kind genii of my native fields benign,
Who were * * *

FRAGMENT OF AN ECCENTRIC DRAMA, WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

THE DANCE OF THE CONSUMPTIVES.

DING-DONG! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Over the heath, over the moor, and over the dale,
'Swinging slow with sullen roar,'
Dance, dance away, the jocund roundelay!
Ding-dong, ding-dong, calls us away.

Round the oak, and round the elm,
Merrily foot it o'er the ground!
The sentry ghost it stands aloof,
So merrily, merrily, foot it round.
Ding-dong! ding-dong!
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swelling in the nightly gale;
The sentry ghost,
It keeps its post,
And soon, and soon, our sports must fail;
But let us trip the nightly ground,
While the merry, merry bells ring round

Hark! hark! the death-watch ticks!
See, see, the winding-sheet!
Our dance is done,
Our race is run,
And we must lie at the alder's feet!
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Merry, merry, go the bells,
Swinging o'er the weltering wave!
And we must seek
Our death-beds bleak,
Where the green sod grows upon the grave.

They vanish. The Goddess of Consumption descends, habited in a sky-blue robe, attended by mournful music.

Come, Melancholy, sister mine!
Cold the dews, and chill the night!
Come from thy dreary shrine!
The wan moon climbs the heavenly height;
And underneath her sickly ray
Troops of squalid spectres play;
And the dying mortals' groan
Startles the night on her dusky throne.
Come, come, sister mine!
Gliding on the pale moonshine;
We'll ride at ease,
On the tainted breeze,
And oh! our sport will be divine.

The Goddess of Melancholy advances out of a deep glen in the rear, habited in black, and covered with a thick veil. She speaks.

Sister, from my dark abode,
Where nests the raven, sits the toad,
Hither I come, at thy command;
Sister, sister, join thy hand!
I will smooth the way for thee;
Thou shalt furnish food for me.
Come, let us speed our way
Where the troops of spectres play,
To charnel-houses, church-yards drear,
Where Death sits, with a horrible leer,
A lasting grin, on a throne of bones,
And skim along the blue tomb-stones.
Come, let us speed away,
Lay our snares, and spread our tether!
I will smooth the way for thee;

Thou shalt furnish food for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

CONSUMPTION.

Come, let us speed our way!
Join our hands, and spread our tether!
I will furnish food for thee;
Thou shalt smooth the way for me;
And the grass shall wave
O'er many a grave,
Where youth and beauty sleep together.

MELANCHOLY.

Hist, sister, hist! who comes here?
Oh! I know her by that tear,
By that blue eye's languid glare,
By her skin, and by her hair:
She is mine,
And she is thine,—
Now the deadliest draught prepare.

CONSUMPTION.

In the dismal night air dress'd,
I will creep into her breast;
Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes,—
When they sparkle most, she dies!
Mother, do not trust her breath,—
Comfort she will breathe in death!
Father, do not strive to save her,—
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal bed;
The winding-sheet must wrap her head;
The whisp'ring winds must o'er her sigh;
For soon in the grave the maid must lie.

The worm it will riot
On heavenly diet,
When death has deflower'd her eye.
[*They vanish.*

While CONSUMPTION *speaks,* ANGELINA *enters.*

ANGELINA.

With* what a silent and dejected pace
Dost thou, wan Moon! upon thy way advance
In the blue welkin's vault!—Pale wanderer!—
Hast thou, too, felt the pangs of hopeless love,
That thus, with such a melancholy grace,
Thou dost pursue thy solitary course?
Has thy Endymion, smooth-faced boy, forsook
Thy widow'd breast—on which the spoiler oft
Has nestled fondly, while the silver clouds
Fantastic pillow'd thee, and the dim night,
Obsequious to thy will, encurtain'd round
With his thick fringe thy couch?—Wan traveller,
How like thy fate to mine!—Yet I have still
One heavenly hope remaining, which thou lack'st.
My woes will soon be buried in the grave
Of kind forgetfulness. My journey here,
Though it be darksome, joyless, and forlorn,
Is yet but short; and soon my weary feet
Will greet the peaceful inn of lasting rest.
But thou, unhappy Queen! art doom'd to trace
Thy lonely walk in the drear realms of night,
While many a lagging age shall sweep beneath
The leaden pinions of unshaken time:
Though not a hope shall spread its glittering hue,
To cheat thy steps along the weary way.
Oh! that the sum of human happiness
Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
That, when possess'd, it is but lessen'd grief:

* With how sad steps, O moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!—*Sir P. Sidney.*

And, even then, there's scarce a sudden gust
That blows across the dismal waste of life,
But bears it from the view! Oh! who would shun
The hour that cuts from earth, and fear to press
The calm and peaceful pillows of the grave;
And yet endure the various ills of life,
And dark vicissitudes? Soon, I hope, I feel,
And am assur'd, that I shall lay my head,
My weary aching head, on its last rest;
And on my lowly bed the grass-green sod
Will flourish sweetly: and then they will weep,
That one so young, and what they're pleased to call
So beautiful, should die so soon: and tell
How painful Disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon my maiden cheek.
O foolish ones! why, I shall sleep so sweetly,
Laid in my darksome grave, that they themselves
Might envy me my rest; and, as for them,
Who, on the score of former intimacy,
May thus remembrance me, they must themselves
Successive fall.

Around the winter fire,
(When out-a-doors the biting frost congeals,
And shrill the skater's irons on the pool
Ring loud, as by the moonlight he performs
His graceful evolutions) they not long
Shall sit, and chat of older times and feats
Of early youth, but silent, one by one,
Shall drop into their shrouds: some, in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others, young, like me,
And falling green beneath the untimely stroke.
Thus, in short time, in the churchyard forlorn,
Where I shall lie, my friends will lay them down,
And dwell with me, a happy family.
And, O thou cruel, yet beloved, youth,
Who now hast left me hopeless here to mourn,
Do thou but shed one tear upon my corpse,
And say that I was gentle, and deserv'd

A better lover, and I shall forgive
All, all thy wrongs; and then do thou forget
The hapless Margaret, and be as bless'd
As wish can make thee. Laugh, and play, and sing,
With thy dear choice; and never think of me.
Yet, hist, I hear a step. In this dark wood—
* * * *

TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT A VERY EARLY AGE.

I've read, my friend, of Dioclesian,
And many another noble Grecian,
Who wealth and palaces resign'd,
In cots the joys of peace to find.
Maximian's meal of turnip-tops,
(Disgusting food to dainty chops),
I've also read of, without wonder;
But such a curs'd egregious blunder,
As that a man of wit and sense
Should leave his books to hoard up pence,—
Forsake the loved Aonian maids,
For all the petty tricks of trades,
I never, either now, or long since,
Have heard of such a piece of nonsense.
That one who learning's joys hath felt,
And at the Muse's altar knelt,
Should leave a life of sacred leisure,
To taste the accumulating pleasure;
And, metamorphos'd to an alley duck,
Grovel in loads of kindred muck,—
Oh! 'tis beyond my comprehension!
A courtier throwing up his pension,—
A lawyer working without a fee,—
A parson giving charity,—
A truly pious methodist preacher,—
Are not, egad, so out of nature.
Had nature made thee half a fool,

But given thee wit to keep a school,
I had not star'd at thy backsliding:
But when thy wit I can confide in,—
When well I know thy just pretence
To solid and exalted sense;
When well I know that on thy head
Philosophy her lights hath shed,
I stand aghast! thy virtues sum, too,
And wonder what this world will come to!
Yet, whence this strain? shall I repine
That thou alone dost singly shine?
Shall I lament that thou alone,
Of men of parts, hast prudence known?

LINES ON READING THE POEMS OF WARTON.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

O Warton! to thy soothing shell,
Stretch'd remote in hermit cell,
Where the brook runs babbling by,
For ever I could listening lie;
And, catching all the Muse's fire,
Hold converse with the tuneful quire.
What pleasing themes thy page adorn!
The ruddy streaks of cheerful morn,
The pastoral pipe, the ode sublime,
And Melancholy's mournful chime;
Each with unwonted graces shines
In thy ever-lovely lines.
Thy muse deserves the lasting meed.
Attuning sweet the Dorian reed,
Now the love-lorn swain complains,
And sings his sorrows to the plains;
Now the sylvan scenes appear
Through all the changes of the year:
Or the elegiac strain
Softly sings of mental pain;

And mournful diapasons sail
On the faintly-dying gale.
But, ah! the soothing scene is o'er!
On middle flight we cease to soar,
For now the Muse assumes a bolder sweep,
Strikes on the lyric string her sorrows deep,
In strains unheard before.
Now, now the rising fire thrills high;
Now, now to heaven's high realms we fly;
And every throne explore.
The soul entranc'd, on mighty wings,
With all the poet's heat, up springs,
And loses earthly woes;
Till, all alarm'd at the giddy height,
The Muse descends on gentler flight,
And lulls the wearied soul to soft repose.

TO THE MUSE.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Ill-fated maid, in whose unhappy train
Chill poverty and misery are seen,
Anguish and discontent, the unhappy bane
Of life, and blackener of each brighter scene,
Why to thy votaries dost thou give to feel
So keenly all the scorns —the jeers of life?
Why not endow them, to endure the strife,
With apathy's invulnerable steel,
Or self-content and ease, each torturing wound to heal!

Ah! who would taste your self-deluding joys,
That lure the unwary to a wretched doom,—
That bid fair views and flattering hopes arise,
Then hurl them headlong to a lasting tomb?
What is the charm which leads thy victims on,
To persevere in paths that lead to woe?
What can induce them in that route to go,
In which innumerous before have gone,
And died in misery, poor and woe-begone?

Yet can I ask what charms in thee are found;
I, who have drunk from thine ethereal rill,
And tasted all the pleasures that abound
Upon Parnassus, lov'd Aonian Hill?
I, through whose soul the Muses' strains aye thrill!
Oh! I do feel the spell with which I'm tied;
And, though our annals fearful stories tell,
How Savage languish'd, and how Otway died,
Yet must I persevere, let whate'er will betide.

TO LOVE.

Why should I blush to own I love?
'Tis Love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betray'd?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

THE WANDERING BOY: A SONG.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts on the beggar his door;
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,
Oh! how hard is the lot of the Wandering Boy.

The winter is cold, and I have no vest;
And my heart it is cold as it beats in my breast.
No father, no mother, no kindred, have I;
For I am a parentless Wandering Boy.

Yet I had a home, and I once had a sire,
A mother who granted each infant desire;

Our cottage it stood in a wood-embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble its sorrowful tale:

But my father and mother were summon'd away;
And they left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey
I fled from their rigour, with many a sigh;
And now I'm a poor little Wandering Boy.

The wind it is keen, and the snow loads the gale;
And no one will list to my innocent tale.
I'll go to the grave where my parents both lie;
And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

FRAGMENT.

——————The western gale,
Mild as the kisses of connubial love,
Plays round my languid limbs, as, all dissolv'd,
Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
I lie, exhausted with the noon-tide heat;
While, rippling o'er its deep-worn pebble bed,
The rapid rivulet rushes at my feet,
Dispensing coolness. On the fringed marge,
Full many a floweret rears its head,—or pink,
Or gaudy daffodil. 'Tis here, at noon,
The buskin'd wood-nymphs from the heat retire,
And lave them in the fountain; here, secure
From Pan, or savage satyr, they disport;
Or, stretch'd supinely on the velvet turf,
Lull'd by the laden bee or sultry fly,
Invoke the god of slumber. * * *
* * * *
And, hark! how merrily, from distant tower,
Ring round the village bells! Now on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud;
Anon they die upon the pensive ear,
Melting in faintest music. They bespeak
A day of jubilee; and oft they bear,
Commix'd along the unfrequented shore,

The sound of village dance and tabor loud,
Startling the musing ear of Solitude.
  Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,
When happy Superstition, gabbling eld!
Holds her unhurtful gambols. All the day,
The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance
On the smooth-shaven green; and then, at eve,
Commence the harmless rites and auguries;
And many a tale of ancient days goes round.
They tell of wizard seer whose potent spells
Could hold in dreadful thrall the labouring moon,
Or draw the fix'd stars from their eminence,
And still the midnight tempest. Then, anon,
Tell of uncharnell'd spectres, seen to glide
Along the lone wood's unfrequented path,
Startling the 'nighted traveller; while the sound
Of undistinguish'd murmurs, heard to come
From the dark centre of the deep'ning glen,
Struck on his frozen ear.

O Ignorance!
Thou art fall'n man's best friend! With thee he speeds
In frigid apathy along his way;
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek, or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.
  Even now, as, leaning on this fragrant bank,
I taste of all the keener happiness
Which sense refin'd affords,—even now my heart
Would fain induce me to forsake the world,
Throw off these garments, and, in shepherd's weeds,
With a small flock and short suspended reed,
To sojourn in the woodland.—Then my thought
Draws such gay pictures of ideal bliss,
That I could almost err in reason's spite,
And trespass on my judgment.

Such is life.
The distant prospect always seems more fair;
And, when attain'd, another still succeeds,

Far fairer than before, yet compass'd round
With the same dangers and the same dismay:
And we, poor pilgrims in this dreary maze,
Still discontented, chase the fairy form
Of unsubstantial Happiness, to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat.

ODE,

WRITTEN ON WHIT-MONDAY.

HARK! how the merry bells ring jocund round,
And now they die upon the veering breeze;
Anon they thunder loud
Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore
Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak
A day of jubilee,
An ancient holiday.

And, lo! the rural revels are begun;
And, gaily echoing to the laughing sky,
On the smooth-shaven green,
Resounds the voice of Mirth.

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate,
That tells them 'tis but as an hour since they
Who now are in their graves,
Kept up the Whitsun dance;

And that, another hour, and they must fall
Like those who went before, and sleep as still
Beneath the silent sod,
A cold and cheerless sleep:

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign
To smile upon us here,
A transient visitor?

Mortals! be gladsome while ye have the power;
And laugh, and seize the glittering lapse of joy.
In time the bell will toll
That warns ye to your graves.

I to the woodland solitude will bend
My lonesome way, where Mirth's obstreperous shout
Shall not intrude to break
The meditative hour.

There will I ponder on the state of man,
Joyless and sad of heart; and consecrate
This day of jubilee
To sad reflection's shrine;

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
This world of care, to where the steeple loud
Shall rock above the sod,
Where I shall sleep in peace.

CANZONET.

Maiden! wrap thy mantle round thee.
Cold the rain beats on thy breast.
Why should Horror's voice astound thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree
Thy bed may be;
And thou mayst slumber peacefully.

Maiden! once gay Pleasure knew thee.
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep.
Love has been a felon to thee;
Yet, poor maiden, do not weep.
There's rest for thee
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

COMMENCEMENT OF A POEM ON DESPAIR.

Some to Aonian lyres of silver sound,
With winning elegance, attune their song,
Form'd to sink lightly on the soothed sense,
And charm the soul with softest harmony.
'Tis then that Hope with sanguine eye is seen
Roving through fancy's gay futurity;
Her heart light dancing to the sounds of pleasure,
Pleasure of days to come. Memory, too, then
Comes with her sister, Melancholy sad,
Pensively musing on the scenes of youth,
Scenes never to return.*
Such subjects merit poets us'd to raise
The attic verse harmonious; but for me
A dreadlier theme demands my backward hand,
And bids me strike the strings of dissonance,
With frantic energy.
'Tis wan Despair I sing; if sing I can
Of him before whose blast the voice of Song,
And Mirth, and Hope, and Happiness, all fly,
Nor ever dare return. His notes are heard
At noon of night, where, on the coast of blood,
The lacerated son of Angola
Howls forth his sufferings to the moaning wind;
And, when the awful silence of the night
Strikes the chill death-dew to the murderer's heart,
He speaks in every conscious-prompted word,
Half utter'd, half suppress'd—
'Tis him I sing—Despair—terrific name,
Striking unsteadily the tremulous chord
Of timorous terror—discord in the sound:
For to a theme revolting as is this,
Dare not I woo the maids of harmony,
Who love to sit, and catch the soothing sound
Of lyre Æolian, or the martial bugle,

*Alluding to the two pleasing poems, the Pleasures of Hope and of Memory.

Calling the hero to the field of glory,
And firing him with deeds of high emprise,
And warlike triumph; but from scenes like mine
Shrink they affrighted, and detest the bard
Who dares to sound the hollow tones of horror.
Hence, then, soft maids,
And woo the silken zephyr in the bowers
By Heliconia's sleep-inviting stream:
For aid like yours I seek not; 'tis for powers
Of darker hue to inspire a verse like mine!
'Tis work for wizards, sorcerers, and fiends!
Hither, ye furious imps of Acheron,
Nurslings of hell, and beings shunning light
And all the myriads of the burning concave;
Souls of the damn'd;—hither, oh! come, and join
The infernal chorus. 'Tis Despair I sing!
He, whose sole tooth inflicts a deadlier pang
Than all your tortures join'd. Sing, sing Despair!
Repeat the sound, and celebrate his power;
Unite shouts, screams, and agonizing shrieks,
Till the loud pæan ring through hell's high vault,
And the remotest spirits of the deep
Leap from the lake, and join the dreadful song.

TO THE WIND. AT MIDNIGHT.

Not unfamiliar to mine ear,
Blasts of the night! ye howl, as now
My shuddering casement loud
With fitful force ye beat.

Mine ear has dwelt in silent awe,
The howling sweep, the sudden rush;
And when the passing gale
Pour'd deep the hollow dirge—

THE EVE OF DEATH. IRREGULAR.

Silence of death—portentous calm,
Those airy forms that yonder fly,

Denote that your void foreruns a storm,
That the hour of fate is nigh.
I see, I see, on the dim mist borne,
The Spirit of battles rear his crest!
I see, I see, that, ere the morn,
His spear will forsake its hated rest, [breast.
And the widow'd wife of Larrendill will beat her naked

O'er the smooth bosom of the sullen deep,
No softly rustling zephyrs fly;
But nature sleeps a deathless sleep,
For the hour of battle is nigh.
Not a loose leaf waves on the dusky oak,
But a creeping stillness reigns around;
Except when the raven, with ominous croak,
On the ear does unwelcomely sound.
I know, I know, what this silence means;
I know what the raven saith—
Strike, O ye bards! the melancholy harp,
For this is the eve of death.

Behold, how along the twilight air
The shades of our fathers glide!
There Morven fled, with the blood-drench'd hair,
And Colma, with gray side.
No gale around its coolness flings,
Yet sadly sigh the gloomy trees;
And hark! how the harp's unvisited strings
Sound sweet, as if swept by a whispering breeze!
'Tis done! the sun he has set in blood!
He will never set more to the brave;
Let us pour to the hero the dirge of death—
For to-morrow he lies to the grave.

THANATOS.

Oh! who would cherish life,
And cling unto this heavy clog of clay,
Love this rude world of strife,
Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day;

And where, 'neath outward smiles
Conceal'd, the snake lies feeding on its prey.
Where pit-falls lie in every flowery way,
And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles!
Hateful it is to me,
Its riotous railings and revengeful s'rife;
I'm tir'd with all its screams and brutal shouts
Dinning the ear; away—away—with life!
And welcome, O thou silent maid,
Who in some foggy vault art laid,
Where never day-light's dazzling ray
Comes to disturb thy dismal sway;
And there amid unwholesome damps dost sleep,
In such forgetful slumbers deep,
That all thy senses, stupified,
Are to marble petrified.
Sleepy death, I welcome thee!
Sweet are thy calms to misery.
Poppies I will ask no more,
Nor the fatal hellebore.
Death is the best, the only cure;
His are slumbers ever sure.
Lay me in the Gothic tomb,
In whose solemn fretted gloom
I may lie in mouldering state,
With all the grandeur of the great.
Over me, magnificent,
Carve a stately monument:
Then thereon my statue lay,
With hands in attitude to pray,
And angels serve to hold my head,
Weeping o'er the father dead.
Duly, too, at close of day,
Let the pealing organ play;
And, while th 'harmonious thunders roll,
Chant a vesper to my soul;
Thus how sweet my sleep will be,
Shut out from thoughtful misery!

ATHANATOS.

Away with death—away
With all her sluggish sleeps and chilling damps,
Impervious to the day,
Where nature sinks into inanity.
How can the soul desire
Such hateful nothingness to crave,
And yield with joy the vital fire,
To moulder in the grave!
Yet mortal life is sad,
Eternal storms molest its sullen sky;
And sorrows ever rife
Drain the sacred fountain dry—
Away with mortal life!
But, hail, the calm reality,
The seraph Immortality!
Hail the heavenly bowers of peace,
Where all the storms of passion cease.
Wild life's dismaying struggle o'er,
The wearied spirit weeps no more;
But wears the eternal smile of joy,
Tasting bliss without alloy.
Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
The everlasting smile of day:
Where the choral seraph choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lull'd by distant symphonies.
Oh! to think of meeting there
The friends whose graves receiv'd our tear,
The daughter lov'd, the wife ador'd,
To our widow'd arms restor'd;
And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again for ever!
Who would cling to wretched life,
And hug the poison'd thorn of strife?

Who would not long from earth to fly,
A sluggish senseless lump to lie,
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptur'd eyes?

MUSIC.

Written between the ages of Fourteen and Fifteen, with a few subsequent verbal alterations.

Music, all powerful o'er the human mind,
Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm,
Soothe anxious Care on sleepless couch reclin'd,
And e'en fierce Anger's furious rage disarm.

At her command the various passions lie;
She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace;
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstacy,
And bids the jarring world's harsh clangour cease.

Her martial sounds can fainting troops inspire
With strength unwonted, and enthusiasm raise;
Infuse new ardour, and with youthful fire
Urge on the warrior, gray with length of days.

Far better she, when, with her soothing lyre,
She charms the falchion from the savage grasp,
And, melting into pity vengeful Ire,
Looses the bloody breastplate's iron clasp.

With her in pensive mood I long to roam,
At midnight's hour, or evening's calm decline;
And, thoughtful, o'er the falling streamlet's foam,
In calm Seclusion's hermit-walks recline.

Whilst mellow sounds from distant copse arise,
Of softest flute or reeds harmonic join'd,
With rapture thrill'd, each worldly passion dies,
And pleas'd Attention claims the passive mind.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
  Then burst majestic in the varied swell;
Now breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
  Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Romantic sounds! such is the bliss ye give,
  That heaven's bright scenes seem bursting on the soul.
With joy I yield each sensual wish, to live
  For ever 'neath your undefil'd control.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent,
  To cheer the soul, when tir'd with human strife;
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
  And soften down the rugged road of life.

ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

——————Cum ruit imbriferum ver:
Spicea jam campis cum messis inhorruit, et cum
Frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent:
* * * * * * * *
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret. *Virgil.*

Moon of Harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,
Where Innocence and Peace reside.
'Tis thou that gladd'st with joy the rustic throng,—
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of Harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest Moon,
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat!
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye;
And thinking soon,
O modest Moon,
How many a female eye will roam
Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load, of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity:
May no winds, careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou shew'st thy face, O Harvest Moon.

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-seal'd eyes;
He dreams of crowded barns; and round
The yard he hears the flail resound.
Oh! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy!
God of the winds, oh! hear his humble prayer;
And, while the moon of harvest shines, thy blustering whirlwind spare.

Sons of luxury, to you
Leave I Sleep's dull power to woo:
Press ye still the downy bed,
While feverish dreams surround your head.

I will seek the woodland glade,
Penetrate the thickest shade,
Wrapp'd in Contemplation's dreams,
Musing high on holy themes,
While on the gale
Shall softly sail
The nightingale's enchanting tune,
And oft my eyes
Shall grateful rise
To thee, the modest Harvest Moon!

SONG.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Softly, softly, blow ye breezes;
Gently o'er my Edwy fly;
Lo! he slumbers, slumbers sweetly!
Softly, zephyrs, pass him by!
My love is asleep;
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I have cover'd him with rushes,
Water-flags, and branches dry.
Edwy, long have been thy slumbers;
Edwy, Edwy, ope thine eye!
My love is asleep;
He lies by the deep,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Still he sleeps. He will not waken.
Fastly closed is his eye.
Paler is his cheek, and chiller
Than the icy moon on high.
Alas! he is dead;
He has chose his death-bed,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

Is it, is it so, my Edwy?
Will thy slumbers never fly?
Couldst thou think I would survive thee?
No, my love, thou bidd'st me die.
Thou bidd'st me seek
Thy death-bed bleak,
All along where the salt waves sigh.

I will gently kiss thy cold lips;
On thy breast I'll lay my head;
And the winds shall sing our death-dirge,
And our shroud the waters spread.
The moon will smile sweet,
And the wild wave will beat,
Oh! so softly o'er our lonely bed.

THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG TO THE NIGHT.

Thou, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low.
Come, let us sit, and weave a song—
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam;
But sweeter far the solemn calm
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard.
I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beams; and I

Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the gray morn high,
On the blue mountain's misty brow;
And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet,
As when upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me;
The moon it whispers not of peace;
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mix'd with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Aërial voices answer me;
And oh! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;
And Fancy gives me back my child;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour,
That calls me from the dream of bliss;
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again:

The deep-ton'd winds, the moaning sea,
The whispering of the boding trees,
The brook's eternal flow, and oft
The condor's hollow scream.

SONNET.

Sweet to the gay of heart is summer's sm'le;
  Sweet the wild music of the laughing spring:
But ah! my soul far other scenes beguile,
  Where gloomy storms their sullen shadows fling.
Is it for me to strike the Idalian string—
  Raise the soft music of the warbling wire,
While in my ears the howls of furies ring,
  And Melancholy wastes the vital fire?
Away with thoughts like these! —To some lone cave,
  Where howls the shrill blast, and where sweeps the wave,
Direct my steps; there, in the lonely drear,
  I'll sit, remote from worldly noise; and muse,
  Till through my soul shall Peace her balm infuse,
And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear.

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL, ONE PLEASANT MORNING IN SPRING.

Written at the age of Thirteen.

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise.
Now the lark, with upward flight,
Gaily ushers in the light;
While, wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to liberty.

But for me no songster sings;
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confin'd in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule;
And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours:
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines;
And close to rugged learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund Spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmeticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the joys
That with the laughing sun arise;
And unconstrain'd to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But ah! such heaven-approaching joys
Will never greet my longing eyes;
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh! that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh! far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove:
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty;
And, till death should stop my lays
Far from men would spend my days.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

THEE do I own, the prompter of my joys,
The soother of my cares, inspiring peace;
And I will ne'er forsake thee.—Men may rave,
And blame and censure me, that I don't tie
My every thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of my life in adding figures
With accurate monotony; that so
The good things of the world may be my lot,
And I might taste the blessedness of wealth:
But oh! I was not made for money-getting.
For me no much-respected plum awaits,
Nor civic honour, envied. For, as still
I tried to cast, with school dexterity,

The interesting suns, my vagrant thoughts
Would quick revert to many a woodland haunt,
Which fond remembrance cherish'd; and the pen
Dropp'd from my senseless fingers, as I pictur'd,
In my mind's eye, how on the shores of Trent
I erewhile wander'd with my early friends
In social intercourse. And then I'd think
How contrary pursuits had thrown us wide,
One from the other, scatter'd o'er the globe.
They were set down with sober steadiness,
Each to his occupation. I alone,
A wayward youth, misled by fancy's vagaries,
Remain'd unsettled, insecure, and veering
With every wind to every point o' th' compass.
Yes, in the counting-house I could indulge
In fits of close abstraction; yea, amid
The busy bustling crowds could meditate.
And send my thoughts ten thousand leagues away
Beyond the Atlantic, resting on my friend.
Aye, Contemplation, even in earliest youth
I woo'd thy heavenly influence! I would walk
A weary way, when all my toils were done,
To lay myself at night in some lone wood.
And hear the sweet song of the nightingale.
Oh! those were times of happiness, and still
To memory doubly dear; for growing years
Had not then taught me man was made to mourn;
And a short hour of solitary pleasure,
Stolen from sleep, was ample recompense
For all the hateful bustles of the day.
My op'ning mind was ductile then, and plastic;
And soon the marks of care were worn away,
While I was sway'd by every novel impulse,
Yielding to all the fancies of the hour:
But it has now assum'd its character.
Mark'd by strong lineaments, its haughty tone,
Like the firm oak, would sooner break than bend.
Yet still, O Contemplation! I do love

To indulge thy solemn musings; still the same
With thee alone I know to melt and weep,
In thee alone delighting. Why along
The dusky tract of commerce should I toil,
When, with an easy competence content,
I can alone be happy; where with thee
I may enjoy the loveliness of Nature,
And loose the wings of Fancy? –Thus alone
Can I partake of happiness on earth;
And to be happy here is man's chief end,
For to be happy he must needs be good.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

SWEET-scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And, as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song:
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree;
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep;
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

* The rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees;
And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine;
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead.
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

TO THE MORNING.

Written during illness.

Beams of the daybreak faint! I hail
Your dubious hues, as, on the robe
Of night, which wraps the slumbering globe,
I mark your traces pale.
Tir'd with the taper's sickly light,
And with the wearying, number'd night,
I hail the streaks of morn divine:
And lo! they break between the dewy wreaths
That round my rural casement twine.
The fresh gale o'er the green lawn breathes.
It fans my feverish brow. It calms the mental strife;
And cheerily re-illumes the lambent flame of life.

The lark has her gay song begun.
She leaves her grassy nest;
And soars till the *unrisen sun*
Gleams on her speckled breast.
Now let me leave my restless bed,
And o'er the spangled uplands tread;
Now through the custom'd wood-walk wend;
By many a green lane lies my way,
Where high o'er head the wild briars bend,
Till on the mountain's summit gray,
I sit me down, and mark the glorious dawn of day.

O Heaven! the soft refreshing gale,
It breathes into my breast!
My sunk eye gleams; my cheek, so pale,
Is with new colours dress'd.
Blithe Health! thou soul of life and ease!
Come thou, too, on the balmy breeze;
Invigorate my frame:
I'll join with thee the buskin'd chase,
With thee the distant clime will trace,
Beyond those clouds of flame.

Above, below, what charms unfold
In all the varied view!
Before me, all is burnish'd gold;
Behind, the twilight's hue.
The mists which on old Night await,
Far to the west they hold their state:
They shun the clear blue face of Morn.
Along the fine cerulean sky
The fleecy clouds successive fly, [adorn.
While bright prismatic beams their shadowy folds

And hark! the thatcher has begun
His whistle on the eaves;
And oft the hedger's bill is heard
Among the rustling leaves.
The slow team creaks upon the road;
The noisy whip resounds;
The driver's voice, his carol blithe,
The mower's stroke, his whetting scythe,
Mix with the morning's sounds.

Who would not rather take his seat
Beneath these clumps of trees,
The early dawn of day to greet,
And catch the healthy breeze,
Than on the silken couch of Sloth
Luxurious to lie?
Who would not from life's dreary waste
Snatch, when he could, with eager haste,
An interval of joy?

To him who simply thus recounts
The morning's pleasures o'er,
Fate dooms, ere long, the scene must close,
To ope on him no more.
Yet, Morning! unrepining still
He'll greet thy beams awhile;
And surely thou, when o'er his grave
Solemn the whispering willows wave,
Wilt sweetly on him smile;
And the pale glow-worm's pensive light
Will guide his ghostly walks in the drear moonless night.

MY OWN CHARACTER.

Addressed (during Illness) to a Lady.

Dear Fanny, I mean, now I'm laid on the shelf,
To give you a sketch—aye, a sketch of myself.
'Tis a pitiful subject, I frankly confess;
And one it would puzzle a painter to dress:
But, however, here goes, and, as sure as a gun,
I'll tell all my faults, like a penitent nun;
For I know, for my Fanny, before I address her,
She won't be a cynical father confessor. [down;
Come, come, 'twill not do! put that purling brow
You can't, for the soul of you, learn how to frown.
Well, first I premise, it's my honest conviction,
That my breast is a chaos of all contradiction;
Religious—Deistic—now loyal and warm;
Then a dagger-drawn democrat, hot for reform;
This moment a fop, *that*, sententious as Titus;
Democritus now, and anon Heraclitus;
Now laughing and pleas'd, like a child with a rattle;
Then vex'd to the soul with impertinent tattle:
Now moody and sad, now unthinking and gay,
To all points of the compass I veer in a day.
I'm proud and disdainful to fortune's gay child,
But to Poverty's offspring submissive and mild:
As rude as a boor, and as rough in dispute;

Then as for politeness—oh! dear—I'm a brute!
I shew no respect where I never can feel it:
And as for contempt, take no pains to conceal it;
And so in the suite, by these laudable ends,
I've a great many foes, and a very few friends.
And yet, my dear Fanny, there are who can feel
That this proud heart of mine is not fashion'd of steel.
It can love (can it not?)—it can hate, I am sure;
And it's friendly enough, though in friends it be poor.
For itself though it bleed not, for others it bleeds;
If it have not *ripe* virtues, I'm sure it 's the *seeds;*
And, though far from faultless, or even so-so,
I think it may pass, as our worldly things go.
Well, I've told you my frailties, without any gloss;
Then, as to my virtues, I'm quite at a loss!
I think I'm devout, and yet I can't say,
But in process of time I may get the wrong way.
I'm a *general lover,* if that's commendation;
And yet can't withstand *you know whose* fascination:
But I find that, amidst all my tricks and devices,
In fishing for virtues, I'm pulling up vices;
So as for the *good,* why, if I possess it,
I am not yet learned enough to express it.
You yourself must examine the lovelier side;
And, after your every art you have tried,
Whatever my faults, I may venture to say,
Hypocrisy never will come in your way.
I am upright, I hope; I am downright, I'm clear!
And I think my worst foe must allow I'm sincere;
And if ever sincerity glow'd in my breast,
'Tis now when I swear———————* * *

ODE ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise.
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad;

But I recline
Beneath thy shrine, [twine.
And round my brow, resign'd, thy peaceful cypress

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell
That tells her hopes are dead:
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world:
To turn mine eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh! what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth, a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall; [pall.
Her praise resounds no more, when mantled in her

The most belov'd on earth,
Not long survives to-day.
So music past is obsolete;
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill,
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart
be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me.
Sad monitress! I own thy sway;
A votary sad, in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run;
I only bow, and say, My God, Thy will be done!

On another paper are a few lines, written probably in the freshness of his disappointment.

I DREAM no more—the vision flies away,
And Disappointment * * * *
There fell my hopes—I lost my all in this,
My cherish'd all of visionary bliss.
Now, Hope, farewell; farewell, all joys below:
Now welcome, Sorrow, and now welcome, Woe.
Plunge me in glooms * * * *

LINES WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD,

ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

HERE would I wish to sleep.—This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tir'd out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one, perchance, did Gray
Frequent, as with the vagrant muse he wanton'd.

Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk;
And here I may repose in silent ease;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harass'd soul, in this same spot, may find
The haven of its rest - beneath this sod
Perchance it may sleep sweetly, sound as death.

I would not have my corse cemented down
With brick and stone, defrauding the poor earth-worm
Of its predestin'd dues. No; I would lie
Beneath a little hillock, grass o'ergrown,
Swath'd down with osiers, just as sleep the cotters:
Yet may not *undistinguish'd* be my grave;
But there, at eve, may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear,
The good man's benison—no more I ask.
And, oh! (if heavenly beings may look down
From where, with cherubim inspir'd, they sit,
Upon this little dim-discover'd spot,
The earth,) then will I cast a glance *below*,

On him who thus my ashes shall embalm;
And I will weep, too, and will bless the wanderer,
Wishing he may not long be doom'd to pine
In this low-thoughted world of darkling woe,
But that, ere long, he reach his kindred skies.

Yet 'twas a silly thought, as if the body,
Mouldering beneath the surface of the earth,
Could taste the sweets of summer scenery,
And feel the freshness of the balmy breeze!
Yet nature speaks within the human bosom,
And, spite of reason, bids it look beyond
His narrow verge of being, and provide
A decent residence for its clayey shell,
Endear'd to it by time. And who would lay
His body in the city burial-place,
To be thrown up again by some rude sexton,
And yield its narrow house another tenant,
Ere the moist flesh had mingled with the dust,
Ere the tenacious hair had left the scalp,
Expos'd to insult lewd, and wantonness?
No; I will lay me in the *village* ground.
There are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unletter'd as he is, would scorn t' invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The labourer, returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely-sculptur'd rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize.
I've mark'd with what a silent awe he'd spoken,
With head uncover'd, his respectful manner,
And all the honours which he paid the grave;
And thought on cities, where even cemeteries,
Bestrew'd with all the emblems of mortality,
Are not protected from the drunken insolence
Of wassailers profane, and wanton havoc.
Grant, Heaven, that here my pilgrimage may close!
Yet, if this be denied, where'er my bones

May lie —or in the city's crowded bounds,
Or scatter'd wide o'er the huge sweep of waters,
Or left a prey, on some deserted shore,
To the rapacious cormorant, yet still,
(For why should sober reason cast away
A thought which soothes the soul?) yet still my spirit
Shall wing its way to these my native regions,
And hover o'er this spot. Oh! then I'll think
Of times when I was seated 'neath this yew,
In solemn rumination: and will smile
With joy that I have got my long'd release.

THE CHRISTIAD. A DIVINE POEM.

BOOK I.

I SING the Cross!—Ye white-rob'd angel choirs,
Who know the chords of harmony to sweep,—
Ye, who o'er holy David's varying wires
Were wont, of old, your hovering watch to keep,
Oh, now descend! and, with your harpings deep,
Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
Of music, such as soothes the saint's last sleep,
Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious theme.

Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled state;
Thy glittering fanes are levell'd with the ground!
Fall'n is thy pride! —Thine halls are desolate!
Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly sound,
And frolic pleasures tripp'd the nightly round,
There breeds the wild fox lonely,—and aghast
Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
Sighs like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste.

It is for this, proud Solyma! thy towers
Lie crumbling in the dust; for this forlorn

Thy genius wails along thy desert bowers,
While stern destruction laughs, as if in scorn,
That thou didst dare insult God's Eldest-born;
And, with most bitter persecuting ire,
Pursu'd his footsteps till the last day-dawn
Rose on his fortunes—and thou saw'st the fire
That came to light the world, in one great flash expire.

Oh! for the pencil dipp'd in living light,
To paint the agonies that Jesus bore!
Oh! for the long-lost harp of Jesse's might,
To hymn the Saviour's praise from shore to shore;
While seraph hosts the lofty pæan pour,
And Heaven, enraptur'd, lists the loud acclaim!
May a frail mortal dare the theme explore?
May he to human ears his weak song frame?
Oh! may he dare to sing Messiah's glorious name?

Spirits of pity! mild Crusaders, come!
Buoyant on clouds, around your minstrel float;
And give him eloquence, who else were dumb;
And raise to feeling and to fire, his note!
And thou, Urania! who dost still devote
Thy nights and days to God's eternal shrine,
Whose mild eyes 'lumin'd what Isaiah wrote,
Throw o'er thy Bard that solemn stole of thine,
And clothe him for the fight, with energy divine.

When from the temple's lofty summit prone,
Satan, o'ercome, fell down; and throned there,
The Son of God, confess'd, in splendour shone;
Swift as the glancing sunbeam cuts the air,
Mad with defeat, and yelling his despair,

* * * *

Fled the stern king of Hell—and with the glare
Of gliding meteors, ominous and red,
Shot athwart the clouds that gather'd round his head.

Right o'er the Euxine, and that gulf which late
The rude Massagetæ ador'd, he bent
His northering course, while round, in dusky state,
The assembling fiends their summon'd troops augment;
Cloth'd in dark mists, upon their way they went;
While, as they pass'd to regions more severe,
The Lapland sorcerer swell'd, with loud lament,
The solitary gale, and, fill'd with fear,
The howling dogs bespoke unholy spirits near.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,
Spreads her huge tracks and frozen wastes around,
There ice-rocks, pil'd aloft in order rude,
Form a gigantic hall, where never sound
Startled dull silence' ear, save when profound
The smoke-frost mutter'd: there drear Cold for aye
Thrones him,—and, fix'd on his primeval mound,
Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay
Stalks, like some woe-struck man, along the desert way.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble.—Mingling day and night
(Sweet interchange, which makes our labours light)
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets, till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise.

'Twas there, yet shuddering from the burning lake,
Satan had fix'd their next consistory,
When, parting, last he fondly hop'd to shake
Messiah's constancy, and thus to free
The powers of darkness from the dread decree

Of bondage brought by him, and circumvent
The unerring ways of Him whose eye can see
The womb of Time, and, in its embryo pent,
Discern the colours clear of every dark event.

Here the stern monarch stay'd his rapid flight,
And his thick hosts, as with a jetty pall,
Hovering, obscur'd the north star's peaceful light,
Waiting on wing their haughty chieftain's call.
He, meanwhile, downward, with a sullen fall,
Dropp'd on the echoing ice. Instant the sound
Of their broad vans was hush'd, and o'er the hall,
Vast and obscure, the gloomy cohorts bound,
Till, wedg'd in ranks, the seat of Satan they surround.

High on a solium of the solid wave,
Prank'd with rude shapes by the fantastic frost,
He stood in silence. Now keen thoughts engrave
Dark figures on his front; and, tempest-toss'd,
He fears to say that every hope is lost.
Meanwhile the multitude as death are mute,
So, ere the tempest on Malacca's coast,
Sweet Quiet, gently touching her soft lute,
Sings to the whispering waves the prelude to dispute.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan
The arch-fiend glanc'd, as by the Boreal blaze
Their downcast brows were seen, and thus he gan
His fierce harangue:—'Spirits! our better days
Are now elaps'd; Moloch and Belial's praise
Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
Lo! the light breaks! The astonish'd nations gaze!
For us is uplifted high the avenging rod!
For, spirits, this is He,—This is the Son of God!

'What then!—shall Satan's spirit crouch to fear?
Shall he who shook the pillars of God's reign,
Drop from his unnerv'd arm the hostile spear?
Madness! The very thought would make me fain

To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,
And hurl them at their Maker! Fix'd as fate,
I am his foe!—Yea, though his pride should deign
To soothe mine ire with half his regal state,
Still would I burn with fix'd, unalterable hate.

'Now hear the issue of my curs'd emprise.
When from our last sad synod I took flight,
Buoy'd with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise,
To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
His own self-condemnation; in the plight
Of aged man in the lone wilderness,
Gathering a few stray sticks, I met his sight,
And, leaning on my staff, seem'd much to guess
What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

'Then thus in homely guise I featly framed
My lowly speech:—"Good Sir, what leads this way
Your wandering steps? Must hapless chance be blam'd
That you so far from haunt of mortals stray?
Here have I dwelt for many a lingering day,
Nor trace of man have seen. But how! methought
Thou wert the youth on whom God's holy ray
I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
That he to fallen man the saving promise brought."

'"I am that man," said Jesus; "I am He!
But truce to questions—Canst thou point my feet
To some low hut, if haply such there be
In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
With homely greeting, and may sit and eat?
For forty days I have tarried fasting here,
Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat,
And now I hunger; and my fainting ear
Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing near."

'Then thus I answer'd wily:—"If, indeed,
Son of our God thou be'st, what need to seek
For food from men?—Lo! on these flint stones feed.
Bid them be bread! Open thy lips and speak,
And living rills from yon parch'd rock will break."
Instant as I had spoke, his piercing eye
Fix'd on my face. The blood forsook my cheek,
I could not bear his gaze. My mask slipp'd by.
I would have shunn'd his look, but had not power to fly.

'Then he rebuk'd me with the holy word—
Accursed sounds! But now my native pride
Return'd, and by no foolish qualm deterr'd,
I bore him from the mountain's woody side,
Up to the summit, where, extending wide,
Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,
Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried,
And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
Tripp'd to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

"Behold," I cried, "these glories! scenes divine!
Thou, whose sad prime in pining want decays;
And these, Oh rapture! these shall all be thine,
If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.
Hath He not given to indigence thy days?
Is not thy portion peril here and pain?
Oh! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways,
Seize the tiara! these mean weeds disdain;
Kneel, kneel, thou man of woe, and peace and splendour gain."

'"Is it not written," sternly he replied,
"Tempt not the Lord thy God!" Frowning he spake;
And instant sounds, as of the ocean tide,
Rose, and the whirlwind from its prison brake,
And caught me up aloft, till, in one flake,
The sidelong volley met my swift career,

And smote me earthward. Jove himself might
quake
At such a fall. My sinews crack'd; and, near,
Obscure and dizzy sounds seem'd ringing in mine ear.

'Senseless and stunn'd I lay; till, casting round
My half-unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
Borne on a car of roses to the ground,
By volant angels: and as sailing slow,
He sunk the hoary battlement below,
While on the tall spire slept the slant sunbeam,
Sweet on the enamour'd zephyr was the flow
Of heavenly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
On star-light hill, to soothe the Syrian shepherd's
dream.

'I saw, blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength;
I smote the ether with my iron wing,
And left the accursed scene. Arriv'd at length
In these drear halls, to ye, my peers! I bring
The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king,
Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten, and dismay'd!
Oh shame! Is this the hero who could fling
Defiance at his Maker, while array'd
High o'er the walls of light rebellion's banners play'd!

'Yet shall not Heaven's bland minions triumph
long;
Hell yet shall have revenge.—Oh glorious sight!
Prophetic visions on my fancy throng;
I see wild Agony's lean finger write
Sad figures on his forehead!—Keenly bright
Revenge's flambeau burns! Now in his eyes
Stand the hot tears:—immantled in the night,
Lo! he retires to mourn!—I hear his cries! [dies.'
He faints—he falls—and lo!—'tis true, ye powers, he

Thus spake the chieftain; and, as if he view'd
The scene he pictur'd, with his foot advanc'd

And chest inflated, motionless he stood,
While under his uplifted shield he glanc'd,
With straining eye-ball fix'd, like one entranc'd,
On viewless air.—Thither the dark platoon [danc'd
Gaz'd wondering, nothing seen, save when there
The northern flash, or fiend, late fled from noon,
Darken'd the disk of the descending moon.

Silence crept stilly through the ranks. The breeze
Spake most distinctly. As the sailor stands,
When, all the midnight, gasping from the seas
Break boding sobs, and to his sight expands,
High on the shrouds, the spirit that commands
The ocean-farer's life; so stiff —so sear
Stood each dark power; while through their numerous bands
Beat not one heart, and mingling hope and fear
Now told them all was lost, now bade revenge appear.

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
Nor hope nor fear had silenc'd, but the swell
Of over-boiling malice. Utterance long
His passion mock'd, and long he strove to tell
His labouring ire; still syllable none fell
From his pale quivering lip, but died away
For very fury; from each hollow cell
Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray,
And * * * * * *

'This comes,' at length burst from the furious chief,
'This comes of distant counsels! Here behold
The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
Which coward policy would fain unfold,
To soothe the powers that warr'd with Heaven, of old!
O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!
And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,
There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air,
While heaven subverts his reign, and plants her standard there.'

Here, as recover'd, Satan fix'd his eye
Full on the speaker; dark it was and stern;
He wrapp'd his black vest round him gloomily,
And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.
Him Moloch mark'd, and strove again to turn
His soul to rage. 'Behold, behold,' he cried,
'The lord of hell, who made these legions spurn
Almighty rule—behold he lays aside
The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied.

Thus ended Moloch, and his [burning] tongue
Hung quivering, as if [mad] to quench its heat
In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
The famish'd tiger pants, when, near his seat,
Press'd on the sands, he marks the traveller's feet.
Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the seat
Of the arch-fiend all turn'd with one accord,
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

* * * *

'Ye powers of Hell, I am no coward. I proved this, of old. Who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake,—who first awoke and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you, across the unfathomable abyss, to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base? How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? he who preys only on the defenceless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention. Away with the boaster, who never joins in action, but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded, and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from he-

sitation. Let us counsel coolly; but let us execute our counselled purposes determinately. In power, we have learned, by that experiment which lost us heaven, that we are inferior to the Thunder-bearer. In subtlety—in subtlety alone, we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

* * * *

'Thus we shall pierce our Conqueror, through the
Which as Himself He loves; thus, if we fall, [race
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace,
Of falling unreveng'd. The stirring call
Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.
Away with coward wiles! Death's coal-black pall
Be now our standard! Be our torch, the glare
Of cities fired! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air!

Him answering rose Mecashpim, who, of old,
Far in the silence of Chaldea's groves,
Was worshipp'd, God of Fire, with charms untold
And mystery. His wandering spirit roves,
Now vainly searching for the flame it loves,
And sits and mourns like some white-robed sire,
Where stood his temple, and where fragrant cloves
And cinnamon upheap'd the sacred pyre,
And nightly magi watch'd the everlasting fire.

He wav'd his robe of flame, he cross'd his breast,
And sighing—his papyrus scarf survey'd,
Woven with dark characters; then thus address'd
The troubled council:

* * * *

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
Of god-like deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung

The shell, that solac'd me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more re-animate the lay?
O Thou who visitest the sons of men,—
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee;
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

* * * *
* * * *

TRIBUTARY VERSES.

LINES AND NOTE—BY LORD BYRON.

UNHAPPY WHITE!* while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just wav'd her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son!
Yes! she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit;
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

WRITTEN IN THE HOMER OF MR. H. K. WHITE.

Presented to me by his brother, J. N. White.

BARD of brief days, but ah! of deathless fame,
While on these awful leaves my fond eyes rest,

* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

On which thine late have dwelt, thy hand late
press'd,
I pause; and gaze regretful on thy name.
By neither chance, nor envy, time, nor flame,
Be it from this its mansion dispossess'd!
But thee Eternity clasps to her breast,
And in celestial splendour thrones thy claim.

No more with mortal pencil shalt thou trace
An imitative radiance.* Thy pure lyre
Springs from our changeful atmosphere's embrace,
And beams and breathes in empyreal fire:
Th' Homeric and Miltonian sacred tone
Responsive hail that lyre congenial to their own.

Bury, 11th Jan. 1807. C. LOFFT.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

BY A LADY.

If worth, if genius, to the world are dear,
To Henry's shade devote no common tear.
His worth on no precarious tenure hung.
From genuine piety his virtues sprung.
If pure benevolence, if steady sense,
Can to the feeling heart delight dispense;
If all the highest efforts of the mind,
Exalted, noble, elegant, refin'd,
Call for fond sympathy's heart-felt regret,
Ye sons of genius, pay the mournful debt.
His friends can truly speak how large his claim;
And 'Life was only wanting to his fame.'
Art thou, indeed, dear youth, for ever fled—
So quickly number'd with the silent dead?
Too sure I read it in the downcast eye,—
Hear it in mourning friendship's stifled sigh.
Ah! could esteem or admiration save
So dear an object from th' untimely grave,

* Alluding to his pencilled sketch of a head surrounded with glory.

This transcript faint had not essay'd to tell
The loss of one belov'd, rever'd, so well.
Vainly I try, even eloquence were weak,
The silent sorrow that I feel, to speak.
No more my hours of pain thy voice will cheer,
And bind my spirit to this lower sphere;
Bend o'er my suffering frame with gentle sigh,
And bid new fire relume my languid eye;
No more the pencil's mimic art command,
And with kind pity guide my trembling hand;
Nor dwell upon the page, in fond regard,
To trace the meaning of the Tuscan bard.
Vain all the pleasures thou can'st not inspire,
And 'in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.'
I fondly hop'd thy hand might grace my shrine;
And little dream'd I should have wept o'er thine.
In fancy's eye methought I saw thy lyre
With virtue's energies each bosom fire.
I saw admiring nations press around,
Eager to catch the animating sound:
And when, at length, sunk in the shades of night,
To brighter worlds thy spirit wing'd its flight,
Thy country hail'd thy venerated shade,
And each grac'd honour to thy memory paid.
Such was the fate hope pictur'd to my view;
But who, alas! e'er found hope's visions true?
And, ah! a dark presage, when last we met,
Sadden'd the social hour with deep regret;
When thou thy portrait from the Minstrel drew.
The living Edwin starting on my view—
Silent, I ask'd of Heaven a lengthen'd date;
His genius thine, but not like thine his fate.
Shuddering I gaz'd, and saw too sure reveal'd
The fatal truth, by hope till then conceal'd.
Too strong the portion of celestial flame
For its weak tenement, the fragile frame;
Too soon for us it sought its native sky,
And soar'd impervious to the mortal eye.

Like some clear planet, shadow'd from our sight,
Leaving behind long tracks of lucid light;
So shall thy bright example fire each youth
With love of virtue, piety, and truth.
Long o'er thy loss shall grateful Granta mourn;
And bid her sons revere thy favour'd urn.
When thy lov'd flower 'Spring's victory makes known,'
The primrose pale shall bloom for thee alone:
Around thy urn the rosemary will spread,
Whose 'tender fragrance,' emblem of the dead—
Shall 'teach the maid whose bloom no longer lives,'
That 'virtue every perish'd grace survives.'
Farewell! sweet Moralist; heart-sickening grief
Tells me in duty's paths to seek relief;
With surer aim on faith's strong pinions rise,
And seek hope's vanish'd anchor in the skies:
Yet still on thee shall fond remembrance dwell,
And to the world thy worth delight to tell;
Though well I feel unworthy thee the lays
That to thy memory weeping friendship pays.

STANZAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE OF H. K. WHITE, BY A LADY.

Ye gentlest gales, oh! hither waft,
On airy undulating sweeps,
Your frequent sighs, so passing soft,
Where he, the youthful Poet, sleeps!
He breath'd the purest, tenderest sigh,
The sigh of sensibility.

And thou shalt lie, his favourite flower,
Pale Primrose, on his grave reclin'd:
Sweet emblem of his fleeting hour,
And of his pure, his spotless mind!
Like thee, he sprung in lowly vale;
And felt, like thee, the trying gale.

Nor hence thy pensive eye seclude,
O thou, the fragrant Rosemary,
Where he, 'in marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep,' doth lie!
His harp prophetic sung to thee
In notes of sweetest minstrelsy.

Ye falling dews, oh! ever leave
Your crystal drops these flowers to steep;
At earliest morn, at latest eve,
Oh! let them for their Poet weep;
For tears bedew'd his gentle eye,
The tears of heavenly sympathy.

Thou western sun, effuse thy beams;
For he was wont to pace the glade
To watch in pale uncertain gleams,
The crimson-zon'd horizon fade—
Thy last, thy setting radiance pour,
Where he is set to rise no more.

ODE ON THE LATE H. K. WHITE.

And is the minstrel's voyage o'er?
And is the star of genius fled?
And will his magic harp no more,
Mute in the mansions of the dead,
Its strains seraphic pour?

A pilgrim in this world of woe,
Condemn'd, alas! awhile to stray
Where bristly thorns, where briars grow,
He bade, to cheer the gloomy way,
Its heavenly music flow.

And oft he bade, by fame inspir'd,
Its wild notes seek the ethereal plain,
Till angels, by its music fir'd,
Have, listening, caught th' ecstatic strain,
Have wonder'd, and admir'd.

But now secure on happier shores,
With choirs of sainted souls he sings:
His harp th' Omnipotent adores;
And from its sweet, its silver strings
Celestial music pours.

And though on earth no more he'll weave
The lay that's fraught with magic fire,
Yet oft shall fancy hear, at eve,
His now exalted heavenly lyre
In sounds Æolian grieve.

B. Stoke. JUVENIS.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF H. K. WHITE.

What is this world, at best,
Though deck'd in vernal bloom,
By hope and youthful fancy dress'd,
What, but a ceaseless toil for rest,
A passage to the tomb?
If flowerets strew
The avenue,
Though fair, alas! how fading, and how few!

And every hour comes arm'd
By sorrow or by woe.
Conceal'd beneath its little wings,
A scythe the soft-shod pilferer brings,
To lay some comfort low:
Some tie t' unbind,
By love entwin'd,
Some silken bond that holds the captive mind.

And every month displays
The ravages of time.
Faded the flowers!—The Spring is past!
The scatter'd leaves, the wintry blast,
Warn to a milder clime.

The songsters flee
The leafless tree,
And bear to happier realms their melody.

Henry! the world no more
Can claim thee for her own!
In purer skies thy radiance beams!
Thy lyre's employ'd on nobler themes
Before th' eternal throne:
Yet, spirit dear,
Forgive the tear
Which those must shed who're doom'd to linger here.

Although a stranger, I
In friendship's train would weep.
Lost to the world, alas! so young;
And must thy lyre, in silence hung,
On the dark cypress sleep?
The poet, all
Their friends may call;
And Nature's self attends his funeral.

Although with feeble wing
Thy flight I would pursue,
With quicken'd zeal, with humbled pride,
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,
One heaven alike in view;
True, it was thine
To tower, to shine;
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

If Jesus own my name,
(Though fame pronounc'd it never),
Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,
But all whose absence here I moan,
Circling with harps the golden throne,
I shall unite for ever.
At death, then, why
Tremble or sigh?
Oh! who would wish to live, but he who fears to die!

Dec. 5, 1807. JOSIAH CONDER.

SONNET, ON SEEING ANOTHER WRITTEN TO H. K. WHITE, IN SEPTEMBER 1803, INSERTED IN HIS 'REMAINS BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.'

BY ARTHUR OWEN.

Ah! once again, the long-left wires among,
Truants the Muse to weave her requiem song;
With sterner lore now busied, erst the lay
Cheer'd my dark morn of manhood, wont to stray
O'er fancy's fields, in quest of musky flower;
To me nor fragrant less, though barr'd from view
And courtship of the world: hail'd was the hour
That gave me, dripping fresh with nature's dew,
Poor Henry's budding beauties—to a clime
Hapless transplanted, whose exotic ray
Forc'd their young vigour into transient day,
And drain'd the stalk that rear'd them; and shall Time
Trample these orphan blossoms? No! they breathe
Still lovelier charms—for Southey culls the wreath!

Oxford, Dec. 17, 1807.

SONNET. IN MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

'Tis now the dead of night,' and I will go
To where the brook soft murmuring glides along
In the still wood; yet does the plaintive song
Of Philomela through the welkin flow;
And while pale Cynthia carelessly doth throw
Her dewy beams the verdant boughs among,
Will sit beneath some spreading oak-tree strong,
And intermingle with the streams my woe:
Hush'd in deep silence every gentle breeze;
No mortal breath disturbs the awful gloom:
Cold, chilling dew-drops trickle down the trees,
And every flower withholds its rich perfume:
'Tis sorrow leads me to that sacred ground
Where Henry moulders in a sleep profound! J. C.

REFLECTIONS ON READING THE LIFE OF THE LATE H. K. WHITE.

BY WILLIAM HOLLOWAY,

Author of 'The Peasant's Fate.'

DARLING of science and the muse,
How shall a son of song refuse
To shed a tear for thee?
To us, so soon, for ever lost,
What hopes, what prospects, have been cross'd
By Heaven's supreme decree!

How could a parent, love-beguil'd,
In life's fair prime resign a child
So dutcous, good, and kind?
The warblers of the soothing strain
Must string th' elegiac lyre in vain
To soothe the wounded mind!

Yet Fancy, hovering round the tomb,
Half envies, while she mourns, thy doom,
Dear poet, saint, and sage!
Who into one short span at best,
The wisdom of an age compress'd,
A patriarch's lengthen'd age

To him a genius sanctified,
And purg'd from literary pride,
A sacred boon was given:
Chaste as the psalmist's harp, his lyre
Celestial raptures could inspire,
And lift the soul to heaven.

'Twas not the laurel earth bestows,
'Twas not the praise from man that flows,
With classic toil he sought:
He sought the crown which martyrs wear,
When rescued from a world of care;
Their spirit, too, he caught.

Here come, ye thoughtless, vain, and gay,
Who idly range in Folly's way,
And learn the *worth of time:*
Learn ye, whose days have run to waste,
How to redeem this pearl at last,
Atoning for your crime.

This flower, that droop'd in one cold clime,
Transplanted from the soil of time
To immortality,
In full perfection there shall bloom;
And those who now lament his doom,
Must bow to God's decree.

London, 27th Feb. 1808.

ON READING THE POEM ON SOLITUDE.

But art thou thus indeed 'alone,'—
Quite unbefriended all unknown?
And hast thou then his name forgot
Who form'd thy frame, and fix'd thy lot?

Is not his voice in evening's gale?
Beams not with Him the 'star' so pale?
Is there a leaf can fade and die,
Unnotic'd by his watchful eye?

Each fluttering hope—each anxious fear—
Each lonely sigh—each silent tear—
To thy Almighty Friend are known;
And say'st thou, thou art 'all alone?'

JOSIAH CONDER.

TO THE MEMORY OF H. K. WHITE.

BY THE REV. W. B. COLLYER, D. D.

O lost too soon! accept the tear
A stranger to thy memory pays!
Dear to the muse, to science dear,
In the young morning of thy days!

All the wild notes that pity lov'd,
Awoke, responsive still to thee,
While o'er the lyre thy fingers rov'd
In softest, sweetest harmony.

The chords that in the human heart
Compassion touches as her own,
Bore in thy symphonies a part —
With them in perfect unison.

Amidst accumulated woes
That premature afflictions bring,
Submission's sacred hymn arose,
Warbled from every mournful string.

When o'er thy dawn the darkness spread,
And deeper every moment grew;
When rudely, round thy youthful head,
The chilling blasts of sickness blew;

Religion heard no 'plainings loud;
The sigh in secret stole from thee:
And pity, from the 'dropping cloud,'
Shed tears of holy sympathy.

Cold is that heart in which were met
More virtues than could ever die.
The morning-star of hope is set —
The sun adorns another sky.

O partial grief! to mourn the day
So suddenly o'erclouded here,
To rise with unextinguish'd ray —
To shine in a superior sphere!

Oft genius early quits this sod,
Impatient of a robe of clay,
Spreads the light pinion, spurns the clod,
And smiles, and soars, and steals away!

But more than genius urg'd thy flight,
And mark'd the way, dear youth, for thee:
Henry sprang up to worlds of light,
On wings of immortality!

Blackheath-Hill, 24th June, 1808.

ON THE DEATH OF H. K. WHITE.

Too, too prophetic did thy wild note swell,
Impassion'd minstrel! when its pitying wail
Sigh'd on the vernal primrose as it fell
Untimely, wither'd by the northern gale.*
Thou wert that flower of promise and of prime!
Whose opening bloom, 'mid many an adverse blast,
Charm'd the lone wanderer through this desert clime,
But charm'd him with a rapture soon o'ercast,
To see thee languish into quick decay.
Yet was not thy departing immature;
For ripe in virtue thou wert reft away,
And pure in spirit, as the bless'd are pure;
Pure as the dew-drop, freed from earthly leaven,
That sparkles, is exhal'd, and blends with heaven!†

T. Park.

* See Clifton Grove, p. 26.

† Young, I think, says of Narcissa, 'she sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.'

END OF POETICAL REMAINS.

LETTERS.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR BROTHER, Nottingham, Sept. 1799.

In consequence of your repeated solicitations, I now sit down to write to you, although I never received an answer to the last letter which I wrote, nearly six months ago; but, as I never heard you mention it in any of my mother's letters, I am induced to think it has miscarried, or been mislaid in your office.

It is now nearly four months since I entered into Mr. Coldham's office; and it is with pleasure I can assure you that I never yet found anything disagreeable, but, on the contrary, every thing I do seems a pleasure to me, and for a very obvious reason,—it is a business which I like—a business which I chose before all others; and I have two good-tempered, easy masters, who will, nevertheless, see that their business is done in a neat and proper manner. The study of the law is well known to be a dry, difficult task, and requires a comprehensive, good understanding; and I hope you will allow me (without charging me with egotism) to have a tolerable one; and I trust, with perseverance and a very large law library to refer to, I shall be able to accomplish the study of so much of the laws of England, and our system of jurisprudence in less than five years, as to enable me to be a country attorney; and then, as I shall have two more years to serve, I hope I shall attain so much knowledge in all parts of the law, as to enable me, with a little study at the inns of court, to hold an argument, on the nice points in the law, with the best attorney in the kingdom. A man that understands the law is sure to have business; and in case I have no thoughts, in case, that is, that I do not aspire to hold the honourable place of a barrister, I shall feel sure of gaining a genteel livelihood at the business to which I am articled.

I attend at the office at eight in the morning, and leave at eight in the evening; then attend my Latin until nine, which you may be sure is pretty close confinement.

Mr. Coldham is clerk to the commercial commissioners, which has occasioned us a deal of extraordinary work. I worked all Sunday, and until twelve o'clock on Saturday night, when they were hurried to give in the certificates to the bank. We had also a very troublesome cause last assizes, the Corporation versus Gee, which we (the attorneys for the corporation) lost. It was really a very fatiguing day (I mean the day on which it was tried). I never got any thing to eat, from five in the afternoon the preceding day, until twelve the next night, when the trial ended.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR BROTHER, Nottingham, 26th June, 1800.

* * * * *

My mother has allowed me a good deal lately for books, and I have a large *assortment* (a retailer's phrase). But I hope you do not suppose they consist of novels;—no—I have made a firm resolution never to spend above one hour at this amusement. Though I have been obliged to enter into this resolution in consequence of a vitiated taste acquired by reading romances, I do not intend to banish them entirely from my desk. After long and fatiguing researches in Blackstone or Coke, when the mind becomes weak, through intense application, Tom Jones or Robinson Crusoe will afford a pleasing and necessary relaxation.

Apropos—now we are speaking of Robinson Crusoe, I shall observe, that it is allowed to be the best novel for youth in the English language. De Foe, the author, was a singular character; but, as I make no doubt you have read his life, I will not trouble you with any farther remarks.

The books which I now read with attention, are Blackstone, Knox's Essays, Plutarch, Chesterfield's Letters, (four large volumes,) Virgil, Homer, and Cicero, and several others. Blackstone and Knox, Virgil and Cicero, I have got; the others I read out of Mr. Coldham's library. I have finished Rollin's Ancient History, Blair's Lectures, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Hume's England, and British Nepos, lately. When I have read Knox, I will send it you, and recommend it to your attentive perusal; it is a most *excellent* work. I also read now the British Classics, the common edition of which I now take in; it comes every fortnight; I dare say you have seen it; it is Cooke's edition. I would recommend you also to read these; I will send them to you. I have got the Citizen of the World, Idler, Goldsmith's Essays, and part of the Rambler. I will send you soon the fourth number of the Monthly Preceptor. I am noticed as worthy of commendation, and as affording an encouraging prospect of future excellence.—You will laugh. I have also turned poet, and have translated an ode of Horace into English *verse*, also, for the Monthly Preceptor, but, unfortunately, when I sent it, I forgot the title, so it wont be noticed.

I do not forsake the flowery paths of poesy, for that is my chief delight. I read the best poets. Mr. Coldham has got Johnson's complete set, with their lives; these, of course, I read.

With a little drudgery, I read Italian—Have got some good Italian works, as Pastor Fido, &c. &c. I taught myself, and have got a grammar.

I must now beg leave to return you my sincere thanks for your kind present. I like 'La Bruyere the Less' very much; I have read the original La Bruyere: I think him like Rochefoucault. Madame de Genlis is a very able woman.

* * * * *

But I must now attempt to excuse my neglect in not writing to you. First, I have been very busy

with these essays and poems for the Monthly Preceptor. Second, I was rather angry at your last letter. I can bear any thing but a sneer; and it was one continued grin from beginning to end, as were all the notices you made of me in my mother's letters; and I could not, nor can I now, brook it. I could say much more, but it is very late; and must beg leave to wish you good night.

I am, dear brother,
Your affectionate friend,
H. K. WHITE.

P.S. You may expect a regular correspondence from me in future, but no sneers; and shall be very obliged by a long letter.

* * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, 25th June, 1800.

* * * * *

You are inclined to flatter me when you compare my application with yours; in truth, I am not half so assiduous as you, and I am conscious I waste a deal of time unwittingly. But, in reading, I am upon the continual search for improvement; I thirst after knowledge, and, though my disposition is naturally idle, I conquer it when reading a useful book. The plan which I pursued, in order to subdue my disinclination to dry books, was this, to begin *attentively* to peruse it, and continue thus one hour every day; the book insensibly, by this means, becomes pleasing to you; and even when reading Blackstone's Commentaries, which are very dry, I lay down the book with regret.

With regard to the Monthly Preceptor, I certainly shall be agreeable to your taking it in, as my only objection was the extreme impatience which I feel to see whether my essays have been successful; but this may be obviated by your speedy perusal, and not neg-

lecting to forward it. But you must have the goodness not to begin till August, as my bookseller cannot stop it this month.

* * * * *

I had a ticket given me to the boxes, on Monday night, for the benefit of Campbell, from Drury-Lane; and there was such a riot as never was experienced here before. He is a democrat, and the soldiers planned a riot, in conjunction with the *mob*. We heard the shouting of the rabble in the street, before the *play* was over; the moment the curtain dropt, an officer went into the front box, and gave the word of command: immediately about sixty troopers started up, and six trumpeters in the pit played 'God save the king.' The noise was astonishing. The officers in the boxes then drew their swords; and at another signal the privates in the pit drew their bludgeons, which they had hitherto concealed, and attacked all, indiscriminately, that had not a uniform; the officers did the same with their swords, and the house was one continued scene of confusion; one pistol was fired, and the ladies were fainting in the lobby. The outer doors were shut to keep out the mob, and the people jumped on the stage as a last resource. One of these noble officers, seeing one man stand in the pit with his hat on, jumped over the division, and cut him with his sword, which the man instantly wrenched from him, and broke, whilst the officer sneaked back in disgrace. They then formed a troop, and, having emptied the playhouse, they scoured the streets with their swords, and returned home victorious. The players are, in consequence, dismissed; and we have informations in our office against the officers.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, Michaelmas-day, 1800.

I CANNOT divine what, in an epistolary correspondence, can have such charms (with people who write only common-place occurrences) as to detach a man from his usual affairs, and make him waste time and paper on what cannot be of the least real benefit to his correspondent. Amongst relatives, certainly, there is always an incitement; we always feel an anxiety for their welfare. But I have no *friend* so dear to me, as to cause me to take the trouble of reading his letters, if they only contained an account of his health, and the mere nothings of the day; indeed, such a one would be unworthy of friendship. What then is requisite to make one's correspondence valuable? I answer, *sound sense*. Nothing more is requisite; as to the style, one may very readily excuse his faults, if repaid by the sentiments. You have better natural abilities than many youth, but it is with regret I see that you will not give yourself the trouble of writing a good letter. There is hardly any species of composition (in my opinion) easier than the epistolary; but, my friend, you never found any art, however trivial, that did not require some application at first. For, if an artist, instead of endeavouring to surmount the difficulties which presented themselves, were to rest contented with mediocrity, how could he possibly ever arrive at excellence? Thus 'tis with you; instead of that indefatigable perseverance which, in other cases, is a leading trait in your character, I hear you say, 'Ah! my poor brains were never formed for letter writing—I shall never write a good letter,' or some such phrases; and thus, by despairing of ever arriving at excellence, you render yourself hardly tolerable. You may, perhaps, think this art beneath your notice, or unworthy of your pains; if so, you are assuredly mistaken, for there is hardly

any thing which would contribute more to the advancement of a young man, or which is more engaging.

You read, I believe, a good deal; nothing would be more acceptable to me, or more improving to you, than making a part of your letters to consist of your sentiments, and opinions of the books you peruse; you have no idea how beneficial this would be to yourself; and that you are able to do it I am certain. One of the greatest impediments to good writing, is the thinking too much before you note down. This, I think, you are not entirely free from. I hope that, by always writing the first idea that presents itself, you will soon conquer it: my letters are always the rough first draught; of course, there are mnay alterations; these you will excuse.

I have written most of my letters to you in so negligent a manner, that, if you will have the goodness to return all you have preserved, *sealed*, I will peruse them, and all sentences worth preserving I will extract, and return.

You observe, in your last, that your letters are read with contempt.—Do you speak as you think?

You had better write again to Mr.———. Between friends, the common forms of the world, in writing letter for letter, need not be observed; but never write three without receiving one in return, because in that case they must be thought unworthy of answer.

We have been so busy lately, I could not answer yours sooner. Once a month suppose we write to each other. If you ever find that my correspondence is not worth the trouble of carrying on, inform me of it, and it shall cease.

* * * *

P.S. If any expression in this be too harsh, excuse it.—I am not in an ill humour, recollect.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, 11th April, 1801.

On opening yours, I was highly pleased to find two and a half sheets of paper, and nothing could exceed my joy at so apparently long a letter, but, on finding it consisted of sides filled after the rate of five words in a line, and nine lines in a page, I could not conceal my chagrin; and I am sure I may very modestly say, that one of my ordinary pages contains three of yours: if you knew half the pleasure I feel in your correspondence, I am confident you would lengthen your letters. You tantalize me with the hopes of a prolific harvest, and I find, alas! a thin crop, whose goodness only makes me lament its scantiness.

* * * *

I had almost forgot to tell you, that I have obtained the first prize (of a pair of Adams' twelve-inch globes, value three guineas) in the first class of the Monthly Preceptor. The subject was an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. It is printed, consequently; and shall send it to you the very first opportunity. The proposals stated, that the essay was not to exceed three pages when printed—mine takes seven; therefore I am astonished they gave me the first prize. There was an extraordinary number of candidates; and they said they never had a greater number of excellent ones, and they wished they could have given thirty prizes. You will find it (in a letter) addressed to N ——, meaning yourself.

* * * *

Warton is a poet from whom I have derived the most exquisite pleasure and gratification. He abounds in sublimity and loftiness of thought, as well as expression. His 'Pleasures of Melancholy' is truly a sublime poem. The following passage I particularly admire:

Nor undelightful in the solemn noon
Of night, where, haply wakeful from my couch
I start, lo! all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men,
And every beast, in mute oblivion lie;
All Nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
Oh! then, how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the still globe's awful solitude
No being wakes but me!'

How affecting are the latter lines! It is impossible to withstand the emotions which rise on its perusal; and I envy not that man his insensibility, who can read them with apathy. Many of the pieces of the Bible are written in this sublime manner: one psalm, I think the 18th, is a perfect master-piece, and has been imitated by many poets. Compare these, or the above quoted from Warton, with the finest piece in Pope, and then judge of the rank which he holds as a poet. Another instance of the sublime in poetry I will give you, from Akenside's admirable 'Pleasures of Imagination,' where, speaking of the soul, he says, she

'Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heavens,
And, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day.'

Many of these instances of sublimity will occur to you in Thomson.

James begs leave to present you with Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy. Bloomfield has no grandeur or height; he is a pastoral poet, and the simply sweet is what you are to expect from him; nevertheless, his descriptions are sometimes little inferior to Thomson.

* * * *

How pleased should I be, Neville, to have you with us at Nottingham! Our fireside would be delightful. —I should profit by your sentiments and experience; and you possibly might gain a little from my small bookish knowledge. But I am afraid that time will never come; your term of apprenticeship is nearly expired, and, in all appearance, the small residue that

yet remains will be passed in hated London. When you are emancipated, you will have to mix in the bustle of the world, in probability, also, far from home; so that, when we have just learnt how happy we might mutually make ourselves, we find scarcely a shadow of a probability of ever having the opportunity. Well, well, it is in vain to resist the immutable decrees of fate.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, April, 1801.

As I know you will participate with me in the pleasure I receive from literary distinctions, I hasten to inform you, that my poetical Essay on Gratitude is printed in this month's Preceptor; that my remarks on Warton are promised insertion in the next month's Mirror; and that my Essay on Truth is printed in the present (April) Monthly Visitor. The Preceptor I shall not be able to send you until the end of this month. The Visitor you will herewith receive. The next month's Mirror I shall consequently buy. I wish it were not quite so expensive, as I think it a very good work. Benjamin Thomson, Capel Lofft, Esq., Robert Bloomfield, Thomas Dermody, Mr. Gilchrist, under the signature of Octavius, Mrs. Blore, a noted female writer, under the signature of Q. Z., are correspondents; and the editors are not only men of genius and taste, but of the greatest respectability. As I shall now be a regular contributor to this work, and as I think it contains much good matter, I have half an inclination to take it in, more especially as you have got the prior volumes; but in the present state of my finances it will not be prudent, unless you accede to a proposal, which, I think, will be gratifying to yourself.—It is to take it in conjunction with me; by which means we shall both have the same enjoyment of it with half the expense. It is of little con-

sequence who takes them, only he must be expeditious in reading them. If you have any the least objection to this scheme, do not suppress it through any regard to punctilio. I have only proposed it, and it is not *very* material whether you concur or not; only exercise your own discretion.

You say (speaking of a passage concerning you in my last), 'this is compliment sufficient; the rest must be flattery.'—Do you seriously, Neville, think me capable of flattery?

As you well know I am a carping, critical little dog, you will not be surprised at my observing that there is one figure, in your last, that savours rather of the ludicrous, when you talk of a 'butterfly *hopping* from book to book.'

As to the something that I am to find out, that i a perpetual bar to your progress in knowledge, &c., am inclined to think, Doctor, it is merely *conceit*. You fancy that you cannot write a letter—you dread its idea; you conceive that a work of four volumes would require the labours of a life to read through; you persuade yourself that you cannot retain what you read, and in despair do not attempt to conquer these visionary impediments. Confidence, Neville, in one's own abilities, is a sure forerunner (in similar circumstances with the present) of success. As an illustration of this, I beg leave to adduce the example of Pope, who had so high a sense, in his youth, or rather *in his infancy*, of his own capacity, that there was nothing of which, when once set about, he did not think himself capable; and, as Dr. Johnson has observed, the natural consequence of this minute perception of his own powers, was his arriving at as high a pitch of perfection as it was possible for a man with his few natural endowments to attain.

* * * * *

When you wish to read Johnson's Lives of the Poets, send for them: I have lately purchased them. I have now a large library. My mother allows me

ten pounds per annum for clothes. I always dress in a respectable and even in a genteel manner, yet I can make much less than this sum suffice. My father generally gives me one coat in a year, and I make two serve. I then receive one guinea per annum for keeping my mother's books; one guinea per annum pocket-money; and by other means I gain, perhaps, two guineas more per annum; so that I have been able to buy pretty many: and when you come home, you will find me in my study, surrounded with books and papers. I am a perfect garretteer: great part of my library, however, consists of professional books. Have you read Burke on the Sublime? Knox's Winter Evenings?—Can lend them to you, if you have not.

Really, Neville, were you fully sensible how much my time is occupied, principally about my profession, as a primary concern, and, in the hours necessarily set apart to relaxation on polite literature, to which, as a hobby-horse, I am very desirous of paying some attention, you would not be angry at my delay in writing, or my short letters. It is always with joy that I devote a leisure hour to you, as it affords you gratification; and rest assured that I always participate in your pleasure, and poignantly feel every adverse incident which causes you pain.

Permit me, however, again to observe, that one of my sheets is equal to two of yours; and I cannot but consider this as a kind of fallacious deception, for you always think that your letters contain so much more than mine, because they occupy more room. If you were to count the words, the difference would not be so great. You must also take in account the unsealed communications to periodical works, which I now reckon a part of my letter; and therefore you must excuse my concluding, on the first sheet, by assuring you that I still remain

Your friend and brother,
H. K. WHITE.

P.S. A postscript is a natural appendage to a letter. I only have to say, that positively you shall receive a six or eight-sheet letter, and that written legibly, ere long.

TO MR. BOOTH.

DEAR SIR, Nottingham, August 12th, 1801.

I MUST beg leave to apologize for not having returned my sincere acknowledgments to yourself and Mrs. Booth, for your very acceptable presents, at an earlier period. I now, however, acquit myself of the duty; and assure you, that from both of the works I have received much gratification and edification, but more particularly from the one on the Trinity;* a production which displays much erudition, and a very laudable zeal for the true interests of religion. Religious polemics, indeed, have seldom formed a part of my studies; though, whenever I happened accidentally to turn my thoughts to the subject of the Protestant doctrine of the Godhead, and compared it with Arian and Socinian, many doubts interfered, and I even began to think that the more nicely the subject was investigated, the more perplexed it would appear; and was on the point of forming a resolution to go to heaven in my own way, without meddling or involving myself in the inextricable labyrinth of controversial dispute, when I received and perused this excellent treatise, which finally cleared up the mists which my ignorance had conjured around me, and clearly pointed out the real truth. The intention of the author precluded the possibility of his employing the ornaments and graces of composition in his work; for as it was meant for all ranks, it must be suited to all capacities; but the arguments are drawn up and arranged in so forcible and perspicuous a manner, and are written so plainly, yet pleasingly, that I was absolutely charmed with them.

* Jones on the Trinity.

The 'Evangelical Clergyman' is a very smart piece: the author possesses a considerable portion of sarcastic spirit, and no little acrimony, perhaps not consistent with the Christian meekness which he wishes to inculcate. I consider, however, that London would not have many graces or attractions, if despoiled of all the amusements to which, in one part of his pamphlet, he objects. In theory, the destruction of these vicious recreations is very fine; but in practice I am afraid he would find it quite different. * * * The other parts of this piece are very just, and such as every person must subscribe to. Clergymen, in general, are not what they ought to be; and I think Mr. ——— has pointed out their duties very accurately. But I am afraid I shall be deemed impertinent and tiresome, in troubling you with ill-timed and obtrusive opinions; and beg leave, therefore, to conclude, with respects to yourself and Mrs. Booth, by assuring you that I am according to custom from time immemorial, and in due form,

Dear Sir,
Your obliged humble servant,
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO MR. CHARLESWORTH.

DEAR SIR, Nottingham, ——, 1802.

I AM sure you will excuse me for not having immediately answered your letter, when I relate the cause. —I was preparing, at that moment when I received yours, a volume of poems for the press, which I shall shortly see published. I finished and sent them off for London last night; and I now hasten to acknowledge your letter.

I am very happy that any poem of mine should meet with *your* approbation. I prefer the cool and dispassionate praise of the discriminate *few*, to the boisterous applause of the *crowd*.

Our professions neither of them leave much leisure

for the study of polite literature. I myself have, however, *coined* time, if you will allow me the metaphor; and while I have made such a proficiency in the law as has insured me the regard of my *governors*, I have paid my secret devoirs to the ladies of Helicon. My draughts at the 'fountain Arethuse,' it is true, have been principally made at the hour of midnight, when even the guardian nymphs of the well may be supposed to have slept; they are consequently stolen and forced. I do not see any thing in the confinement of our situations, in the mean time, which should separate congenial minds. A literary *acquaintance* is to me always valuable; and a *friend*, whether lettered or unlettered, is highly worth cultivation. I hope we shall both of us have enough leisure to keep up an intimacy which began very agreeably for me, and has been suffered to decay with regret.

I am not able to do justice to your unfortunate friend, Gill; I knew him only superficially, and yet I saw enough of his unassuming modesty, and simplicity of manners, to feel a conviction that he had a valuable heart. The verses on the other side are perhaps beneath mediocrity; they are, sincerely, the work of thirty minutes this morning, and I send them to you with all their imperfections on their head.

Perhaps they will have sufficient merit for the Nottingham paper; at least their locality will shield them a little in that situation, and give them an interest they do not otherwise possess.

Do you think calling the Naiads of the fountains 'Nymphs of Pæon' is an allowable liberty? The allusion is to their healthy and bracing qualities.

The last line of the seventh stanza contains an apparent *pleonasm*, to say no worse of it, and yet it was not written as such. The idea was from the shriek of *Death* (personified) and the scream of the dying man.

* * * *

ELEGY

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Gill, who was drowned in the river Trent, while bathing, 9th of August, 1802.

He sunk—th' impetuous river roll'd along,
The sullen wave betray'd his dying breath;
And, rising sad the rustling sedge among,
The gale of evening touch'd the chords of death.

Nymph of the Trent, why didst not thou appear
To snatch the victim from thy felon wave?
Alas! too late thou cam'st to embalm his bier,
And deck with water-flags his early grave.

Triumphant, riding o'er its tumid prey,
Rolls the red stream in sanguinary pride;
While anxious crowds, in vain, expectant stay,
And ask the swoln corse from the murdering tide.

The stealing tear-drop stagnates in the eye,
The sudden sigh by friendship's bosom prov'd,
I mark them rise—I mark the general sigh;
Unhappy youth! and wert thou so belov'd?

On thee, as lone I trace the Trent's green brink,
When the dim twilight slumbers on the glade;
On thee my thoughts shall dwell, nor Fancy shrink
To hold mysterious converse with thy shade.

Of thee, as early I, with vagrant feet,
Hail the gray-sandall'd morn in Colwick's vale,
Of thee my sylvan reed shall warble sweet,
And wild-wood echoes shall repeat the tale.

And, O ye nymphs of Pæon! who preside
O'er running rill and salutary stream,
Guard ye in future well the halcyon tide
From the rude Death-shriek and the dying scream.

TO MR. M. HARRIS.

DEAR SIR, Nottingham, 28th March, 1802.

I WAS greatly surprised at your letter of the twenty-seventh, for I had in reality given you up for lost. I should long since have written to you, in answer to your note about the Lexicon, but was perfectly ignorant of the place of your abode. For any thing I knew to the contrary, you might have been quaffing the juice of the cocoa-nut under the broad bananas of the Indies, breathing the invigorating air of liberty in the broad savannas of America, or sweltering beneath the line. I had, however, even then some sort of a presentiment that you were not quite so far removed from our foggy atmosphere, but not enough to prevent me from being astonished at finding you so near us as Leicester.—You tell me I must not ask you what you are doing; I am, nevertheless very anxious to know; not so much, I flatter myself, from any inquisitiveness of spirit, as from a desire to hear of your welfare. Why, my friend, did you leave us? possessing, as you did, if not exactly the *otium cum dignitate*, something very like it; having every comfort and enjoyment at your call, which the philosophical mind can find pleasure in; and, above all, blessed with that easy competence, that sweet independence, which renders the fatigues of employment supportable, and even agreeable.

Quod satis est, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.

Certainly, to a man of your disposition, no situation could have more charms than yours at the Trent-Bridge. I regard those hours which I spent with you there, while the moon-beam was trembling on the waters, and the harp of Eolus was giving us its divine swells and dying falls, as the most sweetly tranquil of my life.

* * * *

I have applied myself rather more to Latin than to

Greek, since you left us. I make use of Schrevelius' Lexicon, but shall be obliged to you to buy me the Parkhurst, at any decent price, if possible. Can you tell me any mode of joining the letters in writing in the Greek character? I find it difficult enough. The following is my manner: is it right?

* * * *

I can hardly flatter myself that you will give yourself the trouble of corresponding with me, as all the advantage would be on my side, without anything to compensate for it on yours; but—but in fact I do not know what to say farther,—only, that, whenever you shall think me worthy of a letter, I shall be highly gratified.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, 10th Feb. 1803.

* * * *

Now with regard to the subscription, I shall certainly agree to this mode of publication, and I am very much obliged to you for what you say regarding it. But we must wait (except among your private friends) until we get Lady Derby's answer, and *Proposals* are printed. I think we shall readily raise 350, though Nottingham is the worst place imaginable for any thing of that kind. Even envy will interfere. I shall send proposals to Chesterfield, to my uncle: to Sheffield, to Miss Gales' (booksellers), whom I saw at Chesterfield, and who have lately sent me a pressing invitation to S——, accompanied with a desire of Montgomery (the Poet Paul Positive) to see me; to Newark—Allen and Wright, my friends there (the latter a bookseller); and I think if they were stitched up with all the Monthly Mirrors, it would promote the subscription. You are not to take any money; that would be absolute begging: the subscribers put down their names, and pay the bookseller of whom they get the copy.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, 10th March, 1803.

I AM cured of patronage-hunting; I will not expose myself to any more similar mortifications, but shall thank you to send the manuscripts to Mr. Hill, with a note, stating that I had written to the duchess, and, receiving no answer, you had called, and been informed, by a servant, that in all probability she never read the letter, as she desired to know *what the book was left there for*; that you had, in consequence, come away with the manuscripts, under a conviction that your brother would give her grace no farther trouble. State, also, that you have received a letter from me, expressing a desire that the publication might be proceeded on, without any farther solicitation or delay.

A name of eminence was, nevertheless, a most desirable thing to me in Nottingham, as it would attach more respectability to the subscription: but I see all farther efforts will only be productive of procrastination.

* * * *

I think you may as well begin to obtain subscribers amongst friends now, though the proposals may not be issued at present.

I have got twenty-three, without making the affair public at all, among my immediate acquaintance: and mind, I neither solicit nor draw the conversation to the subject, but a rumour has got abroad, and has been received more favourably than I expected.

* * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, 2nd May, 1803.

I HAVE just gained a piece of intelligence which much vexes me. Robinson, the bookseller, knows that I have written to the Duchess of Devonshire, and he took the liberty (certainly an unwarrantable one) to

mention it to * * *, whose * * * was inscribed to her grace. Mr. * * said that, unless I had got a friend to deliver the poems, *personally*, into the hands of her grace, it was a hundred to one that they ever reached her; that the porter at the lodge burns scores of letters and packets a-day; and particularly all letters by the two-penny post are consigned to the fire. The rest, if they are not particularly excepted, as inscribed with a *pass name* on the back, are thrown into a closet, to be reclaimed at leisure. He said, the way he proceeded was this:—He left his card at the door, and the next day called, and was admitted. Her grace then gave him permission, with this proviso, that the dedication was as short as possible, and contained no compliments, as the duke had taken offence at some such compliments.

Now as my letter was delivered by you at the door, I have scarcely a doubt that it is classed with the penny-post letters, and burnt. If my manuscripts are destroyed, I am ruined; but I hope it is otherwise. However, I think you had better call immediately, and ask for a parcel of Mr. H. White, of Nottingham. They will, of course, say they have no such parcel; and then, perhaps, you may have an opportunity of asking whether a packet, left in the manner you left mine, had any probability of reaching the duchess. If you obtain no satisfaction, there remains no way of re-obtaining my volume but this (and I fear you will never agree to put it in execution), to leave a card, with your name inscribed (Mr. J. N. White), and call the next day. If you are admitted, you will state to her grace the purport of your errand; ask for a volume of poems in manuscript, sent by your brother, a fortnight ago, with a letter (say from Nottingham, as a reason why I do not wait on her), requesting permission of dedication to her; and that, as you found her grace had not received them, you had taken the liberty, after many inquiries at her door, to request to see her in person.

I hope your diffidence will not be put to this test; I hope you will get the poems without trouble; as for begging patronage, I am tired to the soul of it, and shall give it up.

* * * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, ——, 1803.

I WRITE you, with intelligence of a very important nature. You had some time ago an intimation of my wish to enter the church, in case my deafness was not removed.—About a week ago, I became acquainted with the Rev. —— ——, late of St. John's College, Cambridge; and, in consequence of what he has said, I have finally determined to enter myself of Trinity College, Cambridge, with the approbation of all my friends.

Mr.—— says that it is a shame to keep me away from the university, and that circumstances are of no importance. He says that, if I am entered of Trinity, where they are all *select men*, I must *necessarily*, with my abilities, arrive at preferment. He says he will be answerable that, the first year, I shall obtain a scholarship, or an exhibition adequate to my support; that, by the time I have been of five years' standing, I shall, of course, become a Fellow (200*l.* a-year); that, with the Fellowship, I may hold a Professorship (500*l.* per annum), and a living or curacy, until better preferments occur. He says, that there is *no uncertainty* in the church, to a truly pious man, and a man of abilities and eloquence: that those who are unprovided for, are generally men who, having no interest, are idle drones, or dissolute debauchees, and therefore ought not to expect advancement: that a poet, in particular, has the means of patronage in his pen: and that, in one word, no young man can enter the church (except he be of family) with better prospects than myself. On the other hand, Mr. Enfield

has himself often observed that my deafness will be an insuperable obstacle to me as an attorney, and has said how unfortunate a thing it was for me not to have known of the growing defect in my organs of hearing, before I articled myself. Under these circumstances, I conceive I should be culpable did I let go so good an opportunity as now occurs. Mr. ———— will write to all his university friends; and he says there is so much liberality there, that they will never let a young man of talents be turned from his studies, by want of cash.

Yesterday, I spoke to Mr. Enfield; and he, with unexampled generosity, said that he saw clearly what an advantageous thing it would be for me; that I must be sensible what a great loss he and Mr. Coldham would suffer; but that he was certain neither he nor Mr. C———— could oppose themselves to any thing which was so much to my advantage. When Mr. C———— returns from London, the matter will be settled with my mother.

All my mother's friends seem to think this an excellent thing for me, and will do all in their power to forward me.

Now we come to a very important part of the business—*the means*. I shall go with my friend Robert, in the capacity of *Sizar*, to whom the expense is not more than 60*l*. per annum. Towards this sum, my mother will contribute 20*l*. being what she allows me now for clothes (by this means she will save my board); and for the residue, I must trust to getting a Scholarship or Chapel Clerk's post. But, in order to make this residue certain, I shall, at the expiration of twelve months, publish a second volume of poems, by subscription.

* * * *

My friend Mr.———— says that, so far as his means will go, I shall never ask assistance in vain. He has but a small income, though of great family. He has just lost two rectories, by scruples of con-

science; and now preaches at————for 80*l.* a-year. The following letter he put into my hand as I was leaving him, after having breakfasted with him, yesterday. He put it into my hand; and requested me not to read it till I got home. It is a breach of trust letting you see it; but I wish you to know his character.

'My dear Sir,

'I sincerely wish I had it in my power to render you any essential service, to facilitate your passing through College: believe me, I have the *will*, but not the *means*. Should the enclosed be of any service, either to purchase books, or for other pocket expenses, I request your acceptance of it; but must entreat you not to notice it, *either to myself* or any living creature. I pray God that you may employ those talents that he has given you, to his glory, and to the benefit of his people. I have great fears for you; the temptations of College are great. Believe me,

'Very sincerely yours,

* * *'

The enclosure was 2*l.* 2*s*. I could not refuse what was so delicately offered, though I was sorry to take it: he is truly an amiable character.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, ——, 1803.

You may conceive with what emotions I read your brotherly letter; I feel a very great degree of aversion to burdening my family any more than I have done, and now do; but an offer so delicate and affectionate I cannot refuse: and, if I should need pecuniary assistance, which I am in hopes I shall not, *at least after the first year*, I shall, without a moment's hesitation, apply to my brother Neville.

My college schemes yet remain in a considerable degree of uncertainty: I am very uneasy thereabouts.

I have not heard from Cambridge, yet; and it is very doubtful whether there be a vacant Sizarship in Trinity: so that I can write you no further information on this head.

* * * *

I suppose you have seen my review in this month's Mirror, and that I need not comment upon it; such a review I neither expected, nor in fact deserve.

I shall not send up the Mirror, this month, on this account, as it is policy to keep it; and you have, no doubt, received one from Mr. Hill.

The errors in the Greek quotation I perceived, the moment I got down the first copies, and altered them in most, with the pen; they are very unlucky; I have sent up the copies for the reviews myself, in order that I might make the correction in them.

I have got now to write letters to all the reviewers, and hope you will excuse my abrupt conclusion of this letter, on that score. I am,

Dear Neville,
Affectionately yours,
H. K. WHITE.

I shall write to Mr. Hill, now, the first thing; I owe much to him.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK,

MY DEAR BEN, Nottingham, ——.

* * * *

And now, my dear Ben, I must confess your letter gave me much pain; there is a tone of despondence in it which I must condemn, inasmuch as it is occasioned by circumstances which do not involve your own exertions, but which are utterly independent of yourself: if you do your duty, why lament that it is not *productive?* In whatever situation we may be placed, there is a duty we owe to God and religion: it is resignation; nay, I may say, contentment. All things are in the hands of God; and shall we mortals

(if we do not absolutely repine at his dispensations) be fretful under them? I do beseech you, my dear Ben, summon up the Christian within you; and, steeled with holy fortitude, go on your way rejoicing. There is a species of morbid sensibility to which I myself have often been a victim, which preys upon my heart, and, without giving birth to one actively useful or benevolent feeling, does but brood on selfish sorrows, and magnify its own misfortunes. The evils of such a sensibility, I pray to God you may never feel; but I would have you beware, for it grows on persons of a certain disposition, before they are aware of it.

I am sorry my letter gave you pain; and I trust my suspicions were without foundation. Time, my dear Ben, is the discoverer of hearts; and I feel a sweet confidence that he will knit ours yet more closely together.

I believe my lot in life is nearly fixed: a month will tell me whether I am to be a minister of Christ, in the established church, *or out*. One of the two, I am now finally resolved, if it please God, to be. I know my own unworthiness: I feel deeply that I am far from being that pure and undefiled temple of the Holy Ghost that a minister of the word of life ought to be; yet still I have an unaccountable hope that the Lord will sanctify my efforts, that He will purify me, and that I shall become his devoted servant.

I am at present under afflictions and contentions of spirit, heavier than I have yet ever experienced. I think, at times, I am mad, and destitute of religion. My pride is not yet subdued: the unfavourable review (in the 'Monthly') of my unhappy work, has cut deeper than you could have thought; not in a literary point of view, but as it affects my respectability. It represents me actually as a *beggar*, going about gathering money to put myself at college, when my book is worthless; and this with every appearance of candour. They have been sadly misin-

formed respecting me: this review goes before me wherever I turn my steps: it haunts me incessantly; and I am persuaded it is an instrument, in the hands of Satan, to drive me to distraction. I *must* leave Nottingham. If the answer of the Elland Society be unfavourable, I purpose writing to the Marquis of Wellesley, to offer myself as a student at the academy he has instituted at Fort William, in Bengal, and, at the proper age, to take orders there. The missionaries at that place have done wonders already; and I should, I hope, be a valuable labourer in the vineyard. If the marquis take no notice of my application, or do not accede to my proposal, I shall place myself in some other way of making a meet preparation for the holy office, either in the Calvinistic Academy, or in one of the Scotch Universities, where I shall be able to live at scarcely any expense.

* * * *

TO MR. R. A——,

MY DEAR ROBERT, Nottingham, 18th April, 1804.

I HAVE just received your letter. Most fervently do I return thanks to God for this providential opening; it has breathed new animation into me; and my breast expands with the prospect of becoming the minister of Christ where I most desired it, but where I almost feared all probability of success was nearly at an end. Indeed, I had begun to turn my thoughts to the dissenters, as people of whom I was destined, not by choice, but necessity, to become the pastor. Still, although I knew I should be happy any where, so that I were a profitable labourer in the vineyard, I did, by no means, feel that calm, that indescribable satisfaction, which I do, when I look towards that church which I think, in the main, formed on the apostolic model, and from which I am decidedly of opinion there is no positive grounds for dissent. I return thanks to God for keeping me so long in suspense, for I know it has been beneficial to my soul;

and I feel a considerable trust that the way is about to be made clear, and that my doubts and fears on this head will, in due time, be removed.

Could I be admitted to St. John's, I conclude, from what I have heard, that my provision would be adequate; not otherwise. From my mother I could depend on 15*l.* or 20*l.* a-year, if she live, towards college expenses; and I could spend the long vacation at home. The 20*l.* per annum from my brother would suffice for clothes, &c.; so that, if I could procure 20*l.* a-year more, as you seem to think I may, by the kindness of Mr. Martyn, I conceive I might, with economy, be supported at college; of this, however, you are the best judge.

You may conceive how much I feel obliged by Mr. Martyn, on this head, as well as to you, for your unwearying exertions. Truly, friends have risen up to me in quarters where I could not have expected them; and they have been raised, as it were, by the finger of God. I have reason, above all men, to be grateful to the Father of all mercies for his loving-kindness towards me. Surely no one can have had more experience of the fatherly concern with which God watches over, protects, and succours, his chosen seed, than I have had; and surely none could have less expected such a manifestation of his grace, and none could have less merited its continuance.

* * * *

In pursuance of your injunction, I shall lay aside Grotius, and take up Cicero and Livy, or Tacitus. In Greek, I must rest contented, for the ensuing fourteen days, with the Testament: I shall then have conquered the gospels, and, if things go on smoothly, the Acts. I shall then read Homer, and perhaps Plato's Phædon, which I lately picked up at a stall. My classical knowledge is very superficial: it has very little depth or solidity; but I have really so small a portion of leisure, that I wonder at the progress I do make. I believe I must copy the old divines, in ris-

ing at four o'clock; for my evenings are so much taken up with visiting the sick, and with young men who come for religious conversation, that there is but little time for study.

* * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK,

MY DEAR BEN, Nottingham, 24th April, 1804.

TRULY I am grieved that, whenever I undertake to be the messenger of glad tidings, I should frustrate my own design, and communicate to my good intelligence a taint of sadness, as it were by contagion. Most joyfully did I sit down to write my last, as I knew I had wherewith to administer comfort to you; and yet, after all, I find that, by gloomy anticipations, I have converted my balsam into bitterness, and have by no means imparted that unmixed pleasure which I wished to do.

Forebodings and dismal calculations are, I am convinced, very useless, and, I think, very pernicious speculations -'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'—And yet how apt are we, when imminent trials molest us, to increase the burden by melancholy ruminations on future evils!—evils which exist only in our own imaginations, and which, should they be realized, will certainly arrive in time to oppress us sufficiently, without our adding to their existence by previous apprehension, and thus voluntarily incurring the penalty of misfortunes yet in perspective, and trials yet unborn. Let us guard, then I beseech you, against these ungrateful divinations into the womb of futurity—we know our affairs are in the hands of One who has wisdom to do for us beyond our narrow prudence; and we cannot, by taking thought, avoid any afflictive dispensation which God's providence may have in store for us. Let us, therefore, enjoy, with thankfulness, the present sunshine, without adverting to the coming storm. Few and transitory are

the intervals of calm and settled day with which we are cheered in the tempestuous voyage of life; we ought, therefore, to enjoy them, while they last, with unmixed delight, and not turn the blessing into a curse, by lamenting that it cannot endure without interruption. We, my beloved friend, are united in our affections by no common bands—bands which, I trust, are too strong to be easily dissevered—yet we know not what God may intend with respect to us, nor have we any business to inquire—we should rely on the mercy of our Father, who is in heaven—and if we are to anticipate, we should hope the best. I stand self-accused therefore for my prurient, and I may say, *irreligious* fears. A prudent foresight, as it may guard us from many impending dangers, is laudable; but a morbid propensity to seize and brood over future ills, is agonizing, while it is utterly useless, and therefore ought to be repressed.

I have received intelligence, since writing the above, which nearly settles my future destination. A——— informs me that Mr. Martyn, a fellow of St. John's, has about 20*l.* a-year to dispose of towards keeping a religious man at college—and he seems convinced that, if my mother allows me 20*l.* a-year more, I may live at *St. John's*, provided I could gain admittance, which, at that college, is difficult, unless you have previously stood in the list for a year. Mr. Martyn thinks, if I propose myself immediately, I shall get upon the foundation; and by this day's post I have transmitted testimonials of my classical acquirements. In a few days therefore, I hope to hear that I am on the boards of St. John's.

Mr. Dashwood has informed me, that he also has received a letter from a gentleman, a magistrate near Cambridge, offering me all the assistance in his power towards getting through college, so as there be no obligation. My way, therefore, is now pretty clear.

I have just risen from my knees, returning thanks

to our heavenly Father for this providential opening —my heart is quite full. Help me to be grateful to Him, and pray that I may be a faithful minister of his word.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

MY DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham.

I SIT down with unfeigned pleasure to write, in compliance with your request that I would explain to you the real doctrines of the Church of England, or, what is the same thing, of the Bible. The subject is most important, inasmuch as it affects that part of man which is incorruptible, and which must exist for ever—his soul. When God made the brute creation, he merely embodied the dust of the earth, and gave it the power of locomotion, or of moving about, and of existing in a certain sphere. In order to afford mute animals a rule of action, by which they might be kept alive, he implanted in them certain instincts, from which they can never depart. Such is that of self-preservation, and the selection of proper food. But he not only endued man with these powers, but he gave him *mind*, or spirit—a faculty which enables him to ruminate on the objects which he does not see —to compare impressions—to invent—and to feel pleasure and pain, when their causes are either gone or past, or lie in the future. This is what constitutes the human soul. It is an immaterial essence—no one knows what it consists of, or where it resides; the brain and the heart are the organs which it most seems to affect; but it would be absurd to infer, therefrom, that the material organs of the heart and brain constitute the soul, seeing that the impressions of the mind sometimes affect one organ and sometimes the other. Thus, when any of the passions—love, hope, fear, pleasure, or pain, are excited, we feel them at our heart. When we discuss a topic of cool reason-

ing, the process is carried on in the brain: yet both parts are in the greater or less degree acted upon on all occasions; and we may therefore conclude, that the soul resides in neither individually, but is an *immaterial* spirit, which occasionally impresses the one, and occasionally the other. That the soul is immaterial, has been proved to a mathematical demonstration. When we strike, we lift up our arm—when we walk, we protrude our legs alternately—but when we think, we move no organ; the reason depends upon no action of matter, but seems as it were to hover over us, to regulate the machine of our bodies, and to meditate and speculate on things abstract as well as simple, extraneous as well as connected with our individual welfare, without having any bond which can unite it with our gross corporeal bodies. The flesh is like the temporary tabernacle which the soul inhabits, governs, and regulates; but, as it does not consist in any organization of matter, our bodies may die, and return to the dust from whence they were taken, while our souls—incorporeal essences—are incapable of death and annihilation. The spirit is that portion of God's own immortal nature, which he breathed into our clay at our birth, and which therefore cannot be destroyed, but will continue to exist when its earthly habitation is mingled with its parent dust. We must admit therefore, what all ages and nations, savage as well as civilized, have acknowledged, that we have souls, and that, as they are incorporeal, they do not die with our bodies, but are necessarily immortal. The question then naturally arises, what becomes of them after death? Here man of his own wisdom must stop:—but God has thought fit, in his mercy, to reveal to us in a great measure the secret of our natures; and in the Holy Scriptures we find a plain and intelligible account of the purposes of our existence, and the things we have to expect in the world to come. And here I shall just remark, that the authenticity and divine inspiration of Moses

are established beyond a doubt, and that no *learned* man can possibly deny their authority. Over all nations, even among the savages of America, cut out as it were from the eastern world, there are traditions extant of the flood, of Noah, Moses, and other patriarchs, by names which come so near the proper ones, as to remove all doubt of their identity. You know mankind is continually increasing in number; and consequently, if you make a calculation backwards, the numbers must continue lessening and lessening, until you come to a point where there was only one man. Well, according to the most probable calculation, this point will be found to be about 5,800 years back, viz, the time of the creation, making allowance for the flood. Moreover, there are appearances upon the surface of the globe, which denote the manner in which it was founded; and the process thus developed will be found to agree very exactly with the *figurative* account of Moses.—(Of this I shall treat in a subsequent letter.)—Admitting, then, that the books of the Pentateuch were written by divine inspiration, we see laid before us the whole history of our race, and, including the Prophets and the New Testament, the whole scheme of our future existence; we learn, in the first place, that God created man in a state of perfect happiness, that he was placed in the midst of every thing that could delight the eye or fascinate the mind, and that he had only one command imposed upon him, which he was to keep under the penalty of death. This command God has been pleased to cover to our eyes with impenetrable obscurity. Moses, in the figurative language of the East, calls it eating the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. But this we *can* understand, that man rebelled against the command of his Maker, and plunged himself, by that crime, from a state of bliss to a state of sorrow, and, in the end, of death.—By death here is meant, the exclusion of the soul from future happiness. It followed, that, if Adam fell from bliss, his posterity

must fall, for the fruit must be like the parent stock; and a man, made as it were dead, must likewise bring forth children under the same curse.—Evil cannot beget good.

But the benign Father of the universe had pity upon Adam and his posterity; and, knowing the frailty of our nature, he did not wish to assume the whole terrors of his just vengeance. Still, God is a being who is infinitely *just*, as well as infinitely *merciful*; and therefore his decrees are not to be dispensed with, and his offended justice must have expiation. The case of mankind was deplorable; myriads yet unborn were implicated, by the crime of their common progenitor, in general ruin. But the mercy of God prevailed; and Jesus Christ, the Messias, of whom all ages talked before he came down amongst men, offered himself up as an atonement for man's crimes.—The Son of God himself, infinite in mercy, offered to take up the human form, to undergo the severest pains of human life, and the severest pangs of death; he offered to lie under the power of the grave, for a certain period, and, in a word, to sustain all the punishment of our primitive disobedience, in the stead of man. The atonement was infinite, because God's justice is infinite; and nothing but such an atonement could have saved the fallen race.

The death of Christ, then, takes away the stain of original sin, and gives man at least the POWER *of attaining* eternal bliss. Still, our salvation is conditional, and we have certain requisitions to comply with, ere we can be secure of heaven.—The next question then is, What are the conditions on which we are to be saved? The word of God here comes in again in elucidation of our duty: the chief point insisted upon is, that we should keep God's Law contained in the ten commandments; but as the omission or breach of *one* article of the two tables is a crime just of as great magnitude as the original sin, and entails the penalty on us as much as if we had infringed the whole,—God,

seeing our frailty, provided a means of effecting our salvation, in which nothing should be required of us but reliance on his truth.—God sent the Saviour to bear the weight of our sins; he, therefore, requires us to believe, implicitly, that, through his blood, we shall be accepted. This is the succedaneum which he imposed in lieu of the observance of the moral law. Faith! BELIEVE, AND YE SHALL BE SAVED.—He requires from us to throw ourselves upon the Redeemer, to look for acceptance through him alone, to regard ourselves as depraved, debased, fallen creatures, who can do nothing worthy in his sight, and who only hope for mercy through the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Faith is the foundation-stone; Faith is the superstructure; Faith is all in all.—'By Faith are ye saved; by Faith are ye justified.'

How easy, my dear Neville, are the conditions God imposes upon us! He only commands us to feel the tie of common gratitude, to trust in the mediation of his Son, and all shall be forgiven us. And shall our pride, our deluded imaginations, our false philosophy, interfere to blind our eyes to the beauties of so benevolent, so benign, a system? Or shall earthly pleasures engross all our thoughts, nor leave space for a care for our souls?—God forbid! As for Faith, if our hearts are hardened, and we cannot feel that implicit, that fervent belief, which the Scripture requires, let us pray to God, that he will send his Holy Spirit down upon us, that he will enlighten our understanding with the knowledge of that truth which is too vast, too sublime, for human understanding, unassisted by Divine Grace, to comprehend.

I have here drawn a hasty outline of the gospel-plan of salvation. In a future letter I shall endeavour to fill it up. At present I shall only say, Think on these things!—They are of moment inconceivable.—Read your Bible, in order to confirm yourself in these sublime truths; and pray to God to sanctify to you the instructions it contains. At present I would turn

your attention, exclusively to the New Testament. Read also the book which accompanies this letter;—it is by the great Locke, and will serve to shew you what so illustrious a philosopher thought of Revelation.

* * * *

TO MR. R. A——.

DEAR ROBERT, Nottingham, May 7th, 1804.

* * * *

You don't know how I long to hear how your declamation was received, and 'all about it,' as we say in these parts. I hope to see it, when I see its author and pronouncer. Themistocles, no doubt, received due praise from you for his valour and *subtlety*; but I trust you poured down a torrent of eloquent indignation upon the ruling principles of his actions and the motive of his conduct, while you exalted the mild and unassuming virtues of his more amiable rival. The object of Themistocles was the aggrandizement of himself; that of Aristides, the welfare and prosperity of the state. The one endeavoured to swell the *glory* of his country; the other to promote its security, external and internal, foreign and domestic. While you estimated the services which Themistocles rendered to the state, in opposition to those of Aristides, you of course remembered that the former had the largest scope for action, and that he influenced his countrymen to fall into all his plans, while they banished his competitor, not by his superior wisdom or goodness, but by those intrigues and factious artifices which Aristides would have disdained. Themistocles certainly did use *bad* means to a desirable end: and if we may assume it as an axiom that Providence will forward the designs of a good, sooner than those of a bad, man, whatever inequality of abilities there may be between the two characters, it will follow that, had Athens remained under the guidance of Aristides, it would have been better for her. The difference be-

tween Themistocles and Aristides seems to me to be this: That the former was a wise and a *fortunate* man; and that the latter, though he had equal wisdom, had not equal good fortune. We may admire the heroic qualities and crafty policy of the one; but to the temperate and disinterested patriotism, the good and virtuous dispositions, of the other, we can alone give the meed of heartfelt *praise*.

I only mean by this, that we must not infer Themistocles to have been *the better or the greater* man, because he rendered more essential services to the state than Aristides, nor even that his system was the most judicious,—but only that, by decision of character, and by good fortune, his measures succeeded best.

* * * *

The rules of composition are, in my opinion, very few. If we have a mature acquaintance with our subject, there is little fear of our expressing it as we ought, provided we have had *some little* experience in writing. The first thing to be aimed at is perspicuity. *That* is the great point, which, once attained, will make all other obstacles smooth to us. In order to write perspicuously, we should have a *perfect* knowledge of the topic on which we are about to treat, in all its bearings and dependencies. We should think well, before-hand, what will be the clearest method of conveying the drift of our design. This is similar to what painters call the massing, or getting the effect of the more prominent lights and shades, by broad dashes of the pencil. When our thesis is well arranged in our mind, and we have predisposed our arguments, reasonings, and illustrations, so as they shall all conduce to the object in view, in regular sequence and gradation, we may sit down and express our ideas in as clear a manner as we can, always using such words as are most suited to our purpose; and when two modes of expression, equally luminous, pre-

sent themselves, selecting that which is the most harmonious and elegant.

It sometimes happens that writers, in aiming at perspicuity, overreach themselves, by employing too many words, and perplex the mind by a multiplicity of illustrations. This is a very fatal error. Circumlocution seldom conduces to plainness; and you may take it as a maxim, that, when once an idea is *clearly expressed*, every additional stroke will only confuse the mind, and diminish the effect.

When you have once learned to express yourself with clearness and propriety, you will soon arrive at elegance. Every thing else in fact will follow as of course. But I warn you not to invert the order of things, and be paying your addresses to the Graces, when you ought to be studying perspicuity. Young writers, in general, are too solicitous to round off their periods, and regulate the cadences of their style. Hence the feeble pleonasms and idle repetitions which deform their pages. If you would have your compositions vigorous, and masculine in their tone, let every WORD TELL; and, when you detect yourself polishing off a sentence with expletives, regard yourself in exactly the same predicament with a poet who should eke out the measure of his verses with 'titum, titum, tee, Sir.'

So much for style—

* * * *

TO MR. R. A——

MY DEAR FRIEND, Nottingham, 9th May, 1804.

I HAVE not spoken as yet to Messrs. Coldham and Enfield. Your injunction to suspend so doing, has left me in a state of mind, which, I think, I am blameable for indulging, but which is indescribably painful. I had no sleep last night, partly from anxiety, and partly from the effects of a low fever, which has preyed on my nerves for the last six or seven days. I am

afraid, Robert, my religion is very superficial. I ought not to feel this distrust of God's providence. Should I now be prevented from going to college, I shall regard it as a just punishment for my want of faith.

I conclude Mr. Martyn has failed in procuring the aid he expected. Is it so?

* * * *

On these contingencies, Robert, you must know, from my peculiar situation, I shall never be able to get to college. My mother, at all times averse, has lately been pressed, by one of the deacons of Castlegate Meeting, to prevail on me to go to Dr. Williams. This idea now fills her head; and she would feel no small degree of pleasure in the failure of my resources for college. Besides this, her natural anxiety for my welfare will never allow her to permit me to go to the university, depending almost entirely on herself; knowing not only the *inadequacy*, but the great *uncertainty*, of her aid. Coldham and Enfield must likewise be satisfied that my way is clear: I tremble, I almost despair. A variety of contending emotions, which I cannot particularize, agitate my mind. I tremble lest I should have mistaken my call: these are solemn warnings: but no—I cannot entertain the thought. To the ministry I am devoted, I believe, by God; in what way must be left to his providence.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Nottingham, June, 1804.

In answer to your question, whether the Sizars have any duties to perform, I answer, No. Somebody, perhaps, has been hinting that there are servile offices to be performed by Sizars. It is a common opinion, but perfectly erroneous. The *Oxford servitors*, I believe, have many unpleasant duties; but the Sizars at Cambridge only differ from the rest in name.

* * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, Nottingham, June 15th, 1804.

I DO not sit down to write you a long letter, for I have been too much exhausted with mathematics to have much vigour of mind left; my lines will therefore be wider than they are wont to be, and I shall, for once, be obliged to diffuse a little matter over a broad surface. For a consolatory letter I trust you have little need, as by this time you have no doubt learned to meet, with calmness, those temporary privations and inconveniences which, in this life, we must expect, and therefore should be prepared to encounter.

* * * *

This is true—this is *Christian* philosophy: it is a philosophy in which we must all, sooner or later, be instituted; and which, if you steadfastly persist in seeking, I am sure God will assist you, to your manifest comfort and peace.

There *are* sorrows, and there *are* misfortunes, which bow down the spirit, beyond the aid of all human comfort. Of these, I know, my dear Ben, you have had more than common experience; but, while the cup of life does overflow with draughts of such extreme asperity, we ought to fortify ourselves against *lesser* evils, as unimportant to man, who has much heavier woes to expect, and to the Christian, whose joys are laid beyond the verge of mortal existence. There are afflictions, there are privations, where *death*, and *hopes* IRRECOVERABLY blasted, leave no prospect of retrieval; when I would no more say to the mourner, 'Man, wherefore weepest thou?' than I would ask the winds why they blew, or the tempest why it raged. Sorrows like these are sacred; but the inferior troubles of *partial* separation, vexatious occupation, and opposing current of human affairs, are such as ought not, at least immoderately, to affect a Christian, but rather ought to be contemplated as the necessary *accidents* of life, and disregarded, while their pains are most sensibly felt.

Do not think, I beseech you, my dear Ben, that I wish to represent your sorrows as light or trivial: I know they are not light; I know they are not trivial; but I wish to induce you to summon up the man within you; and, while those unhappy troubles, which you cannot alleviate, must continue to torment you, I would exhort you to rise superior to the crosses of life, and shew yourself a genuine disciple of Jesus Christ, in the endurance of evil, without repining, or unavailable lamentations.

Blest as you are with the good testimony of an approving conscience, and happy in an intimate communion with the all-pure and all-merciful God, these trifling concerns ought not to molest you; nay, were the tide of adversity to turn strong against you, even were your friends to forsake you, and abject poverty to stare you in the face, you ought to be abundantly thankful to God for his mercies to you: you ought to consider yourself still as rich; yea, to look around you, and say, I am far happier than the sons of men.

This is a system of philosophy which, for myself, I shall not only preach but practise. We are here for nobler purposes than to waste the fleeting moments of our lives in lamentations and wailings over troubles which, in their widest extent, do but affect the present state, and which, perhaps, only regard our personal ease and prosperity. Make me an outcast—a beggar; place me a barefooted pilgrim on the top of the Alps or the Pyrenees, and I should have wherewithal to sustain the spirit within me, in the reflection that all this was but as for a moment, and that a period would come, when wrong, and injury, and trouble, should be no more. Are we to be so utterly enslaved by habit and association, that we shall spend our lives in anxiety and bitter care, only that we may find a covering for our bodies, or the means of assuaging hunger? for what else is an anxiety after the world? Or are even the followers of Christ themselves to be infected with the inane, the childish, desire of heaping

together wealth? Were a man, in the way of making a large fortune, to take up his hat and stick, and say, 'I am useless here, and unhappy; I will go and abide with the Gentoo or the Paraguay, where I shall be happy and useful,' he would be laughed at; but I say he would prove himself a more reasonable and virtuous man, than he who binds himself down to a business which he dislikes, because it would be accounted strange or foolish to abandon so good a concern, and who heaps up wealth, for which he has little relish, because the world accounts it policy.

I will refrain from pursuing this tone of reasoning. I know the weakness of human nature, and I know that we may argue with a deal of force, to shew the folly of grief, when we ourselves are its passive victims. But whether strength of mind prevail with you, or whether you still indulge in melancholy bodings and repinings, I am still your friend, nay, your *sympathizing* friend. Hard, and callous, and 'unfeeling,' as I may seem, I have a heart for my ever dear Benjamin.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Wilford, near Nottingham,——, 1804.

I now write to you from a little cottage at Wilford, where I have taken a room for a fortnight, as well for the benefit of my health, as for the advantage of uninterrupted study. I live in a homely house, in a homely style, but am well occupied, and perfectly at my ease.

And now, my dear brother, I must sincerely beg pardon for all those manifold neglects of which I cannot but accuse myself towards you. When I recollect innumerable requests in your letters, which I have not noticed, and many inquiries I have not satisfied, I almost feel afraid that you will imagine I no longer regard your letters with brotherly fondness, and that

you will cease to exercise towards me your wonted confidence and friendship. Indeed, you may take my word, they have arisen from my peculiar circumstances, and not from any unconcern or disregard of your wishes. I am now bringing my affairs (laugh not at the word) into some regularity, after all the hurry and confusion in which they have been plunged, by the distraction of mind attending my publication, and the projected change of my destination in life.

* * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Wilford, near Nottingham,——, 1804.

* * * *

I HAVE run very much on the wrong side of the post here; for having sent copies round to such persons as had given me in their names, as subscribers, with compliments, they have placed them to the account of presents!

* * * *

And now, my dear Neville, I must give you the most ingenious specimen of the invention of petty envy you perhaps ever heard of. When Addison produced 'Cato,' it was currently received that he had bought it of a vicar, for 40*l*. The Nottingham gentry, knowing me too poor to buy my poems, thought they could do no better than place it to the account of family affection; and lo! Mrs. Smith is become the sole author, who has made use of her brother's name as a feint! I heard of this report *first* covertly: it was said that Mrs. Smith was the principal writer: next it was said that I was the author of one of the inferior smaller pieces only, ('My Study;') and lastly, on mentioning the circumstances to Mr. A—, he confessed that he had heard several times that my 'sister was the sole quill-driver of the family, and that Master Henry, in particular, was rather shallow,' but that he had refrained from telling me, because he thought it would

vex me. Now, as to the vexing me, it only has afforded me a hearty laugh. I sent my compliments to one great lady, whom I heard propagating this ridiculous report, and congratulated her on her ingenuity; telling her, as a great secret, that neither my sister or myself had any claim to any of the poems, for the right author was the Great Mogul's cousin-german. The best part of the story is, that my good friend Benjamin Maddock found means to get me to write verses *extempore*, to prove whether I could tag rhymes or not, which, it seems, he doubted.

VERSES REFERRED TO IN THE FOREGOING LETTER.

These verses were composed *extempore*, in the presence of Mr. Maddock, as an evidence of Henry's ability t write poetry.

THOU base repiner at another's joy,
Whose eye turns green at merit not thine own,
Oh! far away from generous Britons fly,
And find in meaner climes a fitter throne.
Away, away, it shall not be;
Thou shalt not dare defile our plains:
The truly generous heart disdains
Thy meaner, lowlier fires, while he
Joys at another's joy, and smiles at others' jollity.

Triumphant monster! though thy schemes succeed—
Schemes laid in Acheron, the brood of night,
Yet but a little while, and, nobly freed,
Thy happy victim will emerge to light;
When o'er his head, in silence that reposes,
Some kindred soul shall come to drop a tear;
Then will his last cold pillow turn to roses,
Which thou hadst planted with the thorn severe;
Then will thy baseness stand confess'd, and all
Will curse the ungenerous fate, that bade a Poet fall.

* * * *

YET, ah! thy arrows are *too* keen, too sure.
Couldst thou not pitch upon another prey?
Alas! in robbing him, thou robb'st the poor,
Who only boast what thou wouldst take away.
See the lorn Bard at midnight study sitting;
O'er his pale features streams his dying lamp:
While, o'er fond Fancy's pale perspective flitting,
Successive forms their fleet ideas stamp!
Yet say, is Bliss upon his brow impress'd?
Does jocund Health in thought's still mansion live?
Lo! the cold dews that on his temples rest,
That short quick sigh—their sad responses give.

And canst thou rob a Poet of his song,—
Snatch from the bard his trivial meed of praise?
Small are his gains, nor does he hold them long:
Then leave, oh! leave him to enjoy his lays,
While yet he lives—for, to his merits just,
Though future ages join his fame to raise,
Will the loud trump awake his cold unheeding dust.

* * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, Nottingham, 7th July, 1804.

THE *real* wants of life are few; the support of the body, simply, is no expensive matter; and, as we are not mad upon silks and satins, the covering of it will not be more costly. The only superfluity I should covet would be books; but I have learned how to abridge that pleasure: and, having sold the flower of my library for the amazing sum of six guineas, I mean to try whether meditation will not supply the place of general reading; and probably, by the time I am poor and needy, I shall look upon a large library like a fashionable wardrobe, goodly and pleasant, but, as to the real utility, indifferent.

So much for Stoicism, and now for *Monachism*—I shall never, never marry! It cannot, must not be. As to affections, mine are already engaged as much as

they will ever be; and this is one reason why I believe my life will be a life of celibacy. I pray to God that it may be so, and that I may be happy in that state. I love too ardently to make love innocent, and therefore I say farewell to it. Besides, I have another inducement. I cannot introduce a woman into poverty, for my love's sake; nor could I well bear to see such a one as I must marry, struggling with narrow circumstances, and sighing for the fortunes of her children. No, I say, forbear! and may the example of St. Gregory of Naz. and St. Basil support me.

All friends are well, except your humble scribe, who has got a little too much into his old way, since your departure; studying and musing, and dreaming of every thing but his health; still, amid all his studying, musings, and dreams,

Your true friend and brother,

H. K. WHITE.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY. Esq.

Nottingham, July 9th, 1804.

* * * *

I CAN *now* inform you, that I have reason to believe my way through college is clear before me. From what source I know not, but, through the hands of Mr. Simeon, I am provided with 30*l.* per annum; and, while things go on so prosperously as they do now, I can command 20*l.* or 30*l.* more from my friends, and this, in all probability, until I take my degree. The friends to whom I allude are my *mother* and *brother*.

My mother has, for these five years past, kept a boarding school at Nottingham; and, so long as her school continues in its present state, she can supply me with 15*l.* or 20*l.* per annum, without inconvenience; but, should she die, (and her health is, I fear, but infirm,) that resource will altogether fail. Still,

I think my prospect is so good as to preclude any anxiety on my part: and perhaps my income will be more than adequate to my wants, as I shall be a Sizar of St. John's, where the college emoluments are more than commonly large.

In this situation of my affairs, you will perhaps agree with me in thinking that a subscription for a volume of poems will not be necessary; and, certainly, that measure is one which will be better avoided, if it may be. I have lately looked over what poems I have by me in manuscript, and find them more numerous than I expected; but many of them would perhaps be styled *mopish* and *mawkish*, and even *misanthropic*, in the language of the world; though, from the latter sentiment, I am sure I can say, no one is more opposite than I am. These poems, therefore, will never see the light; as, from a teacher of that word which gives all strength to the feeble, more fortitude and Christian philosophy may, with justice, be expected than they display. The remainder of my verses would not possess any great interest: mere description is often mere nonsense: and I have acquired a strange habit, whenever I do point out a train of moral sentiment from the contemplation of a picture, to give it a gloomy and querulous cast, when there is nothing in the occasion but what ought to inspire joy and gratitude. I have one poem, however, of some length, which I shall preserve; and I have another, of considerable magnitude in design, but of which only a part is written, which I am fairly at a loss whether to commit to the flames, or at some future opportunity to finish. The subject is the death of Christ. I have no friend whose opinion is at all to be relied on, to whom I could submit it; and, perhaps, after all, it may be absolutely worthless.

With regard to that part of my provision which is derived from my unknown friend, it is, of course, conditional: and, as it is not a provision for a *poet*, but for a *candidate for orders*, I believe it is expected, and

indeed it has been hinted, as a thing advisable, that I should barter the muses for mathematics, and abstain from writing verses, at least until I take my degree. If I find that all my time will be requisite, in order to *prepare* for the important office I am destined to fill, I shall certainly do my duty, however severely it may cost me: but if I find I may lawfully and conscientiously relax myself, at intervals, with those delightful reveries which have hitherto formed the chief pleasure of my life, I shall, without scruple, indulge myself in them.

I know the pursuit of Truth is a much more important business than the exercise of the imagination; and, amid all the quaintness and stiff method of the mathematicians, I can even discover a source of chaste and exalted pleasure. To their severe but salutary discipline, I must now 'subdue the vivid shapings of my youth;' and, though I shall cast many a fond lingering look to Fancy's more alluring paths, yet I shall be repaid by the anticipation of days when I may enjoy the sweet satisfaction of being useful, in no ordinary degree, to my fellow-mortals.

* * * *

TO MR. SERJEANT ROUGH.

DEAR SIR, Nottingham, 24th July, 1804.

I THINK *Mr. Moore's* love poems are infamous, because they subvert the first great object of poetry—the encouragement of the virtuous and the noble; and metamorphose nutritious aliment into poison. I think the muses are degraded when they are made the handmaids of sensuality and the bawds of a brothel.

Perhaps it may be the opinion of a young man, but I think, too, the old system of heroic attachment, with all its attendant notions of honour and spotlessness, was, in the end, calculated to promote the in-

terests of the human race; for, though it produced a temporary alienation of mind, perhaps bordering on insanity, yet with the very extravagance and madness of the sentiments, there were inwoven certain imperious principles of virtue and generosity, which would probably remain, after time had evaporated the heat of passion, and sobered the luxuriance of a romantic imagination. I think, therefore, a man of song is rendering the community a service, when he displays the ardour of manly affection in a pleasing light; but certainly we need no incentives to the irregular gratification of our appetites: and I should think it a proper punishment for the poet who holds forth the allurements of illicit pleasures in amiable and seductive colours, should his wife, his sister, or his child, fall a victim to the licentiousness he has been instrumental in diffusing.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, Winteringham, August 3, 1804.

I AM all anxiety to learn the issue of your proposal to your father. Surely it will proceed; surely a plan laid out with such fair prospects of happiness to you, as well as me, will not be frustrated. Write to me the moment you have any information on the subject.

I think we shall be happy together at Cambridge; and, in the ardent pursuit of Christian knowledge and *Christian* virtue, we shall be doubly united. We were before, friends: now, I hope, likely to be still more emphatically so. But I must not anticipate.

I left Nottingham without seeing my brother Neville, who arrived there two days after me. This is a circumstance which I much regret; but I hope he will come this way, when he goes, according to his intention, to a watering-place. Neville has been a good brother to me; and there are not many things which would give me more pleasure than, after so long a

separation, to see him again. I dare not hope that I shall meet you and him together in October, at Nottingham.

My days flow on here in an even tenor. They are, indeed, studious days, for my studies seem to multiply on my hands; and I am so much occupied with them, that I am becoming a mere book-worm; running over the rules of Greek versification in my walks, instead of expatiating on the beauties of the surrounding scenery. Winteringham is, indeed, now a delightful place; the trees are in full verdure, the crops are browning the fields, and my former walks are become dry under foot, which I have never known them to be before. The opening vista, from our churchyard, over the Humber, to the hills and receding vales of Yorkshire, assumes a thousand new aspects. I sometimes watch it, at evening, when the sun is just gilding the summits of the hills, and the lowlands are beginning to take a browner hue. The showers partially falling in the distance, while all is serene above me; the swelling sail rapidly falling down the river; and, not least of all, the villages, woods, and villas, on the opposite bank, sometimes render this scene quite enchanting to me: and it is no contemptible relaxation, after a man has been puzzling his brains over the intricacies of Greek choruses all the day, to come out and unbend his mind with careless thought and negligent fancies, while he refreshes his body with the fresh air of the country.

I wish you to have a taste of these pleasures with me; and if ever I should live to be blessed with a quiet parsonage, and that great object of my ambition, a garden, I have no doubt but we shall be, for some short intervals at least, two quiet, contented bodies. These will be our relaxations; our *business* will be of a nobler kind. Let us vigilantly fortify ourselves against the exigencies of the serious appointments we are, with God's blessing, to fulfil; and if we go into the church prepared to do our duty, there is every

reasonable prospect that our labours will be blessed, and that we shall be blessed in them. As your habits generally have been averse to what is called *close* application, it will be too much for your strength, as well as unadvisable in other points of view, to study very intensely; but regularly you may, and must, read; and, depend upon it, a man will work more wonders by stated and constant application, than by unnatural and forced endeavours.

* * * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, Nottingham, September, 1804.

By the time you will open this letter, we shall have parted.—God only knows whether ever to meet again. The chances and casualties of human life are such as to render it almost questionable whether three months may not separate us for ever from an absent friend.

* * * * *

For my part, I shall a feel vacuum, when you are gone, which will not easily be filled up. I shall miss my only intimate friend—the companion of my walks—the interrupter of my evening studies. I shall return, in a great measure, to my old solitary habits. I cannot associate with * * nor yet with * * * has no place in my affections, though he has in my esteem. It was to you alone I looked as my adopted brother, and (although, for reasons you may hereafter learn, I have not made you my perfect confidante) my comforter—*Heu mihi amice, Vale, longum Vale!* I hope you will sometimes think of me, and give me a portion of your prayers.

* * * * *

Perhaps it may be that I am not formed for friendship, that I expect more than can ever be found. Time will tutor me; I am a singular being, under a common outside. I am a profound dissembler of my inward feelings; and necessity has taught me the art.

I am long before I can unbosom to a friend; yet, I think, I am sincere in my friendship: you must not attribute this to any suspiciousness of nature, but must consider that I lived seventeen years my own confidante, my own friend, full of projects and strange thoughts, and confiding them to no one. I am habitually reserved, and habitually cautious in letting it be seen that I hide any thing. Towards you I would fain conquer these habits, and this is one step towards effecting the conquest.

I am not well, Ben, to-night, as my hand-writing and style will show; I have rambled on, however, to some length; my letter may serve to beguile a few moments on your way. I must say good-bye to you, and may God bless you, and preserve you, and be your guide and director for ever! Remember, he is always with you; remember that in him you have a comforter in every gloom. In your wakeful nights, when you have not me to talk to, his ear will be bent down to your pillow; what better bosom friend has a man than the merciful and benignant Father of all? Happy, thrice happy, are you in the privilege of his grace and acceptance.

Dear Ben,
I am your true friend,
H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. K. SWANN.

DEAR KIRKE, High Pavement, October 4th, 1804.

* * * * *

For your kind and very valuable present, I know not how to thank you. The archbishop* has long been one of my most favourite divines; and a complete set of his sermons really '*sets me up.*' I hope I *am* able to appreciate the merits of such a collection; and I shall always value them, apart from their merit, as a memento of friendship.

* Tillotson.

I hope that, when our correspondence begins, it will neither be lax nor uninteresting; and that, on both sides, it may be productive of something more than mere amusement.

While we each strive to become wiser in those things wherein *true* wisdom is alone to be found, we may mutually contribute to each other's success, by the communication of our thoughts: and that we may both become proficients in that amiable philosophy which makes us happier by rendering us better; that philosophy which alone makes us wise unto salvation, is the prayer of,

Dear Kirke,
Your sincere friend,
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

AMICE DILECTE,* Winteringham,——, 1804.

PUDERET me infrequentiæ nostrarum literarum, nisi hoc ex te pendere sentirem. Epistolas a te missas non prius accepi quam kalendis Decembris—res mihi acerba, nihilominus ad ferendum levior, dum me non tibi ex animo prorsus excidisse satis exploratum est.

Gavisus sum, è literis tuis, amico Roberto dicatis, cùm audirem te operam et dedisse et daturum ad Græcam linguam etiamnum excolendam cum viro omni doctrinâ erudito.—Satis scio te, illo duce, virum doctissimum et in optimarum artium studiis exquisitissimum futurum esse: haud tamen his facultatibus contentum, sed altiora petentem, nempe salutem humani generis et sancta verbi divini arcana.

Vix jam, amice! recreor è morbo, à quo graviter ægrotavi: vix jam incipio membra languore confecta

* This letter was written when our author was commencing his classical studies, and must, therefore, not be considered as a specimen of his Latinity.

in diem apertam trahere. Tactus aridâ manû febris, spatiosas trivi noctes lacrymis et gemitû. Vidi, cùm in conspectu mortis collocatus fuerim, vidi omnia clariora facta, intellexi me non fidem Christi satis servâsse, non, ut famulum Dei, fideliter vitam egisse. Ægritudo multa prius celata patefacit. Hoc ipse sensi, et omnes, sint sane religiosi, sint boni, idem sentient. Sed ego præcipuè causam habui cur me afflixerim et summisso animo ad pedem crucis abjecerim. Imo vero et lacrymas copiosè effudi, et interdum consolatio Sancti Spiritus turbinem animi placavit. Utinam vestigium hujus periculi semper in animo retineam!

Non dubito quin tibi gratum erit audire de moribus et studiis nostris. Præceptor nobis, nomine Grainger, non è collegio educatus fuit, attamen doctrinâ haud mediocris est, pietate eximius. *Hypodidascalus* fuit in scholâ viri istius docti et admodum venerandi Josephi Milner, qui eum dilexit atque honoravit. Mores jucundi et faciles sunt, urbanitate ac lepore suaviter conditi, quanquam interdum in vultu tristis severitas inest. Erga bonos mansuetus, malis se durior gerit.—Æque ferè est pastor diligens, vir egregius, et præceptor bonus. Cum isthoc legimus apud Græcos, Homerum, et Demosthenem, et Sanctas Scripturas; apud Latinos, Virgilium, Ciceronem, et aliquando in ludo Terentium. Scribimus etiam Latinè, et constructionis et elegantiæ gratiâ; nihilominus (hâc epistolâ teste) non opus est dicendi tibi quam paululum ego ipse proficio. In scribendo Latinè, præter consuetudinem in linguâ Anglicanâ, sum lentus, piger, ineptus. Verba stillant heu quam otiosè, et quum tandem visa sint quam inelegantiâ! Spero tamen usu atque animo diligenter adhibendo deinde Latinis sermonibus aliquam adipisci facilitatem, nunc ferè oportet me contentum esse cupire et laborare, paululum potiundo, magna moliendo.

Intelligis, procul dubio, nos vicum incolere Winteringhamiensis, ripis situm Humberi fluminis, sed nondum forsan sentias locum esse agrestem, fluviis,

collibus, arvis, omni decore pervenustum. Domus nostra Templo Dei adjacet; à tergo sunt dulces horti et *terrenus agger* arboribus crebrè septus, quò deambulare solemus. Circumcirca sunt rurales pagi quibus sæpè cum otium agamus, post prandium imus. Est villa, nomine Whittonia, ubi à celsâ rupe videre potes flumen Trentii vasto Humbero influens, et paulo altiùs Oosem flumen.

Infra sub opaca saxa fons est, cui potestas inest in lapidem materias alienas convertendi; ab altissimâ rupe labitur in littus, muschum, conchas, et fragiliores ramos arborum, in lapidem transmutans. In prospectu domûs montes Eboracenses surgunt trans Humberum siti, sylvis et villis stipati, nunc solis radiis ridentes, nunc horridi nimbis ac procellis. Vela navium ventis impleta ante fenestras satis longo intervallo prætabuntur: dum suprà in aere procelso greges arsæum vastæ longo clamore volitant. Sæpe in animo revolvo verba ista Homeri:

Ὡστ' ὀρνίθων πετεηνῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ
Χηνῶν ἢ γεράνων, ἢ κύκνων δουλιχοδείρων,
Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι Καϋστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα
Ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πετώνται ἀγαλλόμενοι πτερύγεσσι
Κλαγγηδὸν προκαθιζόντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε λειμών,
Ὡς τῶν ἔθνεα πολλὰ νεῶν ἀπο καὶ κλισιάων.
Ἐς πεδίον προχέοντο Σκαμάνδριον, etc.

* * * *

Vale. Dum vitales auras carpam,

Tuus,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. K. SWANN.

DEAR KIRKE, Winteringham, 20th Oct. 1804.

We are safely arrived, and comfortably settled, in the parsonage of Winteringham. The house is most delightfully situated close by the church, at a distance from the village, and with delightful gardens behind, and the Humber before. The family is very agreeable,

and the style in which we live is very superior. Our tutor is not only a learned man, but the best pastor, and most pleasing domestic man, I ever met with. You will be glad to hear we are thus charmingly situated. I have reason to thank God for his goodness in leading me to so peaceful and happy a situation.

The year which now lies before me, I shall, with the blessing of God, if I am spared, employ in very important pursuits; and I trust that I shall come away not only a wiser but a better man. I have here nothing to interrupt me—no noise—no society to disturb, or avocations to call me off; and if I do not make considerable improvements, I do not know when I shall.

We have each our several duties to perform; and though God has been pleased to place us in very different walks of life, yet we may mutually assist each other by counsel, by admonition, and by prayer. My calling is of a nature the most arduous and awful; *I* need every assistance from above, and from my companions in the flesh; and no advice will ever be esteemed lightly by me, which proceeds from a servant of God, however trifling, or however ill expressed. If your immediate avocations be less momentous, and less connected with the world to come, your duty is not the less certain, or the more lightly to be attended to. —*You* are placed in a situation wherein God expects from you according to your powers, as well as from me in mine: and there are various dark and occult temptations, of which you are little aware, but into which you may easily and imperceptibly fall, unless upheld by the arm of Almighty God. You stand in need, therefore, to exercise a constant reliance on the Holy Spirit and its influences; and to watch narrowly your own heart, that it conceive no secret sin: for although your situation be not so dangerous, nor your duties so difficult, yet, as the masks which Satan assumes are various, you may still find cause for spirit-

ual fear and sorrow, and occasion for trembling, lest you should not have exercised your talents in proportion to their extent. It is a valuable observation, that there is no resting-place in the spiritual progress — we must either go backward or forward; and when we are at a loss to know whether our motion be onward or retrograde, we may rest assured that there is something wanting which must be supplied—some evil yet lurking in the heart, or some duty slightly performed.

You remember I heard Mr. ** on the night previous to my departure; I did not say much on his manner, but I thought it neat, and the sermon far better than I expected: but I must not be understood to approve altogether of Mr. * *'s preaching. I think, in particular, he has one great fault, that is, *elegance*—he is not sufficiently *plain*. Remember, we do not mount the pulpit to say fine things or eloquent things; we have there to proclaim the good tidings of salvation to fallen man; to point out the way of eternal life; to exhort, to cheer, and to support, the suffering sinner: these are the glorious topics upon which we have to enlarge — and will these permit the tricks of oratory, or the studied beauties of eloquence? Shall truths and counsels like these be couched in terms which the poor and ignorant cannot comprehend?—Let all eloquent preachers beware, lest they fill any man's ear with sounding words, when they should be feeding his soul with the bread of everlasting life! Let them fear, lest, instead of honouring God, they honour themselves! If any man ascend the pulpit with the intention of uttering a *fine thing*, he is committing a deadly sin. Remember, however, that there is a medium; and that vulgarity and meanness are cautiously to be shunned: but while we speak with propriety and chastity, we cannot be too familiar or too plain. I do not intend to apply these remarks to Mr. * * individually, but to the manner of preaching here alluded to. If his manner be such as I have here

described, the observations will also fit; but, if it be otherwise, the remarks refer not to him, but to the style reprobated.

* * * *

I recommend to you, always, before you begin to study, to pray to God to enlighten your understanding, and give you grace to behold all things through the medium of religion. This was always the practice in the old universities; and, I believe, is the only way to profit by learning.

I can now only say a few words to you, since our regular hour of retiring fast approaches. I hope you are making progress in spiritual things, proportionably to your opportunities; and that you are sedulously endeavouring, not only to secure your own acceptation, but to impart the light of truth to those around you who still remain in darkness.

Pray let me hear from you at your convenience, and my brother will forward the letter; and believe me,

My dear Kirke,
Your friend and fellow-traveller in the
Tearful sojourn of life,
H. K. WHITE

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, Winteringham, Dec. 16th, 1804.

SINCE I wrote to you last, I have been rather ill; having caught cold, which brought on a slight fever. Thanks to excellent nursing, I am now pretty much recovered, and only want strength to be perfectly re-established. Mr. Grainger is himself a very good physician; but, when I grew worse, he deemed it necessary to send for a medical gentleman from Barton; so that, in addition to my illness, I expect an apothecary's bill. This, however, will not be a very long one, as Mr. Grainger has chiefly supplied me with drugs. It is judged absolutely necessary that I should

take wine, and that I should ride. It is with very great reluctance that I agree to incur these additional expenses, and I shall endeavour to cut them off as soon as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Grainger have behaved like parents to me, since I have been ill: four and five times in the night has Mr. G. come to see me; and, had I been at home, I could not have been treated with more tenderness and care. Mrs. Grainger had insisted on my drinking their wine, and was very angry when I made scruples; but I cannot let them be at all this additional expense—in some way or other I must pay them, as the sum I now give, considering the mode in which we are accommodated, is very trifling. Mr. Grainger does not keep a horse, so that I shall be obliged to hire one; but there will be no occasion for this for any length of time, as my strength seems to return as rapidly as it was rapidly reduced. Don't make yourself in the least uneasy about this, I pray, as I am quite recovered, and not at all apprehensive of any consequences. I have no cough, nor any symptom which might indicate an affection of the lungs. I read very little at present.

I thought it necessary to write to you on this subject now, as I feared you might have an exaggerated account from Mr. Almond's friends, and alarm yourself.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

MY DEAR BROTHER, Winteringham, Dec. 27th, 1804.

I HAVE been very much distressed at the receipt of your letter, accompanied with one from my mother, one from my sister, and from Mr. Dashwood, and Kirke Swann, all on the same subject; and greatly as I feel for all the kindness and affection which has prompted these remonstrances, I am quite harassed with the idea that you should not have taken my letter as a plain account of my illness, without any wish to hide

from you that I had been ill somewhat seriously, but that I was indeed better.

I can now assure you that I am perfectly recovered, and am as well as I have been for some time past. My sickness was merely a slight fever, rather of a nervous kind, brought on by a cold; and soon yielded to the proper treatment. I do assure you, simply and plainly, that I am now as well as ever.

With regard to study, I do assure you that Mr. Grainger will not suffer us to study at all hard: our work at present is mere play. I am always in bed at ten o'clock; and take two walks in the day, besides riding, when the weather will permit.

Under these circumstances, my dear brother may set his mind perfectly at ease. Even change of air sometimes occasions violent attacks, but they leave the patient better than they found him.

I still continue to drink wine, though I am convinced there is no necessity for it. My appetite is amazingly large—much larger than when at Nottingham.

I shall come to an arrangement with Mr. Grainger immediately, and I hope you will not write to him about it. If Mr. Eddy, the surgeon, thinks it at all necessary for me to do this constantly, I declare to you that I will; but, remember, if I should form a habit of this now, it may be a disadvantage to me when possibly circumstances may render it inconvenient—as when I am at college.

My spirits are completely knocked up by the receipt of all the letters I have at one moment received. My mother got a gentleman to mention it to Mr. Dashwood, and still representing that my illness was occasioned by study—a thing than which none can be more remote from the truth, as I have, from conscientious motives, given up hard study until I shall find my health better.

I cannot write more, as I have the other letters to answer. I am going to ride to Barton, expressly to get advantage of the post for this day, in order that

you may no longer give yourself a moment's uneasiness, where there is in reality no occasion.

Give my affectionate love to James,
And believe me, my dear Neville,
Your truly affectionate Brother,
H. K. WHITE.

One thing I had forgot—you mention my pecuniary matters—you make me blush when you do so. You may rest assured that I have no wants of that kind, nor am likely to have, at present. Your brotherly love and anxiety towards me have sunk deep into my heart; and you may satisfy yourself with this, that whatever is necessary for my health shall not be spared, and that, when I want the means of procuring these, I shall think it my duty to tell you so.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

Midway between Winteringham and Hull,
DEAR JAMES, Jan. 11th, 1805.

You will not be surprised at the style of this letter, when I tell you it is written in the Winteringham Packet, on a heap of flour-bags, and surrounded by a drove of fourteen pigs, who raise the most hideous roar every time the boat rolls. I write with a silver pen, and with a good deal of shaking, so you must expect very bad scribbling. I am now going to Hull, where I have a parcel to send to my mother, and I would not lose the opportunity of writing.

I am extremely glad that you are attentive to matters of such moment as are those of religion; and I hope you do not relax in your seriousness, but continue to pray that God will enable you to walk in the paths of righteousness, which alone lead to peace. He alone, my dear James, is able to give you a heart to delight in his service, and to set at nought the temptations of the world. It may seem to you, in the first beginning of your Christian progress, that religion

wears a very unpromising aspect, and that the gaieties of the world are indeed very delicious; but I assure you, from what I have myself experienced, that the pleasures of piety are infinitely more exquisite than those of fashion and of sensual pursuits. It is true, they are not so violent, or so intoxicating (for they consist in one even tenor of mind, a lightness of heart, and sober cheerfulness, which none but those who have experienced can conceive); but they leave no sting behind them; they give pleasure on reflection, and will soothe the mind in the distant prospect. And who can say this of the world, or its enjoyments?

Even those who seem to enter with the most spirit into the riotous and gaudy diversions of the world, are often known to confess that there is no real satisfaction in them; that their gaiety is often forced, when their hearts are heavy; and that they envy those who have chosen the more humble but pleasant paths of religion and virtue.

I am not at all particular as to the place of worship you may attend, so as it be under a serious preacher, and so as you attend regularly. I should think it a very good exercise for you, if you were to get a blank paper book, and were to write down in it any thing which may strike you in the sermons you hear on a Sunday; this would improve your style of writing, and teach you to think on what you hear. Pray endeavour to carry this plan into execution: I am sure you will find it worth the trouble. You attend the church now and then, I conclude; and, if you do, I should wish to direct your attention to our admirable liturgy, and avoid, if possible, remarking what may seem absurd in the manner it is repeated.

I must not conceal from you that I am very sorry you do not attend some eminent minister in the church, such as Mr. Cecil, or Mr. Pratt, or Mr. Crowther, in preference to the meeting; since I am convinced a man runs less danger of being misled, or of building

on false foundations, in the establishment, than out, and this too for plain reasons. Dissenters are apt to think they are religious, *because* they are dissenters—'for,' argue they, 'if we had not a regard for religion, why should we leave the establishment at all? The very act of leaving it shews we have a regard for religion, because we manifest an aversion to its abuses.' Besides this, at the meeting-house you are not likely to hear plain and unwelcome truths so honestly told as in the church, where the minister is not so dependent on his flock, and the prayers are so properly selected, that you will meet with petitions calculated for all your wants, bodily and spiritual, without being left at the mercy of the minister, to pray for what and in what manner he likes. Remember, these are not offered as reasons why you should always attend the church, but to put you in mind that there are advantages there which you should avail yourself of, instead of making invidious comparisons between the two institutions.

* * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

DEAR BEN, Winteringham, Jan. 31st, 1805.

I HAVE long been convinced of the truth of what you say respecting the effects of close reading on a man's mind, in a religious point of view; and I am more and more convinced that literature is very rarely the source of satisfaction of mind to a Christian. I would wish you to steer clear of too abstracted and subtle a mode of thinking and reasoning, and you will so be happier than your friend. A relish for books will be a sweet source of amusement, and a salutary relaxation to you, throughout life; but let it not be more than a *relish*, if *you* value your own peace. I think, however, that you ought to strengthen your mind a little with logic; and for this purpose I would advise you to go through Euclid, with sedulous and serious

attention, and likewise to read Duncan through. You are too desultory a reader, and regard *amusement* too much: if you wish your reading in good earnest to *amuse* you when you are old, as well as now in your youth, you will take care to form a taste for substantial and sound authors, and will not be the less eager to study a work because it requires a little labour to understand it.

After you have read Euclid, and amused yourself with Locke's sublime speculations, you will derive much pleasure from Butler's Analogy, without exception the most unanswerable demonstration of the folly of infidelity that the world ever saw.

Books like these will give you more strength of mind and consistent firmness, than either you or I now possess; while, on the other hand, the effeminate *Panada* of Magazines, Tales, and the tribe of penny-catching pamphlets, of which desultory readers are so fond, only tends to enervate the mind, and incapacitate it for every species of manly exertion.

* * * *

I continue to be better in health, although the weather is a great obstacle to my taking a proper proportion of exercise. I have had a trip to Hull, of late, and saw the famous painter R—— there, with whom I had a good deal of talk. He is a pious man, and a great astronomer; but, in manners and appearance, a complete artist. I rather think he is inclined to Hutchinsonian principles, and entertains no great reverence for Sir Isaac Newton.

* * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, Winteringham, 1st March, 1805.

* * * * *

I HOPE and trust that you have at length arrived at that happy temperament of disposition, that, although you have much cause of sadness within, you are yet wil-

ling to be amused with the variegated scenes around you, and to join, when occasions present themselves, in innocent mirth. Thus, in the course of your peregrinations, occurrences must continually arise, which, to a mind willing to make the best of every thing, will afford amusement of the chastest kind. Men and manners are a never-failing source of wonder and surprise, as they present themselves in their various phases. We may very innocently laugh at the brogue of a Somerset peasant; and I should think that person both cynical and surly, who could pass by a group of laughing children, without participating in their delight, and joining in their laugh. It is a truth most undeniable, and most melancholy, that there is too much in human life which extorts tears and groans, rather than smiles. This, however, is equally certain, that our giving way to unremitting sadness on these accounts, so far from ameliorating the condition of mortality, only adds to the aggregate of human misery, and throws a gloom over those moments when a ray of light is permitted to visit the dark valley of life, and the heart ought to be making the best of its fleeting happiness. Landscape, too, ought to be a source of delight to you; fine buildings, objects of nature, and a thousand things which it would be tedious to name. I should call the man who could survey such things as these without being affected with pleasure, either a very weak-minded and foolish person, or one of no mind at all. To be always sad, and always pondering on internal griefs, is what I call utter selfishness. I would not give two-pence for a being who is locked up in his own sufferings, and whose heart cannot respond to the exhilarating cry of nature, or rejoice because he sees others rejoice. The loud and unanimous chirping of the birds, on a fine sunny morning pleases me, because I see they are happy; and I should be very selfish, did I not participate in their seeming joy. Do not, however, suppose that I mean to exclude a man's own sorrows from his thoughts,

since that is an impossibility, and, were it possible, would be prejudicial to the human heart. I only mean that the whole mind is not to be incessantly engrossed with its cares, but with cheerful elasticity to bend itself occasionally to circumstances, and give way without hesitation, to pleasing emotions. To be pleased with little is one of the greatest blessings.

Sadness is itself sometimes infinitely more pleasing than joy; but this sadness must be of the expansive and generous kind, rather referring to mankind at large, than the individual; and this is a feeling not incompatible with cheerfulness and a contented spirit. There is difficulty, however, in setting bounds to a pensive disposition: I have felt it, and I have felt that I am not always adequate to the task. I sailed from Hull to Barton, the day before yesterday, on a rough and windy day, in a vessel filled with a marching regiment of soldiers; the band played finely, and I was enjoying the many pleasing emotions which the water, sky, winds, and musical instruments, excited, when my thoughts were suddenly called away to more melancholy subjects. A girl, genteelly dressed, and with a countenance which, for its loveliness, a painter might have copied for Hebe, with a loud laugh seized me by the great coat, and asked me to lend it her: she was one of those unhappy creatures who depend on the brutal and licentious for a bitter livelihood, and was now following in the train of one of the officers. I was greatly affected by her appearance and situation, and more so by that of another female who was with her, and who, with less beauty, had a wild sorrowfulness in her face, which shewed she knew her situation. This incident, apparently trifling, induced a train of reflections, which occupied me fully during a walk of six or seven miles to our parsonage. At first I wished that I had fortune to erect an asylum for all the miserable and destitute:—and there was a soldier's wife, with a wan and haggard face, and a little infant in her arms, whom I would also have wish-

ed to place in it:—I then grew out of humour with the world, because it was so unfeeling and so miserable, and because there was no cure for its miseries; and I wished for a lodging in the wilderness, where I might hear no more of wrongs, affliction, or vice: but, after all my speculations, I found there was a reason for these things, in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and that to those who sought it, there was also a cure. So I banished my vain meditations; and, knowing that God's providence is better able to direct the affairs of men than our wisdom, I leave them in his hands.

* * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, Winteringham, 5th Feb, 1795.

* * * *

THE spectacles for my father are, I hope, such as will enable him to read with ease, *although they are not set in silver*. If they hurt him through stiffness, I think the better way will be to wear them with the *end joints shut to*, and with a piece of ribbon to go round the back of the head, &c. The Romaine's Sermons, and the Cheap Tracts, are books which I thought might be useful. You may think I am not yet privileged to make presents, since they will, in the end, come out of your pocket; but I am not in want of cash at present, and have reason to believe, from my own calculations, I shall not have occasion to call upon you for what I know you can so ill spare. I was quite vexed, afterwards, that I did not send you all the volumes of the Cheap Repository; as the others, which are the *general tracts*, and such as are more entertaining, would have been well adapted to your library. When I next go to Hull, I purpose buying the remaining volumes; and when I next have occasion to send a parcel, you will receive them. The volume you have now got, contains all the *Sunday*

reading tracts, and on that account I send it separately. As I have many things to remind me of my sister Smith, I thought (though we neither of us need such mementos) that she would not be averse to receive the sermons of the great and good, though in some respects singular, Romaine, at my hands, as what old-fashioned people would call *a token of a brother's love*, but what in more courtly phrase is denominated *a memento of affection*.

TO MR. SERJEANT ROUGH.

MY DEAR SIR, Winteringham, 17th Feb, 1805.

I BLUSH when I look back to the date of your too long unanswered letter, and were I not satisfied that the contents of my sheet of post must always be too unimportant to need apology, I should now make one.

The fine and spirited song (song in the noblest sense of the word) which you sent me, on the projected invasion, demands my best thanks. The fervid patriotism which animates it, would, I think, find an echo in every bosom in England; and I hope and trust the world has not been deprived of so appropriate an exhortation. I perceive, however, one thing, which is, that your fire has been crampt by the 'crambo' of the rhyme, at all times a grievous shackle to poets, and yet capable of such sweet and expressive modulation, as makes us hug our chains, and exult in a hard servitude. My poor neglected muse has lain absolutely unnoticed by me for the last four months, during which period I have been digging in the mines of *Scapula*, for Greek roots; and instead of drinking, with eager delight, the beauties of Virgil, have been cutting and drying his phrases, for future use. The place where I live is on the banks of the Humber: here no *Sicilian* river, but rough with cold winds, and bordered with killing swamps. What with neglect, and what with the cli-

mate, so uncongenial to rural meditation, I fear my good Genius, who was wont to visit me with nightly visions 'in woods and brakes, and by the river's marge,' is now dying of a fen-ague; and I shall thus probably emerge from my retreat, not a hair-brained son of imagination, but a sedate black-lettered book-worm, with a head like an etymologicon magnum.

Forgive me this flippancy, in which I am not very apt to indulge; and let me offer my best wishes that it is not with your muse as with mine. Eloquence has always been thought akin to poetry: though her efforts are not so effectually perpetuated, she is not the less honoured, or her memory the less carefully preserved. Many very plausible hypotheses are contradicted by facts; yet I should imagine that the genius which prompted your '*Conspiracy*,' would be no common basis on which to erect a superstructure of oratorical fame. 'Est enim oratori finitimus Poëta, numeris adstrictior paulo, verborum autem licentiâ liberior, multis vero ornandi generibus socius, ac pene par,' &c. You, no doubt, are well acquainted with this passage, in the 1st Dial. de Orat. so I shall not go on with it; but I encourage a hope that I shall one day see a living proof of the truth of this position in *you*. Do not quite exclude me from a kind of fellow-feeling with you in your oratorical pursuits; for you know I must make myself a fit herald for the important message I am ordained to deliver, and I shall bestow some pains to this end. No inducement whatever should prevail on me to enter into orders, if I were not thoroughly convinced of the truth of the religion I profess, as contained in the New Testament; and I hope that whatever I know to be the truth, I shall not hesitate to proclaim, however much it may be disliked or despised. The discovery of truth, it is notorious, ought to be the object of all true philosophy; and the attainment of this end must, to a philosopher, be the greatest of all possible blessings. If, then, a man be satisfied that he has arrived at the

fountain head of pure Truth, and yet, because the generality of men hold different sentiments, dares not avow it, but tacitly gives assent to *falsehood*, he withholds from men what, according to his principles, it is for their good to know—he prefers his *personal good* to Truth—and he proves that, whatever he may profess, he is not embued with the spirit of *true* philosophy.

I have some intention of becoming a candidate for Sir William Brown's medals, this year; and, if I should it would be a great satisfaction to me, to subject my attempts to so good a classic as I understand you to be. In the mean time, you will confer a real favour on me, if you will transcribe some of your Latin verses for me, as I am anxious to see the general character of modern Latin as it is received at Cambridge; and elegant verses always give me great pleasure, in whatever language I read them. Such I know yours will be.

* * * *

In this remote corner of the world, where we have neither books nor booksellers, I am as ignorant of the affairs of the literary world as an inhabitant of Siberia. Sometimes the newspaper gives me some scanty hints; but, as I do not see a review, I cannot be said to hold converse with the *Republic*. Pray, is the voice of the Muses quite suspended in the clang of arms; or do they yet sing, though unheeded? *All* literary information will be to me quite new and interesting; but do not suppose I hope to intrude on your more valuable time with these things. When you shall have leisure, I hope to hear from you; and whatever you say, coming from you, it cannot fail to interest.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. K. SWANN.

DEAR KIRKE, Winteringham, 16th March, 1805.

* * * *

I was affected by the death of young B——. He once called upon me with Mr. H——, when I was very ill, and on that occasion Mr. H—— said to us both, '*Young men, I would have you both pack off to Lisbon, or you won't last long if you stay here.*' Mr. H—— was then about to set out for Hamburgh: and he told me, afterwards, that he never expected to see me again, for that he thought I was more desperately gone in consumption than B——. Yet you see how the good providence of God has spared me; and I am yet living, as I trust, to serve him with all my strength. Had I died then, I should have perished for ever: but I have now hope, through the Lord Jesus, that I shall see the day of death with joy, and possibly be the means of rescuing others from a similar situation. I certainly thought of the ministry, at first, with improper motives; and my views of Christianity were for a long time very obscure: but I have, I trust, gradually been growing out of darkness into light; and I feel a well-grounded hope that God has sanctified my heart for great and valuable purposes. Woe be unto me if I frustrate his designs!

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

MY DEAR NEVILLE, Winteringham, April, 1805.

* * * *

You wrote me a long sheet this last time, and I have every reason to be satisfied with it, yet I sometimes wish I could make you write closer and smaller. Since your mind must necessarily be now much taken up

with other things, I dare not press my former inquiries on subjects of reading. When your leisure season comes, I shall be happy to hear from you on these topics.

It is a remark of an ancient philosophical poet (Horace), that every man thinks his neighbour's condition happier than his own; and, indeed, common experience shews, that we are too apt to entertain romantic notions of absent, and to think meanly of present, things; to extol what we have had no experience of, and to be discontented with what we possess. The man of business sighs for the sweets of leisure: the person who, with a taste for reading, has few opportunities for it, thinks that man's life the sum of bliss, who has nothing to do but to study. Yet it often happens that the condition of the envier is happier than that of the envied. You have read Dr. Johnson's tale of the poor Tallow-Chandler, who, after sighing for the quiet of country life, at length scraped money enough to retire; but found his long-sought-for leisure so insupportable, that he made a voluntary offer to his successor, to come up to town every Friday, and melt tallow for him gratis. It would be so with half the men of business, who sigh so earnestly for the sweets of retirement; and you may receive it as one of the maturest observations I have been able to make on human life, that there is no condition so happy as that of him who leads a life of full and constant employment. His amusements have a zest which men of pleasure would gladly undergo all his drudgery to experience: and the regular succession of business, provided his situation be not too anxious, drives away from his brain those harassing speculations which are continually assaulting the man of leisure and the man of reading. The studious man, though his pleasures are of the most refined species, finds cares and disturbing thoughts in study. To think much and deeply will soon make a man sad. His thoughts, ever

on the wing, often carry him where he shudders to be even in imagination. He is like a man in sleep—sometimes his dreams are pleasing, but, at others, horror itself takes possession of his imagination; and this inequality of mind is almost inseparable from much meditation and mental exercise. From this cause, it often happens that lettered and philosophical men are peevish in their tempers, and austere in their manners. The inference I would draw from these remarks is generally this, that although every man carries about him the seeds of happiness or misery in his own bosom, yet it is a truth not liable to many exceptions, that men are more equally free from anxiety and care, in proportion as they recede from the more refined and mental, to the grosser and bodily employments and modes of life; but that the happiest condition is placed in the middle, between the extremes of both. Thus, a person with a moderate love of reading, and few opportunities of indulging it, would be inclined to envy one in my situation, because such a one has nothing to do but to read: but I could tell him that, though my studious pleasures are more comprehensive than his, they are not more exquisite; and that an occasional banquet gives more delight than a continual feast. Reading should be dearer to you than to me, because I always read, and you but seldom.

Almond and I took a small boat, on Monday, and set out for Hull, a distance of thirteen miles, as some compute it, though others make it less. We went very merrily with a good pair of oars, until we came within four miles of Hull, when, owing to some hard working, we were quite exhausted; but, as the tide was nearly down, and the shore soft, we could not get to any villages on the banks. At length we made Hull, and just arrived in time to be grounded in the middle of the harbour, without any possible means of getting ashore till the flux or flood. As we were half famished, I determined to wade ashore for provisions,

and had the satisfaction of getting above the knees in mud almost every step I made. When I got ashore, I recollected I had given Almond all my cash. This was a terrible dilemma—to return back was too laborious, and I expected the tide flowing every minute. At last I determined to go to the inn where we usually dine when we go to Hull, and try how much credit I possessed there; and I happily found no difficulty in procuring refreshments, which I carried off in triumph to the boat. Here new difficulties occurred; for the tide had flowed in considerably during my absence, although not sufficiently to move the boat, so that my wade was much worse back than it had been before. On our return, a most placid and calm day was converted into a cloudy one, and we had a brisk gale in our teeth. Knowing we were quite safe, we struck across from Hull to Barton; and when we were off Hazel Whelps, a place which is always rough, we had some tremendous swells, which we weathered admirably, and (bating our getting on the wrong side of a bank, owing to the deceitful appearance of the coast) we had a prosperous voyage home, having rowed twenty-six miles in less than five hours.

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TO MR. K. SWANN.

MY DEAR KIRKE, Winteringham, 6th April, 1805.

* * * *

Your complaint of the lukewarmness of your affections towards spiritual things, is a very common one with Christians. We all feel it; and, if it be attended with an earnest desire to acquit ourselves in this respect, and to recover our wonted fervour, it is a complaint indicative of our faithfulness. In cases of Christian experience, I submit my own opinion to any

body's, and have too serious a distrust of it myself, to offer it as a rule or maxim of unquestionable authority; but I have found, and think, that the best remedy against lukewarmness, is an obstinate persisting in prayer, until our affections be moved; and a regular habit of going to religious duties with a prepared and meek heart, thinking more of obtaining communion with God, than of spending so many minutes in seeking it. Thus, when we pray, we must not kneel down with the idea that we are to spend so many minutes in supplication, and, after the usual time has elapsed, go about our regular business. We must remind ourselves that we have *an object* in prayer; and that, until that object be attained, that is, until we are satisfied that our Father hears us, we are not to conceive that our duty is performed, although we may be in the posture of prayer for an hour.

* * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Winteringham, 12th April, 1805.

* * * *

I HAVE constructed a planetarium, or *orrery*, of a very simple kind, which cannot fail to give even children an idea of the order and course of the heavenly bodies. I shall write a few plain and simple lectures upon it, with lessons to be got off by heart by the children, so that you will be able, without any difficulty, to teach them the rudiments of astronomy. The machine, simple as it may seem, is such that you cannot fail to understand the planetary system by it; and, were it not that I cannot afford the additional expense, I could make it much more complete and interesting. You must not expect anything striking in the instrument itself, as it only consists of an index-plate, with

rods and balls.—It will explain the situation of the planets, their courses, the motion of the earth and the moon, the causes of the *seasons*, the different lengths of day and night, the reason of eclipses, transits, &c. When you have seen it, and read the explanatory lectures, you will be able to judge of its plainness; and, if you find you understand it, you may teach geography scholars its use. Should it fail in other points of view, it will be useful to Maria and Catharine.

* * * *

Remember to keep up the plan of family worship on Sundays, with strictness, until I come; and it will probably pave the way for still farther improvements, which I may, perhaps, have an opportunity of making while I stay with you. Let Maria and Catharine be more particularly taught to regard Sunday as a day set apart from all worldly occupations. Let them have every thing prepared for the Sabbath, on the preceding day; and be carefully warned, on that day in particular, to avoid paying too great attention to dress. I know how important habits like these will be to their future happiness, even in this world; and I therefore press this with earnestness.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Wintering[illegible]ham, 20th May, 18[illegible]5.

* * * *

My first business must be to thank you for the * * which I received by Mr. K. Swann; you must not suppose that I feel reluctance to lie under obligations to so affectionate a brother, when I say, that I have felt uneasy ever since, on more accounts than one. I am convinced, in the first place, that you have little

to spare; and I fear, in the second, that I shall prove a hindrance to a measure which I know to be necessary for your health; I mean, your going to some watering-place for the benefit of sea-bathing. I am aware of the nature of injuries received at the joints, especially the knee; and I am sure nothing will strengthen your knee more, for the present, and prevent the recurrence of disease in it, for the future. I would have you, therefore, if by any means you can be spared in London, go to one of the neighbouring coasts, and take sufficient time to recover your strength. You may pitch upon some pleasant place, where there will be sufficient company to amuse you, and not so much as to create bustle, and make a toil of reflection, and turn retirement into riot. Since you must be as sensible as I am, that this is necessary for your health, I shall be assured, if you do not go, that I am the cause; a consideration I would gladly spare myself.

* * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

MY DEAR BROTHER, Nottingham, June, 1805.

I WROTE you a long letter from Wintringham, some time ago, which I now apprehend you have never received, or, if you have, some more important concerns have occupied your time than writing to me on general subjects. Feeling, however, rather weary, to-night, I have determined to send this sheet to you, as a proof that, if I am not a punctual, I am certainly far from a ceremonious, correspondent.

Our adventure on the Humber you should have learnt from K. Swann, who, with much minuteness, filled up three sides of a letter to his friend with the account. The matter was simply this: He, Almond, and myself, made an excursion about twelve or four-

teen miles up the Humber; on our return, ran aground, were left by the tide on a sandbank, and were obliged to remain six hours in an open boat, exposed to a heavy rain, high wind, and piercing cold, until the tide rose, when two men brought a boat to our assistance. We got home about twelve o'clock at night: no evil consequences ensued, owing to our using every exertion we could think of to keep warmth in our bodies.

* * * *

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Nottingham, 27th June, 1805.

It is some time since I wrote to you, and still longer since I heard from you; but you are acquainted with my unceremonious disposition, and will, I hope, pardon me for obtruding, an unbidden guest, on your notice. I have a question to ask of you, in the first place; and I shall then fill up my letter with all the familiarity of a man talking by your side, and saying anything, rather than be accused of saying nothing. My leisure will scarcely permit me to write to you again while I am here, and I shall therefore make the best use of the present occasion.

* * * *

We have been fagging through Rollin's Ancient History, and some other historical books, as I believe to no great purpose. Rollin is a valuable and truly pious writer, but so crammed and garnished with reflections, that you lose the thread of the story, while the poor man is prosing about the morality of it; when, too, after all, the moral is so obvious as not to need insisting upon. You may give my compliments to your good friends, Galen, Hippocrates, and Para-

celsus, and tell them I had much rather pay them my devoirs at a distance, than come into close contact with them or their cathartics. Medical Greek and Medical Latin would act as a sudorific upon any man who should hear their tremendous technicals pronounced with the true *ore rotundo* of a Scotch physician.

And now, my dear sir, we will cry a truce to flippancy—I have neither time nor inclination to indulge in it to excess. You and I have been some time asunder in the pursuit of our several studies; you to the lively and busy seat of gaiety, fashion, and folly; I to the retired haunts of a secluded village, and the studious walls of a silent and ancient parsonage. At first sight, one would think that my lot had been most profitable, as undoubtedly it is most secure; but when we come to consider the present state of things in the capital, the boundless opportunities of spiritual improvement which offer themselves, and the very superior society which every serious man may there join with, the tables seem turned in your favour. I hope and trust this is really the case, and that, with philosophical strength of mind, you have turned an unregarding ear to the voice of folly, and continued fixed upon the serener and far more exquisite occupations of a religious life. I have been cultivating, in retirement, by slow and imperceptible degrees, a closer communion with God; but you have been led, as it were, in triumph, by the energetic discourses of the many good men whom you have had the opportunity of hearing, to heights of religious satisfaction, which I can at present only sigh for at a distance. I appeal to you whether the grace of God is not the source of exquisite enjoyments. What can be more delightful than that sweet and placid calm which it casts over one's mind; or than the tenderness it sheds abroad in our hearts, both with regard to God, and our poor fellow-labourers? Even worldly-minded men confess

that this life is, at best, but a scene of anxiety, and disappointment, and distress. How absurd, then, and inconsistent, must be their conduct, when, in spite of this so general and confirmed an experience, they neglect what can alone alleviate the sorrows of this life, and provide for the happiness of the next? How much more is he to be envied, who can exclaim, with St. Paul, '*The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.*' '*I have learnt, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.*' '*The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever.*' There is, in truth, an indescribable satisfaction in the service of God; his grace imparts such composure in time of trouble, and such fortitude in the anticipation of it, at the same time that it increases our pleasures by making them innocent, that the Christian, viewed either as militant in this troublesome scene, or as a traveller who is hastening, by a difficult but short journey, to a better country, is a most enviable and happy character. The man who lives without God in the world, on the other hand, has neither rest here, nor certainty or hope for the future. His reflections must, at all times, be dubious and dark, not to say distressing; and his most exquisite enjoyments must have a sting of fear and apprehension in them, which is felt when the gay hour is over, and its joys no more remembered. Many wicked and dissipated men sigh in secret for the state of the righteous; but they conceive there are insuperable obstacles in the way of religion, and that they must amend their lives, before they can hope for acceptance, or even dare to *seek* acceptance, with God: but what a miserable delusion is this! If this were truly the case, how awful would be the condition of the sinner! for we know that our hearts are so depraved, and so obstinately addicted to sin, that they cannot forsake it without some more than mortal power to cut asunder the bonds of innate corruption, and

loosen the affections from this sinful bondage. I was talking, a few days ago, with a young surgeon who is just returned from the East Indies, and was expostulating with him on his dissolute habits: 'Sir,' said he, 'I know you are happy, and I would give worlds to be able to subdue my passions; but is impossible, it never *can* be done: I have made resolutions; and the only effect has been that I have plunged deeper into vice than ever.' What could be a stronger illustration of the Scripture truth, That man's heart is naturally corrupt and desperately wicked? Since wickedness is misery, can we conceive that an all-good and benevolent God would have *originally* created man with such a disposition? It is sin which hath made the world a vale of tears. It is the power of the cross of Jesus Christ alone that can redeem us from our natural depravity:—Yes, my friend, '*We know* on *whom* we have believed; and we are persuaded that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto him against the great day.' When I occasionally reflect on the history of the time when the great Redeemer appeared, behold God preparing his way before him, uniting all the civilized world in one language (Greek,) for the speedier disseminating of the blessed Gospel; and then, when I compare his precepts with those of the most famous of ancient sages, and meditate on his life, his manners, his sufferings, and cruel death, I am lost in wonder, love, and gratitude. Such a host of evidence attended him, as no power but that of the devil could withstand. His doctrines, compared with the morality of the then world, seem indeed to have dropt down from heaven. His meekness, his divine compassion and pity for, and forgiveness of, his bitterest enemies, convince me that he was indeed the Word; that he was what he professed to be, God, in his Son, reconciling the world to himself. These thoughts open my eyes to my own wretched ingratitude, and disregard of so merciful and

compassionate a master; under such impressions, I could ardently long to be separated altogether from the affairs of this life, and live alone to my Redeemer. But alas! this does not last long—the pleasing outside of the delusive world entices my heart away; beauty smiles me into a disgust of religion, and the fear of singularity frowns me into the concealment of it. How artfully does the arch-deceiver insinuate himself into our hearts! He tells us that there is a deal of unnecessary moroseness in religion, a deal too humiliating conditions in the Gospel, and many ignorant absurdities in its professors; while, on the other hand, the polite world is so cheerful and pleasing, so full of harmless gaiety and refined elegance, that we cannot but love it. This is an insidious species of reasoning. Could we but see things in their true colours, were *but the false varnish off*, the society of the Gospel would seem an assembly of angels, and that of the world a congregation of devils: but it is the best way not to reason with the tempter. I have a talisman which at once puts to flight all his arguments; it is the name of my Saviour, and against that the gates of hell *shall not* prevail. That is my anchor and my confidence: I can go with that to the bed of death, and lift up the eyes of the dying and despairing wretch to the great Intercessor; I can go with this into the society of the cheerful, and come away with lightness of heart and entertainment of spirit. In every circumstance of life I can join with Job, who, above fourteen hundred years before Jesus Christ, exclaims, in the fervour of anticipation, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'

The power of the Gospel was never more strongly illustrated than in the late mission to Greenland. These poor and unlettered tribes, who inhabit nearly

the extremest verge of animal existence, heard the discourses of the Danish missionaries, on the being of a God, with stupid unconcern, expressed their assent to everything that was proposed to them, and then hoped to extort some present for their complacency. For ten years did a very learned and pious man labour among them without the coversion of a single soul. He thought that he must prove to them the existence of a God, and the original stain of our natures, before he could preach the peculiar doctrines of the gospel; and he could never get over this first step; for they either could not understand it, or would not; and when no presents were to be had, turned away in disgust. At length he saw his error, and the plan of operations was altered. Jesus Christ was preached in simplicity, without any preparation. The Greenlanders seemed thoughtful, amazed, and confounded; their eyes were opened to their depraved and lost state. The Gospel was received every where with ardent attention. The flame spread like wild-fire over the icy wastes of Greenland; numbers came from the remotest recesses of the Northern Ocean, to hear the word of life; and the greater part of the population of that extensive country has in time been baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

I have now filled my sheet.—Pardon my prolixity, and believe me, my prayers are offered up, frequently, for your continuance of the path you have chosen. For myself, I need *your* prayers—may we be a mutual assistance to each other, and to all our fellow-labourers in the Lord Jesus.

Believe me your sincere friend,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

Nottingham, 6th July, 1805.

DEAR CHARLESWORTH,

* * * *

I BEG you will admire the elegance of texture and shape of the sheet on which I have the honour to write to you, and beware lest, in drawing your conclusions, you conceive that I have turned exciseman;—for I assure you I write altogether in character;—a poor Cambridge scholar, with a patrimony of a few old books, an ink-horn, and some sundry quires of paper, manufactured as the envelopes of pounds of tea, but converted into repositories of learning and taste.

The classics are certainly in disrepute. The ladies have no more reverence for Greek and Latin, than they have for an old peruke or the ruffles of Queen Anne. I verily believe that they would hear Homer's Greek, without evidencing one mark of terror and awe, even though spouted by a university orator, or a Westminster Stentor. *O tempora! O mores!* The rural elegance of the twanging *French horn*, and the vile squeak of the *Italian fiddle*, are more preferred than all the energy, and all the sublimity, of all the Greek and Roman orators, historians, poets, and philosophers, put together. Now, sir, as a classic, I cannot bear to have the honourable fame of the ancients thus despised and contemned, and therefore I have a controversy with all the beaux and belles, Frenchmen and Italians. When they tell me that I walk by rule and compass, that I balance my body with strict regard to the centre of gravity, and that I have more Greek in my pate than grace in my limbs, I can bear it all in sullen silence, for you know it must be a libel, since I am no mathematician, and therefore cannot have learned to walk ill by system. As for grace, I

do believe, since I read Xenophon, I am become a very elegant man, and in due time shall be able to spout Pindar; dancing, in due gradation, the advancing, retrograde, and medium steps, according to the regular progress of the strophe, antistrophe, and epode. You and I will be very fashionable men, after the manner of the Greeks: we will institute an orchestra for the exercise of the *ars saltandi*, and will recline at our meals on the legitimate Triclinium of the ancients—only banish all modern beaux and belles, to whom I am a professed and declared enemy.

So much for flippancy—

Vale! S. R. V. B. E. E. Q. V.

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. SERJEANT ROUGH.

MY DEAR SIR, Brigg, near Winteringham, July, 1805

I HAVE just missed you at Lincoln, where I had some expectations of seeing you; and, had not circumstances prevented, I had certainly waited there till to-morrow morning for that purpose. This letter, which I wrote at Brigg, I shall convey to you at Kirton, by some person going to the session; many of whom, I have no doubt, are to be found in this litigious little town.

Your mis-directed epistle, to my great sorrow, never reached my hands. As I was very anxious to get it, I made many inquiries at the post-offices round; but they were all in vain. I consider this as a real loss; and I hope you will regard me as still under the pressure of vexation, until I receive some substitute from your hands.

Had I any certain expectation of hearing you address *the Court* or *Jury sworn*, at Kirton, no circumstances should prevent me from being present; so do I long to mark the dawning of that eloquence which

will one day ring through every court in the Midland Circuit. I think the noise of * * *, the overbearing petulance of * * *, and the decent assurance of * * * will readily yield to that pure, chaste, and manly eloquence, which, I have no doubt, you chiefly cultivate. It seems to me, who am certainly no very competent judge, that there is a uniform *mode*, or *art*, of pleading in our courts, which is in itself faulty, and is, moreover, a bar to the higher excellences. You know, before a barrister begins, in what manner he will treat the subject; you anticipate his *positiveness*, his complete confidence in the stability of his case, his contempt of his opponent, his voluble exaggeration, and the vehemence of his indignation. All these are as of course. It is no matter what sort of a face the business assume: if Mr.—— be all impetuosity, astonishment, and indignation, on one side, we know he would not have been a whit less impetuous, less astonished, or less indignant, on the other, had he happened to be retained. It is true, this assurance of success, this contempt of an opponent, and dictatorial decision in speaking, are calculated to have effect on the minds of a jury; and, if it be the business of a counsel to obtain his ends by *any* means, he is right to adopt them; but the misfortune is, that all these things are mechanical, and as much in the power of the opposite counsel as in your own; so that it is not so much who argues best, as who speaks last, loudest, and longest. True eloquence, on the other hand, is confident only where there is real ground for confidence; trusts more to reason and facts than to imposing declamation, and seeks rather to convince than dazzle. The obstreperous rant of a pleader may, for a while, intimidate a jury; but plain and manly argument, delivered in a candid and ingenious manner, will more effectually work upon their understandings, and will make an impression on which the froth of declamation will be lost. I think a man who

would plead in this manner, would gain the confidence of a jury, and would find the avenues of their hearts much more open, than a man of more assurance, who, by too much confidence where there is much doubt, and too much vehemence where there is greater need of coolness, puts his hearers continually in mind that he is pleading for hire. There seems to me to be so much beauty in truth, that I could wish our barristers would make a distinction between cases, in their opinion, well or ill-founded; embarking their whole heart and soul in the one, and contenting themselves with a perspicuous and forcible statement of their client's case, in the other.

Pardon my rambling. The *cacoethes scribendi* can only be used by indulgence; and we have all a propensity to talk about things we do not understand.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, Winteringham, August 20th, 1805.

* * * *

I AM very sensible of all your affection, in your anxiety that I should not diminish my books; but I am by no means relieved from the anxiety which, on more accounts than one, I am under, as to my present situation, so great a burden to the family, when I ought to be a support. My father made some heavy complaints, when I was at home; and though I am induced to believe that he is enough harassed to render it very excusable, yet I cannot but feel strongly the peculiarity of my situation; and, at my age, feel ashamed that I should add to his burdens. At present, I have my hands completely tied behind me. When I get to college, I hope to have more opportunities of advantage; and, if I am fortunate, I shall probably relieve my father and mother from the weight

which I now lay upon them. I wish you, if you read this letter to my mother, to omit this part.

* * * * *

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Wintcringham, Sept. 10th, 1805.

YOUR letter has at length reached me at this place, where I have been, for the last ten months, employed in classical reading, with Mr. Grainger. It gives me pleasure to hear of you and of poetry: for, since I came here, I have not only been utterly shut out from all intercourse with the lettered world, but have totally laid aside the pen of inspiration. I have been actuated to this by a sense of duty; for I wish to prove that I have not coveted the ministerial office through the desire of learned leisure, but with an ardent wish to do my duty as a teacher of the truth. I should blush to present myself as a candidate for that office, in an unqualified and unprepared state; and, as I have placed my idea of the necessary qualifications very high, all the time between now and my taking my degree will be little enough for these purposes alone. I often, however, cast a look of fond regret to the darling occupations of my younger hours; and the tears rush into my eyes as I fancy I see the few wild flowers of poetic genius, with which I have been blessed, withering with neglect. Poetry has been to me something more than amusement; it has been a cheering companion, when I have had no other to fly to; and a delightful solace, when consolation has been in some measure needful. I cannot, therefore, discard so old and faithful a friend, without deep regret; especially when I reflect that, stung by my ingratitude, he may desert me for ever!

* * *

With regard to your intended publication, you do me too much honour by inserting my puerilities along with such good company as I know I shall meet there. I wish I could present you with some sonnets worthy of your work. I have looked back amongst my old papers, and find a few verses under that name, which were written between the time when 'Clifton Grove' was sent to the press, and its final appearance. The looking over these papers has recalled a little of my old warmth; and I have scribbled some lines, which, as they owe their rise to your letter, I may fairly (if I have room) present to you. I cannot read the sonnets which I have found amongst my papers, with pleasure, and therefore I shall not presume to shew them to you. I shall anxiously expect the publication of your work.

I shall be in Cambridge, next month; being admitted a sizar at St. John's. Trinity would have suited my plans better; but the expenses of that college are greater.

With thanks for your kind remembrance of me, I remain, Dear Sir,

Very respectfully and thankfully yours,

H. K. WHITE.

YES, my stray steps have wander'd, wander'd far
From thee, and long, heart-soothing Poësy!
And many a flower, which in the passing time
My heart hath register'd, nipp'd by the chill
Of undeserv'd neglect, hath shrunk and died.
Heart-soothing Poësy!—Though thou hast ceas'd
To hover o'er the many-voiced strings
Of my long silent lyre, yet thou canst still
Call the warm tear from its thrice-hallow'd cell,
And with recalled images of bliss
Warm my reluctant heart. Yes, I would throw,
Once more would throw, a quick and hurried hand

O'er the responding chords.—It hath not ceas'd—
It cannot, will not cease; the heavenly warmth
Plays round my heart, and mantles o'er my cheek;
Still, though unbidden, plays. —Fair Poësy!
The summer and the spring, the wind and rain,
Sunshine and storm, with various interchange,
Have mark'd full many a day, and week, and month,
Since, by dark wood, or hamlet far retir'd,
Spell-struck, with thee I loiter'd. —Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds!—It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to that deep-bespangled vault,
Wreathe thy enchanted tresses round thine arm,
And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee, on thy night's work,
Up to the regions of thrice-chasten'd fire,
Or, in the caverns of the ocean flood,
Thrid the light mazes of thy volant foot.
Yet other duties call me, and mine ear
Must turn away from the high minstrelsy
Of thy soul-trancing harp, unwillingly
Must turn away; there are severer strains,
(And surely they are sweet as ever smote
The ear of spirit, from this mortal coil
Releas'd and disembodied), there are strains,
Forbid to all, save those whom solemn thought,
Through the probation of revolving years,
And mighty converse with the spirit of truth,
Have purg'd and purified.—To these my soul
Aspireth; and to this sublimer end
I gird myself, and climb the toilsome steep
With patient expectation.—Yea, sometimes
Foretaste of bliss rewards me; and sometimes
Spirits unseen upon my footsteps wait,
And minister strange music, which doth seem
Now near, now distant, now on high, now low,
Then swelling from all sides, with bliss complete
And full fruition filling all the soul.
Surely such ministry, though rare, may soothe

The steep ascent, and cheat the lassitude
Of toil; and but that my fond heart
Reverts to day-dreams of the summer gone,
When, by clear fountain or embower'd brake,
I lay, a listless muser, prizing, far
Above all other lore, the poet's theme;
But for such recollections I could brace
My stubborn spirit for the arduous path
Of science, unregretting; eye afar
Philosophy upon her steepest height,
And, with bold step and resolute attempt,
Pursue her to the innermost recess,
Where thron'd in light she sits, the Queen of Truth.

These verses form nearly the only poetical effort of this year. Pardon their imperfections.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, St. John's, Oct. 18th, 1805.

I AM at length finally settled in my rooms; and, according to my promise, I write to you to tell you so. I did not feel quite comfortable at first here; but now I begin to feel at home, and relish my silent and thoughtful cup of tea more than ever. Amongst our various occupations, that of attending chapel is to me not the least irksome; for the service is read, in general, below the span of my auditory nerve; but, when they chant, I am quite charmed, for our organ is fine, and the voices are good. This is, however, only on high days and festivals, in which number the present day is to be reckoned (St. Luke's).

My mathematical studies do not agree with me; and you may satisfy yourself I shall never be a senior wrangler. Many men come up with knowledge enough for the highest honours; and how can a man be ex-

pected to keep up with them, who starts without any previous fund? Our lectures begin on Monday; and then I shall know more of college difficulties.

My rooms are in the top story of the farthest court of St. John's, (which you perhaps remember) near the cloisters. They are light, and tolerably pleasant; though, as there was no furniture in them, and I have not yet bought many necessary articles, they look very bare. Your phiz over the chimney-piece has been recognised by two of my fellow-students; the one recollected its likeness to Mr. Maddock, of Magdalene; and the other said it was like a young man whom he had seen with Mr. Maddock, and whom he supposed to be his brother.

Of my new acquaintances, I have become intimate with a Mr. * * *, who, I hope, will be senior wrangler. He is a very serious and friendly man, and a man of no common *mathematical* talents. He lives in the same court with me. Besides him, I know of none whose friendship I should value; and, *including* him, no one, whose hand I would take in preference to that of my old friend, so long as I see my old friend with his old face. When you have learned to be other than what you are, I shall not regret that B. M. is no longer my friend, but that my former friend is now no more.

* * * *

I walked through Magdalene, the other day; and I could not help anticipating the time when I should come to drink your tea, and swallow your bread and butter, within the sacred walls. You must know our college was originally a convent for Black Friars; and if a man of the reign of Henry the sixth were to peep out of his grave in the adjoining churchyard, and look into our portals, judging by our dress and appearance, he might deem us a convent of Black Friars still. Some of our brethren, it is true, would seem of

very unsightly bulk; but many of them, with eyes sunk into their heads, from poring over the mathematics, might pass very well for the fasting and mortified shadows of penitent monks.

With regard to the expenses of *our* college, I can now speak decisively; and I can tell you, that I shall be here an independent man. I am a senior sizar, under very favourable circumstances; and, I believe, the profits of my situation will nearly equal the actual expenses of the college. But this is no rule for other colleges. I am on the *best side* (there are two divisions) of St. John's; and the expenses here are less than any where else in the university.

I have this week written some very elaborate verses for a college prize; and I have at length learned that I am not qualified for a competitor, not being a Lady Margaret's scholar: so that I have lost my labour.—Compared with the other men of this large college, I find I am a respectable classic; and, if I had time to give to the languages, I think I should ultimately succeed in them, in no small degree; but the fates forbid; mathematics I must read, and in mathematics I know I never shall excel. These are harassing reflections for a poor young man gaping for a fellowship!

If I chose, I could find a good deal of religious society here, but I must not indulge myself with it too much. Mr. Simeon's preaching strikes me much.

* * * *

I beg you will answer a thousand such questions as these, without my asking them.

This is a letter of intelligence:—next shall be sentiment (or Gothic arch, for they are synonymous, according to Mr. M.)

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, St. John's, Oct. 26th, 1805.

* * * *

You seem to repose so little confidence in what I say with regard to my college expenses, that I am not encouraged to hope you will give me much credit for what I am about to say, namely, that, had I no money at all, either from my friends or Mr. Simeon, I could manage to live here. My situation is so favourable, and the necessary expenses so very few, that I shall want very little more than will suffice for clothes and books. I have got the bills of Mr. * *, a sizar of this college, now before me; and from them, and his own account, I will give you a statement of what my college bills will amount to.

* * * *

Thus, my college expenses will not be more than 12*l.* or 15*l.* a-year at the most. I shall not have any occasion for the whole sum I have a claim upon Mr. Simeon for; and, if things go well, I shall be able to live without being dependent on any one. The Mr. * *, whose bills I have borrowed, has been at college three years. He came over from * *, with 10*l.* in his pocket; and has no friend, or any income or emolument whatever, except what he receives for his sizarship; yet he does support himself, and that, too, very genteelly. It is only men's extravagance that makes college life so expensive. There are sizars at St. John's who spend 150*l.* a-year: but they are gay, dissipated men, who choose to be sizars, in order that they may have more money to lavish on their pleasures. Our dinners and suppers cost us nothing; and if a man choose to eat milk-breakfasts, and go without tea, he may live absolutely for nothing; for his college emol-

uments will cover the rest of his expenses. Tea is, indeed, almost superfluous, since we do not rise from dinner till half-past three, and the supper bell rings a quarter before nine. Our mode of living is not to be complained of, for the table is covered with all possible variety; and, on feast days, which our fellows take care are pretty frequent, we have wine.

You will now, I trust, feel satisfied on this subject; and will no longer give yourself unnecessary uneasiness on my account.

* * * *

I was unfortunate enough to be put into unfurnished rooms, so that my furniture will cost me a little more than I expected; I suppose about 15*l.* or perhaps not quite so much. I sleep on a hair-mattress, which I find just as comfortable as a bed; it only cost me 4*l.* along with blankets, counterpane, and pillows, &c. I have three rooms a sitting-room, a bed-room, and a kind of scullery or pantry. My sitting-room is very light and pleasant; and, what does not often happen, the walls are in good case, having been lately stained green.

I must commission my sister to make me a pair of letter-racks; but they must not be fine, because my furniture is not very fine. I think the old shape (or octagons, one upon another) is the neatest, and white the best colour. I wish Maria would paint vignettes in the squares; because then I should see how her drawing proceeds. You must know that these are not intended as mere matters of show; but are intended to answer some purpose. There are so many particular places to attend on particular days, that unless a man is very cautious, he has nothing else to do than to pay forfeits for non-attendance. A few cards and a little rack will be a short way of helping the rmemoy.

I think I must get a supply of sugar from London; for, if I buy it here, it will cost me 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound,

which is rather too much. I have got tea enough to last the term out.

* * * *

Although you may be quite easy on the subject of my future support, yet you must not form splendid ideas of my success at the university; for the lecturers all speak so low, and we sit at such a distance, that I cannot hear a syllable; I have, therefore, no more advantage than if I were studying at home.

I beg we may have no more doubts and fears, at least on my score. I think I am now very near being off your hands; and, since my education at the university is quite secure, you need not entertain gloomy apprehensions for the future; my maintenance will at all events, be decent and respectable: and you must not grieve yourself because I cannot be as rich as an alderman.

* * * * *

Do not shew this letter to *all comers*, nor leave it about; for people will have a very mean idea of university education, when they find it costs so little; but, if they are saucy on the subject, tell them—I have a lord just under me.

TO THE REV. JOHN DASHWOOD.

DEAR SIR, St. John's, Oct. 26th, 1805.

It is now many months since I wrote to you, and I have not received any answer. I should not have troubled you with this letter, but that, considering how much I owe to you, I thought the rules and observances of strict etiquette might, with moral propriety, be dispensed with.

Suffer me therefore to tell you, that I am quietly and

comfortably settled at St. John's; silently conforming myself to the habits of college life, and pursuing my studies with such moderation as I think necessary for my health. I feel very much at home, and tolerably happy: although the peculiar advantages of university education will in a great measure be lost to me, since there is not one of the lecturers whom I am able to hear.

My literary ambition is, I think, now fast subsiding, and a better emulation springing up in its room. I conceive that, considering the disadvantages under which I labour, very little can be expected from me in the Senate House. I shall not, however, remit my exertions; but shall at least strive to acquit myself with credit, though I cannot hope for the more splendid honours.

With regard to my college expenses, I have the pleasure to inform you, that my situation is so favourable, that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to waive the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum Mr. Simeon mentioned, after the first year; and it is not impossible that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure in the thought of this, not through any vain pride of independence, but because I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the Truth, than if I were *supposed* to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended, as for actually afforded, assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burden, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when, *in the eyes of the world*, the obligation to it has been discharged.

I hope you will, ere long, relieve me from the painful thought that I lie under your displeasure; and believe me, Dear sir,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. CHARLESWORTH.

* * * *

Cum diutius à te frustra litteras expectâssem, memet in animum tuum revocare aut iterum otio obtrudere nolebam.

Penes te erat aut nobiscum denuo per litteras colloqui aut familiaritatem et necessitatem nostram silentio dimittere. Hoc te prætulisse jam diu putaveram, cùm epistola tua mihi in manus venit.

* * * * *

Has litteras scribebam intra sanctos Sanctissimi Johannis Collegii muros, in celeberrimâ hâc nostrâ academiâ Cantabrigiæ.

Hic tranquillitate denique litterarum propriâ, summâ cum voluptate conjunctâ, fruor. Hic omnes discendi vias, omnes scientiæ rationes indago et persequor: nescio quid tandem evasurus. Certe si parum proficio, mihi culpæ jure datum erit; modo valetudo me sinat.

Haud tamen vereor, si verum dicere cogor, ut satis proficiam: quanquam infirmis auribus aliorum lecturas vix unquam audire queam. In Mathematicis parum adhuc profeci: utpote qui perarduum certamen cum eruditissimis quibusque in veterum linguis et moribus versatis jamjam sim initurus.

His in studiis pro mea perbrevi sané et tanquam hesternâ consuetudine haud mediocriter sum versatus.

Latinè minus eleganter scribere videor quam Græcè: neque vero eâdem voluptate scriptores Latinos lectito quam Græcos: cum autem omnem industriæ meæ vim Romanis litteris contulerim, haud dubito quin faciles mihi et propitias eas faciam.

Te etiam revocatum velim ad hæc elegantia deli-

ciasque litterarum. Quid enim accommodatius videri potest aut ad animum quotidianis curis laboribusque oppressum reficiendum et recreandum, aut ad mentem et facultates ingenii acuendas, quam exquisita et expolita summàque vi et acumine ingenii elaborata veterum scriptorum opera?

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

MY DEAR JAMES, St. John's Nov. 1805.

You do not know how anxious I am to hear how you go on in all things; and whether you still persist in steadfastness and seriousness. I know, my dear lad, that your heart is too good to run into actual *vice*; yet I fear the example of gay and wicked persons may lead you to think lightly of religion, and then who knows where it may end? Neville, however, will always be your director; and I trust you conceal none even of your very thoughts, from him. Continue, James, to solicit the fatherly superintendence of your Maker, night and morning. I shall not fear for you, while I am assured you do this fervently, and not in a hurried or slovenly manner. With constant prayer we have nothing to fear from the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil: God will bring us through it, and will save us in the midst of peril. If we consider the common condition of man's life, and the evils and misfortunes to which we are daily exposed, we have need to bless God, every moment, for sparing us; and to beg of him, that, when the day of misfortune comes (and come it must, sooner or later, to all), we may be prepared, with Christian fortitude, to endure the shock. What a treasure does the religious man possess in this, that, when every thing else fails, he has God for his refuge; and can look to a

world where he is sure, through Christ Jesus, that he will not be disappointed!

I do not much heed to what place of worship you may go, so as you are but a serious and regular attendant. Permit me, however, to explain the true nature of the question with regard to the church liturgy, in order that you may be the better able to judge.

You know, from the epistles of St. Paul, that, soon after the death of Jesus Christ, there were regular churches established in various places, as at Corinth, Galatia, Thessalonica, &c. &c. Now, we are not certain that they used forms of prayer at all in these churches, much more that any part of ours was used in their time; but it is certain that, in the year of our Lord 286, there was a general liturgy in use throughout all the churches of Christ. Now, if, in that early time, when Christians were much more like the apostles than they are now, they used a form of prayer in the churches, it is fair to conclude that the practice was not unscriptural; besides, at this very time, St. John the Evangelist had not been dead above 100 years, and one of his disciples, though at a very great age, was actually living. St. Chrysostom, who lived about 354 years after Christ, wrote some of our prayers, and the greater part of them have been in general use for a thousand years. About the year 286, about one thousand five hundred years ago, immense multitudes of savages, the Goths and Vandals, being enticed by the fertility of the Italian country, and the riches of its possessors, came down from Germany, Hungary, and all the northern parts of Europe, upon the Roman empire, then enfeebled with luxury; and endeavoured to gain possession of the south. They were at first repulsed; but, as fast as they were defeated or slain, new hordes, allured by the accounts which their countrymen gave of its opulence and abundance, succeeded in their stead; till the

forces of the Romans grew unequal to the contest, and gradually gave way to the invaders, who, wherever they came, reduced everything to a state of barbarism. The Christians, about this time, were beginning to prevail in the Roman territories, and, under the emperor Constantine, who was the first Christian king, were giving the blow to idolatry. But the savage intolerance of the invaders, who reduced the conquered to abject slavery, burned books wherever they found them, and even forbade the cultivation of learning, reduced them to the utmost distress. At this time, they wrote, and used in their churches, all that part of the *Litany* which begins with the Lord's Prayer, and ends with the prayer of St. Chrysostom. Thus you see how venerably ancient are many of our forms, and how little they merit that contempt which ignorant people pour upon them. Very holy men (men now, we have every reason to believe, in heaven) composed them; and they have been used from age to age ever since, in our churches, with but few alterations. But you will say, they were used by the Roman Catholics, who are a very superstitious and bigoted set of people. This is no objection at all, because the Roman Catholics were not always so bad; and what is a proof of this is, that there once was no other religion in the world; and we cannot think that church very wicked, which God chose, once, to make the sole guardian of his truth. There have been many excellent and pious men among the Roman Catholics, even at the time their public faith was corrupted.

You may have heard of the Reformation; you know it was brought about by Luther and Calvin, in the sixteenth century, about 1536. Now, Calvin is the founder of the sect of Independents, such as those who meet at Castlegate; yet he had a hand in framing the Liturgy, which, with alterations, we now use; and he selected it in part from the Liturgy of the Ro-

man Church, because they had received it from the primitive Christians, who were more immediately taught by the apostles. *The Reformation* means that change in religion, which was brought about, as said before, by Luther and Calvin, in consequence of the abuses and errors which had crept into the Romish church.

You may possibly think the responses, or answers of the clerk and people, rather ridiculous.—This absurdity, however, generally consists more in the *manner* than in the thing. They were intended to be pronounced aloud by the people; and were used as a means to keep their attention awake, and shew their sincerity. At the time this form was invented, not one man in five or six hundred could read; and these repetitions answered another purpose, of fixing important ejaculations and sentences in their minds. In these days, the same necessity does not exist; but we still retain the form, on account of its other advantages, and through reverence of such an antiquity as almost vouches for its being acceptable to God, who has permitted it to be used, by the wisest and best of men, for so long a period.

I think I have now nearly tired you. Pray write to me soon, and believe me,

My dear James,
Your very affectionate brother,
H. K. WHITE.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 10, 1805.

MY DEAR BEN,

* * * *

THE reasons why I said mathematical studies did not agree with me, were these: that I am more inclined to classical pursuits, and that, considering what disad-

vantages I lie under, in being deaf, I am afraid I cannot excel in them. I have at present entirely laid them aside, as I am reading for the university scholarship, which will soon be vacant: there are expected to be thirteen or fourteen candidates, some of whom are of great note from *Eton*; and I have as much expectation of gaining it, as of being elected supreme magus over the mysteries of Mithra. The scholarship is of no value in itself, adequate to the labour of reading for it; but it is the greatest classical honour in the university, and is a pretty sure road to a fellowship. My classical abilities here have attracted some attention; and my Latin themes, in particular, have drawn forth inquiries from the tutors, as to the place of my education. The reason why I have determined to sit for the scholarship is this, that to have simply been a candidate for it, establishes a man's character, as many of the first classics in the university have failed of it.

* * * *

I begin now to feel at home in my little room; and I wish you were here to see how snugly I sit by my blazing fire in the cold evenings. College certainly has charms; though I have a few things rankling at my heart, which will not let me be quite happy.—*Ora, Ora, pro me.*

This last sentence of mine is of a very curious tendency, to be sure: for who is there of mortals who has *not* something rankling at his heart, which will not let him be happy?

It is curious to observe the different estimations two men make of one another's happiness. Each of them surveys the external appearance of the other's situation, and comparing them with the secret disquieting circumstances of his own, thinks him happier; and so it is that, all the world over, be we favoured as we may, there is always something which others have, and which we ourselves have not, necessary to the com-

pletion of our felicity. I think, therefore, upon the whole, there is no such thing as positive happiness in this world; and a man can only be deemed felicitous, as he is, in comparison, less affected with positive evil. It is our business, therefore, to support ourselves under existing ills, with the anticipation of future blessings. Life, with all its bitters, is a draught soon drunk; and, though we have many changes to fear on this side the grave, beyond it we know of none.

Your life and mine are now marked out; and our calling is of such a nature, that it ill becomes us to be too much affected with circumstances of an external nature. It is our duty to bear our evils with dignified silence. Considering our superior consolations, they are small in comparison with those of others; and though they *may* cast a sadness both over our hearts and countenances, which time may not easily remove, yet they must not interfere with our active duties, nor affect our conduct towards others, except by opening our heart with warmer sympathy to their woes, their wants, and miseries.

As you have begun in your religious path, my beloved friend, persevere. Let your love to the Crucified continue as pure as it was at first, while your zeal is more tempered, and your piety more rational and mature. I hope yet to live to see you a pious and respected parish priest; as for me—I hope I shall do my duty as I have strength and ability, and I hope I shall always continue, what I now profess myself,

Your friend and brother,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, Cambridge, Dec, 10, 1805.

I AM so truly hurt that you should again complain of my long silence, that I cannot refrain from sending

this by the post, although I shall send you a parcel to-morrow. The reason of my not having sent you the cravats sooner, is the difficulty I have found in getting them together, since part were in the hands of my laundress, and part dirty. I do not know whether you will find them right, as my linen is in other respects deficient; and I have a cause at issue with my washerwoman on that score. This place is literally a den of thieves: my bed-maker, whom we call a *gyp*, from a Greek word signifying a vulture, runs away with every thing he can lay his hands on: and, when he is caught, says he only borrows them. He stole a sack of coals a-week, as regularly as the week came, when first I had fires; but I have stopped the run of this business, by a monstrous large padlock, which is hung to the staple of the bin. His next trick was to bring me four candles for a pound, instead of six; and this trade he carried on for some time, until I accidentally discovered the trick: he then said he had always brought me right until that time, and then had brought me *fives*, but had given Mr. H. (a man on the same staircase) one, because *he thought* he understood I had borrowed one of him; on inquiring of Mr. H. he had not given him one, according to his pretence: but the gentleman was not caught yet, for he declared he had *lent* one to the bed-maker of Lord B. in the rooms below. His neatest trick is going to the grocer, every now and then, for articles in your name, which he converts to his own use. I have stopped him here too, by keeping a check-book. Tea, sugar, and pocket-handkerchiefs, are his natural perquisites; and I verily believe he will soon be filling his canister out of mine before my face. There is no redress for all this; for, if you change, you are no better off: they are all alike. They know you regard them as a pack of thieves; and their only concern is to steal so dexterously that they may not be confronted with direct proof.

* * * *

Do not be surprised at any apparent negligence in my letters: my time has so many calls for it, that half my duties are neglected. Our college examination comes on next Tuesday; and it is of the utmost moment that I acquit myself well there. A month after will follow the scholarship examination. My time, therefore, at present, will scarcely permit the performance of my promise with respect to the historical papers; but I have them in mind, and am much bent on perfecting them in a manner superior to their commencement.

I would fain write to my brother James, who must by no means think I forget him; but I fear I shall see him before I write to him, on the accounts above stated. The examination for the scholarship is distinct from that of our college, which is a very important one; and, while I am preparing for the one, I necessarily neglect the other.

I wish very much to hear from you on religious topics; and remember that, although my leisure at present will not allow me to write to you all I wish, yet it will be the highest gratification to me to read your letters, especially when they relate to your Christian progress. I beseech you not to relax, as you value your peace of mind and the repose of a dying bed. I wish you would take in the *Christian Observer*, which is a cheap work, and will yield you much profitable amusement. I have it here for nothing; and can send you up some of the numbers, if you like.

Remember, and let my mother know, that I have no chance for the university scholarship; and that I only sit for the purpose of letting the university know that I am a decent proficient in the languages.

There is one just vacant, which I can certainly get; but I should be obliged to go to Peter-house, in consequence, which will not be advisable, but I must

make inquiries about it. I speak with certainty on this subject, because it is restricted to candidates who are in their first year, amongst whom I should probably be equal to any. The others are open to bachelors.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, Dec. 16th, 1805.

In consequence of an alteration in my plans, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the latter end of this week, and I wish you so to inform my aunt. The reason of this change is this, that I have over-read myself; and I find it absolutely necessary to take some relaxation, and to give up study entirely, for a short time, in order that I may go on better hereafter.

This has been occasioned by our college lectures, which I had driven too late, on account of my being occupied in preparations for the university scholarship examination; and then I was obliged to fag so hard for the college lectures, as the time drew on, that I could take no exercise. Thus I soon knocked myself up; and I now labour under a great general relaxation and much nervous weakness.

Change of air and place will speedily remove these symptoms; and I shall certainly give up the university scholarship, rather than injure my health.

Do not mention these things to my mother, as she will make it a cause of unnecessary uneasiness.

* * * * *

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, Dec. 19th, 1805.

I WAS sorry to receive your letter, desiring me to defer my journey; and I am sorry to be forced to tell you the reason of my coming to town sooner than you wish me. I have had an attack of my old nervous complaint; and my spirits have been so wretchedly shattered, that my surgeon says I shall never be well till I have removed somewhere, where I can have society and amusement. It is a very distressing thing to be ill in college, where you have no attendance and very little society. Mr. Catton, my tutor, has prevailed upon me, by pressing wishes, to go into the hall to be examined with the men of my year. I have gone through two examinations, and I have one to come; after that is over, he told me I had better go to my friends directly, and relieve myself with complete relaxation from study. Under these circumstances, the object of my journey to London will be answered, by the mere residence in my aunt's family, and by a cessation from reading. While I am here, I am wretched. I cannot read. The slightest application makes me faint. I have very little society; and that is quite a force upon my friends. I am determined, therefore to leave this place, on Saturday morning; and you may rest satisfied that the purpose of my journey will be fully accomplished by the prattle of my aunt's little ones, and her care. I am not an invalid, since I have no sickness or ailment; but I am weak and low-spirited, and unable to read. The last is the greatest calamity I can experience, of a worldly nature. My mind preys upon itself. Had it not been for *Leeson*, of Clare Hall, I could not have gone through this week. I have been examined twice, and almost without looking over the subjects; and I

have given satisfaction; but I am obliged to be kept up, by strong medicines, to endure this exertion, which is very great.

I am happy, however, to tell you, I am better; and Mr. Farish, the surgeon, says, a few days will re-establish me, when I get into another scene and into society.

* * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, London, Dec. 24th, 1825.

You will, no doubt, have been surprised at not having heard from me, for so long a time; and you will be no less so to find that I am writing this at my aunt's, in this far-famed city. I have been so much taken up with our college examinations, of late, that I could not find time to write even to you; and I am now come to town, in order to give myself every relaxation and amusement I can: for I had read so much, at Cambridge, that my health was rather affected; and I was advised to give myself the respite of a week or a fortnight, in order to recover strength. I arrived in town on Saturday night, and should have written yesterday, in order to remove any uneasiness you might feel on my account, but there is no post on Sunday.

I have now to communicate some agreeable intelligence to you. Last week, being the close of the Michaelmas term, and our college examination, our tutor, who is a very great man, sent for me, and told me he was sorry to hear I had been ill: he understood I was low-spirited; and wished to know whether I frightened myself about college expenses. I told him they did contribute some little to harass me, because I was as yet uncertain what the bills of my first year

would amount to. His answer was to this purpose: —'Mr. White, I beg you will not trouble yourself on this subject: your emoluments will be very great, very great indeed; and I will take care your expenses are not very burdensome. Leave that to me.' He advised me to go to my friends, and amuse myself with a total cessation from reading. After our college examination (which lasted six days) was over, he sent for me again, and repeated what he had said before about the expenses of the college; and he added that, if I went on as I had begun, and made myself a good scholar, I might rely on being provided for by the college: for, if *the county should be full*, and they could not elect me a fellow, they would recommend me to another college, where they would be glad to receive a clever man from their hands; or, at all events, they could *always* get a young man a situation as private tutor in a nobleman's family; or could put him in some handsome way of preferment. 'We make it a rule (he said) of providing for a clever man whose fortune is small; and you may therefore rest assured, Mr. White, that, after you have taken your degree, you will be provided with a genteel competency *by the college*.' He begged I would be under no apprehensions on these accounts: he shook hands with me very affectionately; and wished me a speedy recovery. These attentions, from a man like the tutor of St. John's, are very marked; and Mr. Catton is well known for doing more than he says. I am sure, after these assurances from a principal of so respectable a society as St. John's, I have nothing more to fear; and I hope you will never repine on my account again. According to every appearance, my lot in life is certain.

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TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, London, Xmas, 1805.

You would have had no reason to complain of my long silence, had I preferred my self-justification to your ease. I wrote you a letter, which now lies in my drawer at St. John's; but in such a weak state of body, and in so desponding and comfortless a tone of mind, that I knew it would give you pain, and therefore I chose not to send it. I have indeed been ill; but, thanks to God, I am recovered. My nerves were miserably shattered by over-application, and the absence of all that could amuse, and the presence of many things which weighed heavy upon my spirits. When I found myself too ill to read, and too desponding to endure my own reflections, I discovered that it is really a miserable thing to be destitute of the soothing and supporting hand, when nature most needs it. I wandered up and down from one man's room to another, and from one college to another, imploring society, a little conversation, and a little relief of the burden which pressed upon my spirits; and I am sorry to say that those who, when I was cheerful and lively, sought my society with avidity, now, when I actually needed conversation, were too busy to grant it Our college examination was then approaching; and I perceived, with anguish, that I had read for the university scholarship, until I had barely time to get up our private subjects; and that, as I was now too ill to read, all hope of getting through the examination with decent respectability was at an end. This was an additional grief. I went to our tutor, with tears in my eyes, and told him I must absent myself from the examination,—a step which would have precluded me from a station among the prize-men, until the second year. He earnestly entreated me to run the

risk. My surgeon gave me strong stimulants and supporting medicines, during the examination week; and I passed, I believe, one of the most respectable examinations amongst them. As soon as ever it was over, I left Cambridge, by the advice of my surgeon and tutor; and I feel myself now pretty strong. I have given up the thought of sitting for the university scholarship, in consequence of my illness, as the course of my reading was effectually broken. In this place, I have been much amused; and have been received with an attention, in the literary circles, which I neither expected nor deserved. But this does not affect me as it once would have done: my views are widely altered; and I hope that I shall, in time, learn to lay my whole heart at the foot of the cross.

I have only one thing more to tell you of about my illness; it is, that I have found, in a young man with whom I had little acquaintance, that kind care and attention which I looked for in vain from those who professed themselves my nearest friends. At a time when * * * could not find leisure to devote a single evening to his sick friend, even when he earnestly implored it, William Leeson constantly, and even against my wishes, devoted *every* evening to the relieving of my melancholy, and the enlivening of my solitary hours. With the most constant and affectionate assiduity, he gave me my medicines, administered consolation to my spirits, and even put me to bed.

* * * *

TO MR. P. THOMPSON.

SIR, London, 1st January, 1806.

I owe it both to my feelings and my duty, that I should thank you for the kind inquiries you have thought it worth while to make concerning me and

my affairs. I have just learned the purport of a letter received from you by Mr. Robinson, the bookseller; and it is a pleasing task to me, at the same time that I express my sense of your benevolent concern in my behalf, to give you, myself, the information you require.

The little volume which, considered as the production of a very young man, may have interested you, has not had a very great sale: although it may have had as much countenance as it deserved. The last report I received from the publishers, was 450 sold. So far it has answered the expectations I had formed from it, that it has procured me the acquaintance, and perhaps I may say the friendship, of men equally estimable for their talents and their virtues. Rewarded by their countenance, I am by no means dissatisfied with my little book: indeed, I think its merits have, on the whole, rather been over-rated than otherwise, which I attribute to the lenity so readily afforded to the faults of youth, and to the promptitude with which benevolent minds give encouragement, where encouragement seems to be wanted.

With regard to my personal concerns, I have succeeded in placing myself at Cambridge, and have already kept one term. My college is St. John's, where, in the rank of sizar, I shall probably be enable to live almost independently of external support: but, should I need that support, I have it in my power to draw on a friend, whose name I am not permitted to mention, for any sum not exceeding 30*l.* per annum. With habits of frugality, I shall never need this sum; so that I am quite at ease with respect to my college expenses, and am at full leisure to pursue my studies with a free and vacant mind.

I am at present in the great city, where I have come, in consequence of a little injudicious application, a suitor to health, variety, and amusement. In a few days, I shall return to Cambridge, where (should you

ever pass that way) I hope you will not forget that I reside there three-fourths of the year. It would, indeed, give me pleasure to say personally how much I am obliged by your inquiries.

I hope you will put a favourable construction both on the minuteness and the length of this letter; and permit me to subscribe myself, Sir,

Very thankfully and obediently yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS AUNT.

MY DEAR AUNT, St John's, Cambridge, Jan. 6th, 1806.

I AM at length once more settled in my rooms at Cambridge; but I am grown so idle and so luxurious, since I have been under your hands, that I cannot read with half my usual diligence.

I hope you concluded the Christmas holidays, on Monday evening, with the customary glee; and I hope my uncle was well enough to partake of your merriment. You must now begin your penitential days, after so much riot and feasting; and, with your three little prattlers around you, I am sure your evenings will flow pleasantly by your own fireside. Visiting and gaiety are very well by way of change; but there is no enjoyment so lasting as that of one's own family. Elizabeth will soon be old enough to amuse you with her conversation; and, I trust, you will take every opportunity of teaching her to put the right value on things, and to exercise her own good sense. It is amazing how soon a child may become a real comfort to its mother; and how much even young minds will form habits of affection towards those who treat them like reasonable beings, capable of seeing the right and

wrong of themselves. A very little girl may be made to understand that there are some things which are pleasant and amusing, which are still less worthy of attention than others more disagreeable and painful. Children are, in general, fond of little ornaments of dress, especially females; and though we may allow them to be elevated with their trifling splendours, yet we should not forget to remind them that, although people may admire their dress, yet they will admire them much more for their good sense, sweetness of temper, and generosity of disposition. Children are very quick-sighted to discern whether you approve of them; and they are very proud of your approbation, when they think you bestow it: we should, therefore, be careful how we praise them, and for what. If we praise their dress, it should be slightly, and as if it were a matter of very small importance; but we should never let any mark of consideration, or goodness of heart, in a child, pass by, without some token of approbation. Still we must never praise a child too much, nor too warmly, for that would beget vanity; and when praise is moderately yet judiciously bestowed, a child values it more, because it feels that it is just. I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty; but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother, more than all the rods, dark rooms, and scolding school-mistresses, in the universe. We should teach our children to make friends of us, to communicate all their thoughts to us; and, while their innocent prattle will amuse us, we shall find many opportunities of teaching them important truths, almost without knowing it.

I admire all your little ones; and I hope to see Elizabeth, one day, an accomplished and sensible girl. Give my love to them; and tell them not to forget their cousin Henry, who wants a housekeeper at college!

Though I have written so long a letter, I am, indeed, offended with you, and I dare say you know the reason very well.

* * * *

P. S. Whenever you are disposed to write a letter, think of me.

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, St. John's, February 17th, 1806.

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Do not think I am reading hard: I believe it is all over with that. I have had a recurrence of my old complaint, within this last four or five days, which has half unnerved me for every thing. The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening. I do not know how to proceed with regard to my studies:—a very slight over-stretch of the mind, in the day time, occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom* and horror. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake, my life. I can only say the game is not yet decided: I allude to the violence of the palpitation.

I am going to mount the Gog-magog hills, this morning, in quest of a good night's sleep. The Gog-magog hills for my body, and the Bible for my mind, are my only medicines. I am sorry to say that neither are quite adequate. *Cui, igitur, dandum est vitio? Mihi prorsus.* I hope, as the summer comes, my spirits (which have been, with the swallows, a winter's journey) will come with it. When my spirits are restored, my health will be restored: the *fons mali* lies there. Give me serenity and equability of mind, and all will be well there.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, 11th March, 18 6.

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I HOPE you read Mason on Self-knowledge, now and then. It is a useful book; and it will help you greatly in framing your spirit to the ways of humility, piety, and peace. Reading, occasional meditation, and constant prayer, will infallibly guide you to happiness, as far as we *can* be happy *here*; and will help you on your way to that blessed abode, where, I hope, ardently hope, we shall all meet, hereafter, in the assembly of the saints. Go coolly and deliberately, but determinately, to the work of your salvation. Do nothing *here* in a hurry; deliberate upon every thing; take your steps cautiously, yet with a simple reliance on the mercy of your God and Saviour; and, wherever you see your duty lie, lose no time in acting up to it. This is the only way to arrive at comfort in your Christian career; and the constant observance of this maxim will, with the assistance of God, smooth your way with quietness and repose, even to the brink of eternity, and beyond the gulf that bounds it.

I had almost dropped the idea of seeing Nottingham this next long vacation, as my stay in Cambridge may be importantly useful; but, I think, now, I shall go down for my health's, and more particularly for my mother's, sake, whom my presence will comfort, and perhaps help. I should be glad to moor all my family in the harbour of religious trust, and in the calm seas of religious peace. These concerns are apt, at times, to escape me; but they now press much upon my heart; and I think it is my first duty to see that my family are safe in the most important of all affairs.

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TO THE REV. J. PLUMBTRE.

DEAR SIR, St. John's, March 12th, 1806.

I HOPE you will excuse the long delay which I have made in sending the song. I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience, if indeed so unimportant a subject can have given you any thought at all. If you think it worth while to send the song to your publisher, I should prefer the omission of the writer's name; as the insertion of it would only be a piece of idle ostentation, and answer no end. My name will neither give credit to the verses, nor the verses confer honour on my name.

It will give me great pleasure to hear that your labours have been successful in the town of * * *, where, I fear, much is to be done. I am one of those who think that the love of virtue is not sufficient to make a virtuous man; for the love of virtue is a mere mental preference of the beautiful to the deformed; and we see but too often that immediate gratification outweighs the dictates of our judgment. If men could always perform their duty as well as they can discern it, or if they would attend to their real interests as well as they can see them, there would be little occasion for moral instruction. Sir Richard Steele, who wrote like a saint, and who, in his Christian Hero, shews the strongest marks of a religious and a devout heart, lived, notwithstanding all this, a drunkard and a debauchee. And what can be the cause of this apparent contradiction? Was it that he had not strength of mind to act up to his views? Then a man's salvation may depend on strength of intellect! Or does not this rather shew that superior motives are wanting,—that assistance is yet necessary, when the ablest of men has done his utmost? If, then, such aid be necessary, how can it be obtained? By a virtuous life?

—Surely not: because to live really a virtuous life, implies this aid to have been first given. We are told, in Scripture, how it may be attained, namely, by humble trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, as our atoning sacrifice. This, therefore, is the foundation of religious life; and, as such, ought to be the fundamental principle of religious instruction. This is the test of our obedience,—the indispensable preliminary before we can enjoy the favour of God. What, therefore, can we urge with more propriety, from the pulpit, than FAITH? To preach morality does not include the principle of faith—to preach faith includes every branch of morality, at the same time that it affords it its present sanctions and its strongest incitements.

I am afraid I have trespassed on your patience; and I must beg of you to excuse the badness of the writing, for which I have the plea of illness. I hope your health is yet firm; and that God will, in mercy, prosper your endeavours for the good of your flock.

I am, dear Sir,
Very respectfully yours,
H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, St. John's, Cambridge, April, 1806.

* * * *

I AM quite unhappy to see you so anxious on my account, and also that you should think me neglectful of you. Believe me, my dear mother, my thoughts are often with you. Never do I lay myself on my bed before you have all passed before me in my prayers; and one of my first earthly wishes is to make you comfortable, and provide the rest and quiet for your mind which you so much need: and never fear but I shall

have it in my power, some time or other. My prospects wear a flattering appearance. I shall be almost sure of a fellowship, somewhere or other, and then, if I get a curacy in Cambridge, I shall have a clear income of 170*l.* per annum, besides my board and lodging, perhaps more. If I do not reside in Cambridge, I shall have some quiet parsonage, where you may come and spend the summer months. Maria and Kate will then be older, and you will be less missed. On all accounts, *you* have much reason to indulge happier dreams. My health is considerably better. Only do you take as much care of yours as I do of mine, and all will be well. I exhort, and entreat, and beseech you, as you love me and all your children, that you will take your bitters, *without ceasing*. As you wish me to pay regard to your exhortations, attend to this.

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TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, St. John's, April, 1806.

I AM a good deal surprised at not having heard from you, in answer to my last. You will be surprised to hear the purport of my present letter, which is no less than that I shall spend the ensuing Easter vacation in Nottingham. The reasons which have induced me to make this so wide an alteration in my plan, are these: I have had some symptoms of the return of my old complaint; and both my doctor and tutor think I had better take a fortnight's relaxation at home. I hope you will not think I have neglected exercise, since I have taken more this term than I ever did before; but I shall enlarge my hours of recreation still more, since I find it necessary, for my health's sake, so to do.

You need not give yourself any uneasiness as to my health, for I am quite recovered. I was chiefly afflicted with sleeplessness and palpitations of the heart, which symptoms have now disappeared; and I am quite restored to my former good health. My journey will re-establish me completely; and it will give me no small pleasure to see you, after so long an absence from home. I shall be very idle while I am at Nottingham; I shall only amuse myself with teaching Maria and Kate.

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(SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED)

TO MRS. WEST.

I HAVE stolen your first volume of Letters, from the chimney-piece of a college friend; and I have been so much pleased both with the spirit, conduct, and style, of the work, that I cannot refrain from writing to tell you so. I shall read the remaining volumes, immediately; but, as I am at this moment just in that desultory mood when a man can best write a letter, I have determined not to delay what, if I defer at all, I shall probably not do at all.

Well, then, my dear Madam, although I have insidiously given you to understand, that I write to tell you how much I approve your work, I will be frank enough to tell you, likewise, that I think, in one point it is faulty: and that, if I had not discovered what I consider to be a defect in the book, I should probably not have written for the mere purpose of declaiming on its excellences.

Start not, Madam; it is in that very point whereon you have bestowed most pains, that I think the work is faulty—*Religion*. If I mistake not, there will be

some little confusion of idea detected, if we examine this part narrowly; and as I am not quite idle enough to write my opinions without giving the reasons for them, I will endeavour to explain why I think so.

Religion, then, Madam, I conceive to be the service a creature owes to his Creator: and I take it for granted, *that* service implies some self-denial and some labour; for if it did not involve something unpleasing to ourselves, it would be a duty we should all, of *necessity*, perform. Well, then, if religion call for self-denial, there must be some motive to induce men voluntarily to undergo such privations as may be consequent on a religious life; and those motives must be such as affect either the present state of existence, or some future state of existence. Certainly, then, those motives which arise from the expectation of a future state of existence, must, in reality, be infinitely more important than those which are founded in temporal concerns; although, to mankind, the immediate presence of temporal things may outweigh the distant apprehension of the future. Granting, therefore, that the future world is the main object of our religious exercises, it will follow that they are the most important concerns of a man's life, and that every other consideration is light and trifling in the comparison; for the world to come is everlasting, while the present world is but very short. Foolish, then, indeed, and short-sighted, must that creature be, which can prefer the conveniencies and accommodations of the present, to the happiness of the eternal future.

All Christians, therefore, who undertake to lay down a chart, for the young and inexperienced, by which they may steer, with security, through the ocean of life, will be expected to make religion a prominent feature on the canvass; and that, too, not only by giving it a larger space, but by enforcing the superiority of this consideration to every other. Now this

is what I humbly conceive you have not altogether done; and I think, indeed, if I be competent to judge, you have failed in two points;—in making religion only a subordinate consideration to a young man, and in not defining distinctly the essentials of religion.

I would ask you, then, in what way you so impress religion on the mind of your son, as one would expect that person would impress it, who was conscious that it was of the first importance? Do you instruct him to turn, occasionally, when his leisure may permit, to pious and devout meditation? Do you direct him to make religion the one great aim and end of his being? Do you exhort him to frequent, private, and earnest, prayer to the Spirit of Holiness, that he would sanctify all his doings? Do you teach him that the praise or the censure, the admiration or the contempt, of the world, is of little importance, so as his heart be right before the Great Judge? Do you tell him that, as his reason now opens, he should gradually withdraw from the gayer, and occasionally more unlicensed, diversions of the world—the ball-room, the theatre, and the public concert, in order that he may abstract his mind more from the too-fascinating delights of life, and fit himself for the new scene of existence which will, sooner or later, open upon his view? No, Madam; I think you do not do this. You tell him there is a deal of enthusiasm in persons who, though they mean well, are over-strict in their religious performances. You tell him that assemblies, dances, theatres, are elegant amusements; though you couple the fine arts with them, which I am sorry to see in such company. I, too, am enthusiastically attached to the fine arts. Poetry, painting, and music, are amongst my most delicious and chastest pleasures; and happy indeed do I feel, when I can make even these contribute to the great end, and draw my soul

from its sphere, to fix it on its Maker and Redeemer. I am fond, too, of tragedy; and, though I do not find it with so much purity and chastity in Shakspeare as in the old Greek dramatists, yet I know how to appreciate its beauties in him, too. Besides these, I have a thousand other amusements, of the most refined nature, without either theatres, balls, or card-tables. The theatre is not, in itself, an immoral institution; but, in its present state, it is: and I feel much for an uncorrupted, frank lad of fourteen, who is permitted to visit this stew of licentiousness, impudence, and vice. Your plan seems to me this: Teach a boy to lead an honest, upright life, and to do his duty, and he will gain the good-will of God, by the very tenor of his actions. This is, indeed, an easy kind of religion; for it *involves no self-denial:* but true religion does involve self-denial. The inference is obvious. I say it involves no self-denial; because a well-educated, sensible lad will see so many inconveniences in vicious indulgences, that he will choose the virtuous, by a natural effort of the understanding: and so, according to this system, he will ensure heaven, by the soundness of his policy and the rectitude of his understanding.

Admitting this to be a true doctrine, Christianity has been of no material service to mankind; and the Son of God might have spared his blood: for the heathens knew all this; and not only knew it, but many of them put it into practice. What, then, has Christianity done?—But the Scripture teaches us the reverse of this: it teaches us to give God our whole heart, to live to him, to pray continually, and to fix our affections, not on things temporal, but on things eternal. Now, I ask you whether, without any sophistry, or any perversion of the meaning of words, you can reconcile this with your religious instruction to your son.

I think, likewise, that you do not define the essentials of religion distinctly. We are either saved by the atonement of Jesus Christ, or we are not; and, if we *are*, then all men are necessarily saved, or some are necessarily not saved; and, if some are not saved, it must be from causes either existing in the individuals themselves, or from causes existing in the economy of God's dispensations. Now, Madam, we are told that Jesus Christ died for all; but we grant that all are not saved. Why, then, are some not saved? It is because they do not act in a manner worthy of God's favour. Then, a man's salvation depends upon his *actions*. But we are told, in Scripture, that it does not depend on his actions 'By faith are ye saved, without the works of the law;' -therefore it either must depend on some other effort of the creature, or on the will of the Creator. I will not dispute the question of Calvinism with you; I will grant that Calvinism is indefensible: but this all must concede who believe the Scriptures—that we are to be saved by faith only, through Jesus Christ. I ask, therefore, whether you have taught this to your son; and I ask whether there is one trait in your instructions, in common with the humbling, self-denying religion taught by the Apostles, by the homilies of our church, and by all the reformers. The chief argument of the latter, against the Romish church, was their asserting the validity of works. Now, what ideas must your son have of Christian faith? You say that even *Shakspeare's debauchees were believers;* and he is given to understand that he is a good Christian, if he do his duty to his master and fellows, go to church every Sunday, and keep clear of enthusiasm. And what has Jesus Christ to do with your system? And where is that *faith* banished, of which every page of Scripture is full?—Can this be right? '*Closet devotion*' is the means of attaining faith; and humble prayer is the true means of arriving at fervency in religion,

without enthusiasm. -You condemn Socinianism; but I ask you where Jesus Christ appears in your scheme; and whether the influences of the Holy Ghost, and even his names, are not banished from it.

* * * *

TO MR. P. THOMPSON.

DEAR SIR, Nottingham, April 8, 1806.

I SINCERELY beg your pardon for my ungrateful disregard of your polite letter. The intervening period has been so much taken up, on the one hand, by ill health, and, on the other, by occupations of the most indispensable kind, that I have neglected almost all my friends, and you amongst the rest. I am now at Nottingham, a truant from study, and a rejected votary at the shrine of health. A few days will bring me back to the margin of the Cam, and bury me once more in the busy routine of college exercises. Before, however, I am again a man of bustle and occupation, I snatch a few moments, to tell you how much I shall be gratified by your correspondence, and how greatly I think myself flattered by your esteeming mine worth asking for.

The little sketch of your past occupations and present pursuits interested me. Cultivate, with all assiduity, the taste for letters which you possess. It will be a source of exquisite gratification to you: and, if directed as it ought to be, and I hope as it will be directed, it will be more than gratification (if we understand pleasure alone by that word), since it will combine with it utility of the highest kind. If polite letters were merely instrumental in cheering the hours of elegant leisure, in affording refined and polished

pleasures, uncontaminated with gross and sensual gratifications, they would still be valuable; but in a degree infinitely less than when they are considered as the handmaids of the virtues, the correctors, as well as the adorners, of society. But literature has, of late years, been prostituted to all the purposes of the bagnio. Poetry, in particular, arrayed in her most bewitching colours, has been taught to exercise the arts of the *Leno*, and to charm only that she may destroy. The Muse, who once dipped her hardy wing in the chastest dews of Castalia, and spoke nothing but what had a tendency to confirm and invigorate the manly ardour of a virtuous mind, now breathes only the voluptuous languishings of the harlot; and, like the brood of Circe, touches her charmed chords with a grace, that, while it ravishes the ear, deludes and beguiles the sense. I call to witness Mr. Moore, and the tribe of imitators which his success has called forth, that my statement is true. Lord Strangford has trodden faithfully in the steps of his pattern.

* * * * *

I hope, for the credit of poetry, that the good sense of the age will scout this insidious school; and what may we not expect, if Moore and Lord Strangford apply themselves to a chaster muse? They are both men of uncommon powers. You may remember the reign of Darwinian poetry, and the fopperies of Della Crusca. To these succeeded the school of *Simplicity*, in which Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, are so deservedly eminent. I think that the new tribe of poets endeavour to combine these two opposite sects, and to unite richness of language, and warmth of colouring, with simplicity and pathos. They have certainly succeeded; but Moore unhappily wished to be a Catullus: and from him has sprung the licentiousness of the new school. Moors's poems and his translations will, I think, have more influence on the female society of this kingdom, than the stage has had

in its *worst period*—the reign of Charles II. Ladies are not ashamed of having the delectable Mr. Little on their toilet, which is a pretty good proof that his voluptuousness is considered as quite veiled by the sentimental garb in which it is clad. But voluptuousness is not the less dangerous, for having some slight resemblance of the veil of modesty. On the contrary, her fascinations are infinitely more powerful, in this retiring habit, than when she boldly protrudes herself on the gazer's eye, and openly solicits his attention. The broad indecency of Wycherly and his contemporaries, was not half so dangerous as this *insinuating* and *half-covered mock*-delicacy, which makes use of the blush of modesty, in order to heighten the charms of vice.

I must conclude somewhat abruptly, by begging you will not punish my negligence towards you, by retarding the pleasure I shall receive from your answer. I am, very truly yours,

H. K. WHITE.

Address to me, St. John's College, Cambridge.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

MY DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, May, 1806.

* * * *

My long delayed and very anciently-promised letter to Charlesworth will reach him shortly. Tell him that I have written once to him in Latin; but that, having torn the paper in two, by a mistake, I could not summon resolution to copy it.

I was glad to hear of the *eclat* with which he disputed and came off, on so difficult a subject as the Nerves; and I beg him, if he have made any disco-

veries, to communicate them to me, who, being persecuted by these same nerves, should be glad to have some better acquaintance with my invisible enemies.

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TO HIS SISTER.

MY DEAR SISTER, St. John's, June 27th, 1806.

* * * *

THE intelligence you gave me of Mr. Forest's illness, &c. cannot affect me in any way whatever. The mastership of the school must be held by a *clergyman*; and I very well recollect that he is restrained from holding any curacy, or other ministerial office. The salary is not so large as you mention: and, if it were, the place would scarcely be an object to me: for I am very certain that, if I choose, when I have taken my degree, I may have half a dozen pupils to prepare for the university, with a salary of 100*l.* per annum, which would be more respectable, and more consonant to my habits and studies, than drilling the fry of a trading town, in learning which they do not know how to value. Latin and Greek are nothing like so much respected, in Nottingham, as Wingate's Arithmetic.

* * * *

It is well for you that you can still enjoy the privilege of sitting under the sound of the Gospel; and the wants of others, in these respects, will, perhaps, teach you how to value the blessing. All our comforts, and almost all our hopes, here, lie at the mercy of every succeeding hour. – Death is always at hand to bereave us of some dear connexion, or to snatch us away from those who may need our counsel and protection. I do not see how any person, capable of reflection, can live

easily and fearlessly in these circumstances, unless he have a well-grounded confidence in the providing care of the Almighty, and a strong belief that his hand is in every event, and that it is a hand of mercy. The chances and changes of mortal life are so many and various, that a person cannot possibly fortify himself against the contingencies of futurity, without some such hold as this, on which to repose amidst the contending gales of doubt and apprehension. This I say, as affecting the present life: our views of the future can never be *secure*,—they can never be comfortable or calm, without a solid faith in the Redeemer. Men may reason about the divine benevolence, the certainty of a future state, and the probable means of propitiating the Great Judge; but their speculations will only entangle them in the mazes of doubt, perplexity, and alarm, unless they found their hopes on that basis which shall outstand the tide of ages. If we take this away, the poor bark of mortality loses its only stay: and we steer at random, we know not how, we know not whither. The religion of Jesus Christ is strength to the weak, and wisdom to the unwise. It requires no preparative of learning nor study, but is, if possible, more obvious and easy to the illiterate than to the erudite. No man, therefore, has an excuse, if he neglect it. The way is plain before him, and he is invited to enter. He has only to kneel at the foot of the cross, and cry, with the poor publican, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner.' If he do this, and examine his own heart, and mortify the body of sin within him, as far as he is able, humbly and earnestly imploring the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, we cannot doubt but he will meet with the approbation and assistance of the Almighty. In this path we must all tread. In this path I hope that you, my dear sister, are now proceeding. You have children; to whom can you commit them, should providence call you hence, with more confidence

than the meek and benevolent Jesus? What legacy can you leave them more certainly profitable than the prayers of a pious mother? And if, taught by your example as well as by your instructions, they should become themselves patterns of a holy and religious life, how sweetly will the evening of your days shine upon your head, as you behold them treading in those ways which you know, by experience, to be ways of pleasantness and peace! I need not press this subject. I know you feel all that I say, and more than I can express. I only fear that the bustle of family cares, as well as many anxieties of mind on other accounts, should too much divert you from these important objects. Let me only remind you, that the prayers of the afflicted are particularly acceptable to God. The sigh of the penitent is not too light to reach his ear. The eye of God is fixed as intently upon your soul, at all times, as it is upon the revolution of the heavenly bodies and the regulation of systems. God surveys all things, and he contemplates them with perfect attention; and, consequently, he is as intently conversant about the smallest as about the greatest things. For, if he were not as perfectly intent on the soul of an individual being as he is about the general concerns of the universe, then he would do one thing less perfectly than another; which is impossible in God.

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TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, June 30th, 1806.

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday; and I hope you will not think my past silence at all in need of apology, when you know that our examination only closed on Saturday.

I have the satisfaction of informing you that, after a week's scrutiny, I was deemed to be the first man. I had very little hopes of arriving at so distinguishing a station, on account of my many checks and interruptions. It gave me great pleasure to observe how all the men rejoiced in my success. It was on Monday that the classes were published. I am a prize-man both in the mathematical an l logical, or general, examination, and in Latin composition.

Mr. Catton has expressed his great satisfaction at my progress; and he has offered to supply me with a private tutor, for the four months of the vacation, free of any expense. This will cost the college twelve or fifteen guineas at least. My last term bill amounts only to *4l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* after my exhibitions are deducted.

I had engaged to take charge of a few classical pupils, for a clergyman in Warwickshire, during *one* month of the vacation, for which I was to receive, besides my board, &c, &c. ten guineas; but Mr. Catton says this is a piece of extreme folly, as it will consume time, and do me no good. He told me, therefore, positively, that he would not give me an *excat,* without which no man can leave his college for the night.

I cannot, therefore, at all events, visit Nottingham, with my aunt, nor meet her there.

I could now, if I chose, leave St. John's College, and go to another, with great *eclat;* but it would be an unadvisable step. I believe, however, it will be impossible for them to elect me a fellow at St. John's, as my county is under particular restrictions. They can give me a fellowship of smaller value, but I had rather get one at another college; at all events, the smaller colleges will be glad to elect me from St. John's.

* * * *

With regard to cash, I manage pretty well, though

my fund is at present at its lowest ebb. My bills, however, are paid; and I have no occasion for money, except as a private convenience. The question, therefore, is, whether it will be more inconvenient to you, than convenient to me, for you to replenish my purse. Decide impartially. I have not drawn upon my mother, since Christmas, except for the expense of my journey up from Nottingham to Cambridge; nor do I mean to do it till next Christmas, when, as I have ordered a suit of clothes, I shall have a good many calls for money.

Let me have a long letter from you soon.

* * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, St. John's, July 9th, 1806.

I HAVE scarcely time to write you a long letter: but the pleasing nature of my intelligence will, I hope, make up for its shortness.

After a week's examination, I am decided to be the first man of my year, at St. John's: an honour I had scarcely hoped for, since my reading has been so very broken and interrupted. The contest was very stiff, and the men all acquitted themselves very well. We had thirteen men in the *first class;* though there are seldom more than six or eight who attain that rank in common.

I have learned, also, that I am a prize-man in classical composition, though I do not yet know whereabouts I stand. It is reported that here, too, I am first.

Before it was known that I was the first man, Mr. Catton, our college tutor, told me that he was so s-

tisfied with the manner in which I had passed through the examination, that, if I chose to stay up during the summer, I should have a private tutor in the mathematics, and that it should be no expense to me. I could not hesitate at such a proposal: especially as he did not limit the time for my keeping the private tutor, but will probably continue it as long as I like. You may estimate the value of this favour, when I tell you that a private tutor, for the whole vacation, will cost the college at least twelve or fourteen guineas, and that, during term time, they receive ten guineas the term.

I cannot, of course, leave the college, this summer, even for a week; and shall, therefore, miss the pleasure of seeing my aunt G—— at Nottingham. I have written to her.

It gave me much pleasure to observe the joy all the men seemed to feel at my success. I had been on a water excursion, with a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and some ladies; and just got home as the men were assembling for supper. You can hardly conceive with what pleasure they all flocked round me, with the most hearty congratulations; and I found that many of them had been seeking me all over the college, in order to be the first to communicate the good tidings.

* * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, St. John's, July, 1806.

I HAVE good and very bad news to communicate to you. Good, that Mr. Catton has given me an exhibition, which makes me up a clear income of 63*l.* per annum; and that I am consequently more than inde-

pendent: bad, that I have been very ill, notwithstanding regular and steady exercise. Last Saturday morning, I rose early, and got up some rather abstruse problems in mechanics, for my tutor; spent an hour with him; between eight and nine, got my breakfast, and read the Greek History *(at breakfast)* till ten; then sat down to decypher some logarithm tables. I think I had not done any thing at them, when I lost myself. At a quarter past eleven, my laundress found me, bleeding in four different places in my face and head, and insensible. I got up, and staggered about the room; and she, being frightened, ran away, and told my gyp to fetch a surgeon. Before he came, I was sallying out, with my flannel gown on, and my academical gown over it: he made me put on my coat, and then I went to Mr. Farish's: he opened a vein, and my recollection returned. My own idea was, that I had fallen out of bed, and so I told Mr. Farish, at first; but I afterwards recollected that I had been to Mr. Fiske, and breakfasted.

Mr. Catton has insisted on my consulting Sir Isaac Pennington; and the consequence is, that I am to go through a course of blistering, &c. which, after the bleeding, will leave me weak enough.

I am, however, very well, except as regards the doctors; and yesterday I drove into the country, to Saffron Walden, in a gig. My tongue is in a bad condition, from a bite which I gave it, either in my fall, or in the moments of convulsion. My nose has also come badly off. I believe I fell against my reading desk. My other wounds were only rubs and scratches on the carpet.

I am ordered to remit my studies, for a while, by the common advice both of doctors and tutors. Dr. Pennington hopes to prevent any recurrence of the fit. He thinks it looks towards epilepsy, of the horrors of which malady I have a very full and precise idea; and I only pray that God will spare me, as res-

pects my faculties, however else it may seem good to him to afflict me. Were I my own master, I know how I should act; but I am tied here by bands which I cannot burst. I know that change of place is needful; but I must not indulge in the idea. The college must not pay my tutor for nothing. Dr. Pennington and Mr. Farish attribute the attack to a too-continued tension of the faculties. As I am much alone now, I never get quite off study, and I think incessantly. I know nature will not endure this. They both proposed my going home, but Mr. * * did not hint at it, although much concerned; and, indeed, I know home would be a bad place for me *in my* present situation. I look round for a resting-place, and I find none. Yet there is one, which I have long too, too much disregarded; and thither I must now betake myself. There are many situations worse than mine; and I have no business to complain. If these afflictions should draw the bonds tighter which hold me to my Redeemer, it will be well.

You may be assured that you have here a plain statement of my case, in its true colours, without any palliation. I am now well again, and have only to fear a relapse, which I shall do all in my power to prevent, by a relaxation in study.

I have now written too much.

I am very sincerely yours,

H. K. WHITE.

P. S. I charge you, as you value my peace, not to let my friends hear, either directly or indirectly, of my illness.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, 30th July, 1806.

I HAD deferred sitting down to write to you, until I should have leisure to send you a very long letter; but as that time seems every day farther off, I shall beg your patience no longer, but fill my sheet as well as I can.

I must first reply to your queries. I beg pardon for having omitted to mention the receipt of the * * *; but, as I acknowledged the receipt of the parcel, I concluded that you would understand me to mean its contents, as specified in your letter. But I know the accuracy of a man of business too well to think your caution strange. As to the college prizes, I have the satisfaction of telling you that I am entitled to two, viz. the first for the general examination, and one of the first for the classical composition. I say *one* of the first, on this account—I am put equal with two others at the top of the list. In this contest, I had all the men of the three years to contend with; and, as both my equals are my seniors in standing, I have no reason to be dissatisfied.

* * * *

The Rhetoric Lecturer sent me one of my Latin Essays to copy, for the purpose of inspection; a compliment which was paid to none of the rest.

* * * *

We three are the only men who are honoured with prizes; so that we have cut four or five Eton men, who are always boasting of their classical ability.

With regard to your visit here, I think you had better come in term time, as the university is quite empty, and *starers* have nothing but the buildings to gaze

at. If, however, you can come more conveniently now than hereafter, I would advise you not to let this circumstance prevent you. I shall be glad to see Mr. * * with you. You may spend a few days very pleasantly here, even in vacation time, though you will scarcely meet a gownsman in the streets.

I thought the matter over about * * * *, but I do not think I have any influence here. Being myself a young man, I cannot, with any chance of success, attempt to *direct* even that interest which I may claim with others.

* * * *

The university is the worst place in the world for making interest. The great mass of men are themselves busily employed in wriggling themselves into places and livings: and there is in general too much anxiety for No. 1, to permit any interference for a neighbour, No. 2.

* * * *

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, St. John's, Aug. 1806.

I HAVE no hesitation in declining the free-school, on the ground of its precluding the exercise of the ministerial duties. I shall take the liberty of writing Mr. ——, to thank him for having thought of me, and to recommend to his notice Mr.——.

* * * * *

But do not fret yourself, my dear mother; in a few years we shall, I hope, be in happier circumstances. I am not too sanguine in my expectations, but I shall certainly be able to assist you and my sisters, in a few

years. * * * *. As for Maria and Kate, if they succeed well in their education, they may, perhaps, be able to keep a school of a superior kind, where the profits will be greater, and the labour less. I even hope that this may not be necessary; and that you, my father, and they, may come and live with me, when I get a parsonage. You would be pleased to see how comfortably Mr. —— lives with his mother and sisters, at a snug little rectory, about ten miles from Cambridge. So much for castle-building.

* * * *

TO MR. * * *.

MY GOOD FRIEND, St. John's, Aug. 15, 1806.

I HAVE deferred writing to you until my return from Mr. ——'s, knowing how much you would like to hear from me in respect to that dear family. I am afraid your patience has been tried by this delay; and I trust to this circumstance alone as my excuse.

My hours have seldom flowed so agreeably as they did at S——; nor perhaps have I made many visits which have been more profitable to me in a religious sense. The example of Mr. —— will, I hope, stimulate me to a faithful preparation for the sacred office to which I am destined. I say a *faithful* preparation, because I fear I am apt to deceive myself with respect to my present pursuits, and to think I am only labouring for the honour of God, when I am urging literary labours to a degree inconsistent with duty and my real interests. Mr. —— is a good and careful pastor; my heart has seldom been so full as when I have accompanied him to the chambers of the sick, or have heard his affectionate addresses to the atten-

tive crowd which fills his school-room on Sunday evening.—He is so earnest, and yet so sober, so wise, and so simple! You, my dear R——, are now very nearly approaching to the sacred office; and I sincerely pray that you may be stimulated to follow after the pattern of our excellent friend. You may have Mr. ——'s zeal; but you will need his learning and his judgment to temper it. Remember that it is a work of much more self-denial for a man of active habits to submit to a course of patient study, than to suffer many privations for Christ's sake. In the latter, the heart is warmly interested: the other is the slow and unsatisfactory labour of the head; tedious in its progress, and uncertain in its produce. Yet there is a pleasure, a great and indescribable pleasure, in *sanctified* study; the more wearisome the toil, the sweeter will it be to those who sit down with a subdued and patient spirit, content to undergo much tedium and fatigue, for the honour of God's ministry. Reading, however dry, soon becomes interesting, if we pursue it with a resolute spirit of investigation, and a determinate purpose of thoroughly mastering what we are about. You cannot take up the most tiresome book, on the most tiresome subject, and read it with fixed attention for an hour, but you feel a desire to go on: and here I would exhort you, whatever you read, read it accurately and thoroughly, and never to pass over any thing, however minute, which you do not quite comprehend. This is the only way to become really learned, and to make your studies satisfactory and productive. If I were capable of directing your course of reading, I should recommend you to peruse Butler's Analogy, Warburton's Divine Legation, Prideaux and Shuckford's Connexions, and Milner's Church History, century for century, along with Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. The latter is learned, concise, clear, and written in good scholastic Latin. Study the Chronology of the Old Testament; and, as a means

of making it interesting, trace out the completion of the prophecies. Read your Greek Testament, with the nicest accuracy; tracing every word to its root, and seeking out the full force of particular expressions, by reference both to Parkhurst and Scapula. The derivations of words will throw great light on many parts of the New Testament: thus, if we know that the word διακονος, a deacon, comes from δια and κονιω to bustle about in the dust, we shall have a fuller notion of the humility of those who held the office in the primitive church. In reading the Old Testament, wherever you find a passage obscure, turn to the Septuagint, which will often clear up a place better than fifty commentators. Thus in Joel, the day of the Lord is called, '*a day of gloominess, a day of darkness and of clouds, like the morning spread upon the mountains*,' which is a contradiction. Looking at the Septuagint, we find that the passage is mispointed, and that the latter metaphor is applied to the *people*: 'A people great and strong, like the morning spread upon the mountains.' The Septuagint is very easy Greek, quite as much so as the Greek Testament; and a little practice of this kind will help you in your knowledge of the language, and make you a good critic. I perceive your English style is very unpolished; and I think this a matter of *great* moment. I should recommend you to read, and imitate as nearly as you can, the serious papers in the eighth volume of the Spectator, particularly those on the Ubiquity of the Deity. Accustom yourself to write down your thoughts, and to polish the style, some time after composition, when you have forgotten the expression. Aim at conciseness, neatness, and clearness; never make use of *fine* or *vulgar* words. Avoid every epithet which does not add *greatly* to the idea; for every addition of this kind, if it do not strengthen, weakens the sentiment: and be cautious never to express, by two words, what you can do as well by one. A multiplicity of words only hides the

sense, just as a super-abundance of clothes does the shape. Thus much for studies.

* * * * *

I recommend you to pause, and consider *much* and well, on the subject of matrimony. You have heard my sentiments with regard to a *rich* wife; but I am much too young, and too great an enthusiast, to be even a tolerable counsellor on a point like this. You must think for yourself, and consult with prudent and pious people, whose years have taught them the wisdom of the present world, and whose experience has instructed them in that of the world to come. But a little sober *thought* is worth a world of advice. You have, however, an infallible Adviser; and to his directions you may safely look. To him I commend all your ways.

I have one observation to make, which I hope you will forgive in me;—it is, that you fall in love too readily. I have no notion of a man's having a certain species of affection for *two* women at once. I am afraid you let your admiration outrun your judgment, in the outset; and then comes the *denouement*, and its attendants, disappointment and disgust. Take good heed you do not do this in marriage; for, if you do, there will be great risk of your making shipwreck of your hopes. Be content to learn a woman's good qualities as they gradually reveal themselves; and do not let your imagination adorn her with virtues and charms to which she has no pretension. I think there is often a little disappointment after marriage—our angels turn out to be mere Eves: but the true way of avoiding, or, at least, lessening, this inconvenience, is, to estimate the object of our affections really as she is, without deceiving *ourselves*, and injuring *her*, by elevating her above her sphere. This is the way to be happy in marriage; for, upon this plan, our partners will be continually breaking in upon us, and delight-

ing us with some new discovery of excellence; while, upon the other plan, we shall always be finding that the reality falls short of what we had so fondly and so foolishly imagined.

Be very sedulous and very patient in your studies. You would shudder at the idea of obtruding yourself on the sacred office, in a condition rather to disgrace than to adorn it. St. Paul is earnest in admonishing Timothy to give attention to reading: and that holy apostle himself quotes from several of the best authors among the Greeks. His style is also very elegant and polished, on occasion. *He*, therefore, did not think the graces of composition beneath his attention, as some foolish and ignorant preachers of the present day are apt to do. I have written a longer letter to you than I expected, and I must now therefore say, good-bye. I am,

Very affectionately yours,
H. K. WHITE

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, August 12th, 1806.

I CAN but just manage to tell you, by this post, what I am sure you will be glad to learn, even at the expense of seven-pence for an empty sheet, that Mr. Catton has given me an exhibition, which makes my whole income sixty guineas a-year. My last term's bill was 13*l.* 13*s.*, and I had 7*l.* 12*s.* to receive; but the expenses of this vacation will leave me bare until Christmas.

I have the pleasure of not having solicited either this or any other of the favours which Mr. Catton has so liberally bestowed upon me; and though I have been the possessor of this exhibition ever since March last,

yet Mr. Catton did not hint it to me until this morning, when he gave me my bill.

I have, of course, signified to Mr. Simeon, that I shall have no need whatever of the stipend which I have hitherto received through his hands. He was extremely kind on the occasion; and, indeed, his conduct towards me has ever been *fatherly*. It was Mr. * * * who allowed me 20*l.* per annum, and Mr. Simeon added 10*l.* He told me that my conduct gave him the most heartfelt joy; that I was so generally respected, without having made any compliances, as he understood, or having, in any instance, concealed my principles. Indeed, this is a praise which I may claim, though I never conceived that it was at all an object of praise. I have always taken some pains to let those around me know my religious sentiments, as a saving of trouble, and as a mark of that independence of opinion which I think every one ought to assert: and, as I have produced my opinions with frankness and modesty, and supported them (if attacked) with coolness and candour, I have never found them any impediment to my acquaintance with any person whose acquaintance I coveted.

* * * *

TO MR. R. W. A.

DEAR A. St. John's, Aug. 18th, 1806.

I AM glad to hear of your voyages and travels through various regions and various seas, both of this island and its little suckling, the Isle of Wight.

Many hair's-breadth 'scapes and perilous adventures you must needs have had; and many a time, on the extreme shores of the south, must you have looked up, with the eye of intelligent curiosity, to see

whether the same moon shone *there* as in the pleasant, but now far distant, groves of Colwick. And now, my very wise and travelled friend, seeing that your head is yet upon your shoulders, and your neck in its right natural position, and seeing that, after all the changes and chances of a long journey, and after being banged from post to pillar and from pillar to post; seeing, I say, that, after all this, you are safely housed once more under your paternal roof, what think you, if you were to indulge your mind as much as you have done your eyes and gaping muscles? A few trips to the fountains of light and colour, or to the regions of the good lady who χροὶ ἀσκὸς διεπὲς ἄφθιτον οἶνον; a ramble down the Galaxy, and a few peeps on the *unconfined* confines (πόντοι ἀπότμου, ὄπιον ἀέπνου, ῥέον οὐ ῥαῶτοι) of infinite space, would prove perhaps, as delectable to your immaterial part, as the delicious see-saw of a post chaise was to your corporeal; or, if these ethereal, aëronautical, mathematical volutations should displease you, perhaps it would not be amiss to saunter a few weeks on the site of Troy, or to lay out plans of ancient history on the debatable ground of the Peloponnesians and Athenians. There is one Thucydides, who lives near, who will tell you all about the places you visit, and the great events connected with them: he is a sententious old fellow, very shrewd in his remarks, and speaks, moreover, very excellent Greek, at your service. I know not whether you have met with any guide, in the course of your bodily travels, who can be compared to him. If you should make Rome in your way, either there or back, I should like to give you a letter of introduction to an old friend of mine, whose name is Livy, who, as far as his memory extends, will amuse you with pretty stories, and some true history. There is another honest fellow enough, to whom I dare not recommend you, he is so very crabbed and tart, and speaks so much in epigrams and enigmas, that I am afraid

he would teach you to talk as unintelligibly as himself. I do not mean to give you any more *advice*, but I have one *exhortation*, which I hope you will take in good part: it is this, that, if you *set out* on this journey, you would please to proceed to *its end*: for I have been acquainted with *some young men*, who have turned their faces towards Athens or Rome, and trudged on manfully for a few miles, but, when they had travelled till they grew weary, and worn out a good pair of shoes, have suddenly become disheartened, and returned without any recompense for their pains.

And now let me assume a more serious strain, and exhort you to cultivate your mind with the utmost assiduity. You are at a critical period of your life; and the habits which you now form, will, most probably, adhere to you through life. If they be idle habits, I am sure they will.

But even the cultivation of your mind is of minor importance to that of your heart, your temper, and disposition. Here I have need not to *preach*, but to *learn*. *You* have had less to encounter, in your religious progress, than I have; and your progress has been therefore greater, greater even than your superior faculties would have warranted. I have had to fight hard with vanity at home, and applause abroad: no wonder that my vessel has been tossed about; but greater wonder that it is yet *upon* the waves. I exhort you to pray with me (and I entreat you to pray *for* me,) that we may both weather out the storm, and arrive in the haven of sound tranquillity, even on this side the grave.

We have all particular reason to watch and pray, lest self too much predominate. We should accustom ourselves to hold our own comforts and conveniences as subordinate to the comforts and conveniences of others, in all things: and a habit, thus begun in little matters, might probably be extended without difficulty, to those of a higher nature.

* * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR BEN, St. John's, 14th Sept, 1806.

I CAN scarcely write more to you now than just to calm your uneasiness on my account. I am perfectly well again, and have experienced no recurrence of the fit; my spirits, too, are better, and I read very moderately. I hope that God will be pleased to spare his rebellious child; this stroke has brought me nearer to Him: whom indeed have I for my comforter but Him?

I am still reading, but with moderation, as I have been during the whole vacation, whatever you may persist in thinking.

My heart turns with more fondness towards the consolations of religion than it did, and in some degree I have *found* consolation. I still, however, conceive that it is my duty to pursue my studies temperately, and to fortify myself with Christian resignation and calmness for the worst. I am much wanting in these virtues, and, indeed, in all Christian virtues; but I know how desirable they are, and I long for them. Pray that I may be strengthened and enlightened, and that I may be enabled to go where duty bids, wherever that may be.

* * * *

TO MR. B. MADDOCK.

MY DEAR FRIEND, St. John's, Camb. 22nd Sept. 1806.

YOU charge me with an accession of gallantry, of late; I plead guilty. I really began to think of marriage (very prematurely, you'll say;) but if I experi-

ence any repetition of *the fit*, I shall drop the idea of it for ever. It would be folly and cruelty to involve another in all the horrors of such a calamity.

I thank you for your kind exhortations to a complete surrender of my heart to God, which are contained in your letter. In this respect I have betrayed the most deplorable weakness and indecision of character. I know what the truth is, and I love it; but I still go on giving myself half to God, and half to the world, as if I expected to enjoy the comforts of religion along with the vanities of life. If, for a short time, I keep up a closer communion with God, and feel my whole bosom bursting with sorrow and tenderness as I approach the footstool of my Saviour, I soon relapse into indifference, worldly-mindedness, and sin; my devotions become listless and perfunctory: I dote on the world, its toys, and its corruptions; and am mad enough to be willing to sacrifice the happiness of eternity to the deceitful pleasures of the passing moment. My heart is, indeed, a lamentable sink of loathsome corruption and hypocrisy. In consistency with my professed opinions, I am often obliged to talk on subjects of which I know but little in experience, and to rank myself with those who have felt what I only approve from my head, and, perhaps, esteem from my heart. I often start with horror and disgust from myself, when I consider how deeply I have imperceptibly gone into this species of simulation. Yet I think my love for the Gospel and its professors is sincere; only I am insincere in suffering persons to entertain a high opinion of me as a child of God, when indeed I am an alien from him. On looking over some private memorandums, which were written at various times in the course of the two last years, I beheld, with inexpressible anguish, that my progress has, if any thing, been retrograde. I am still as dark, still as cold, still as ignorant, still as fond of the world, and have still fewer desires after holi-

ness. I am very, very dissatisfied with myself; and yet I am not prompted to earnest prayer. I have been so often earnest, and always have fallen away, that I go to God, without hope, without faith. Yet I am not *total ly* without hope: I know God will have my whole heart; and I know, when I give him *that*, I shall experience the light of his countenance, with a permanency. I pray that he would assist my weakness, and grant me some portion of his grace, in order that I may overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, to which I have long, very long, been a willing, though an unhappy, slave. Do you pray earnestly with me, and for me, in these respects: I know the prayers of the faithful avail much; and, when you consider with what great temptations I am surrounded, and how very little strength I have wherewith to resist them, you will feel with me the necessity of earnest supplication and fervent intercession, lest I should be lost, and cast away for ever.

I shall gladly receive your spiritual advice and directions. I have gone on *too* long in coldness and unconcern; who knows whether, if I neglect the present hour, the day of salvation may not be gone by for ever?

* * * *

TO MR. JOHN CHARLESWORTH.

St. John's, 22nd Sept. 1806.

MY DEAR CHARLESWORTH,

THANK you for taking the blame of our neglected correspondence on your own shoulders. I thought it rested elsewhere. Thrice have I begun to write to

you; once in Latin, and twice in English; and each time have the fates opposed themselves to the completion of my design. But, however, *pax sit rebus:* we are naturally disposed to forgive, because we are, as far as intention goes, mutual offenders.

I thank you for your invitation to Clapham, which came at a fortunate juncture, since I had just settled with my tutor that I should pay a visit to my brother in London, this week. I shall, of course, see you; and shall be happy to spend a few days with you at Clapham, and to rhapsodize on your common. It gives me pleasure to hear you are settled; and I give you many hearty good wishes for practice and prosperity. I hope you will soon find that a wife is a very necessary article of enjoyment in a domesticated state; for how, indeed, should it be otherwise? A man cannot cook his dinner, while he is employed in earning it. Housekeepers are complete *heliuones rei familiaris*, and not only pick your pockets, but abuse you into the bargain. While a wife, on the contrary, both cooks your dinner, and enlivens it with her society; receives you, after the toils of the day, with cheerfulness and smiles; and is not only the faithful guardian of your treasury, but the soother of your cares, and the alleviator of your calamities. Now, am I not very poetical? But on such a subject who would not be poetical? A wife!—a domestic fire-side;—the cheerful assiduities of love and tenderness! It would inspire a Dutch burgomaster; and if, with all this in your grasp, you shall still choose the *pulsare terram pede libero*; still avoid the *irrupta copula*; still deem it a matter of light regard to be an object of affection and fondness to an amiable and sensible woman; why then you deserve to be a fellow of a college all your days; to be kicked about, in your last illness, by a saucy and careless bed-maker; and, lastly, to be put in the ground in your college chapel, followed only by the man who is to be your successor. Why, man, I

dare no more *dream* that I shall ever have it in my power to have a wife, than that I shall be Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England. A suite of rooms in a still and quiet corner of old St. John's, which was once occupied by a crazy monk, or by one of the translators of the Bible, in the days of good King James, must form the boundary of my ambition. I must be content to inhabit walls which never echoed with a female voice; to be buried in glooms which were never cheered with a female smile. It is said, indeed, that women were sometimes permitted to visit St. John's, when it was a monastery of White-Friars, in order to be present at particular religious ceremonies; but the good monks were careful to sprinkle holy water wherever their profane footsteps had carried contagion and pollution.

It is well you are free from the restrictions of monastic austerity; and that, while I sleep under the shadow of towers and lofty walls, and the safeguard of a vigilant porter, you are permitted to inhabit your own cottage, under your own guardianship, and to listen to the sweet accents of domestic affection.

Yes, my very Platonic, or rather Stoical, friend, I must see you safely bound in the matrimonial noose, and then, like a confirmed bachelor, ten years hence, I shall have the satisfaction of pretending to laugh at, while, in my heart, I envy, you. So much for rhapsody. I am coming to London for relaxation's sake, and shall take it pretty freely; that is, I shall seek after fine sights—stare at fine people—be cheerful with the gay—foolish with the simple—and leave as little room to suspect, as possible, that I am (anything of) a philosopher and mathematician. I shall probably talk a little Greek; but it will be by stealth, in order to excite no suspicion.

* * * *

I shall be in town on Friday or Saturday. I am in

a very idle mood, and have written you a very idle letter, for which I entreat your pardon: and I am,

Dear C——,

Very sincerely yours,

H. K. WHITE.

TO HIS BROTHER NEVILLE.

(Found in his pocket, after his decease.)

DEAR NEVILLE, St. John's, Oct. 11th, 1806.

I AM safely arrived, and in college; but my illness has increased upon me much. The cough continues, and is attended with a good deal of fever. I am under the care of Mr. Farish, and entertain very little apprehension about the cough; but my over-exertions in town have reduced me to a state of much debility; and, until the cough be gone, I cannot be permitted to take any strengthening medicines. This places me in an awkward predicament; but I think I perceive a degree of expectoration, this morning, which will soon relieve me, and then I shall mend apace.

Under these circumstances, I must not expect to see you here at present: when I am a little recovered, it will be a pleasant relaxation to me.

* * *

Our lectures began on Friday; but I do not attend them until I am better. I have not written to my mother, nor shall I, while I remain unwell. You will tell her, as a reason, that our lectures began on Friday. I know she will be uneasy if she do not hear from me, and still more so, if I tell her I am ill.

I cannot write more at present, than that I am

Your truly affectionate brother,

H. K. WHITE.

HINTS, &c.

WHY will not men be contented with appearing what they are? As sure as we attempt to pass for what we are not, we make ourselves ridiculous. With religious professors, this ought to be a consideration of importance; for, when we assume credit for what we do not possess, we break the laws of God, in more ways than we are aware of: vanity and deceit are both implicated.

Why art thou so disquieted, O my soul, and why so full of heaviness? Oh! put thy trust in God: for I will yet thank him who is the help of my countenance, and my God. *Ps.* xlii.

Domine Jesu! in te speravi, miserere mei! Ne sperne animum miserrimi peccatoris.

The love of Christ is the only source from whence a Christian can hope to derive spiritual happiness and peace. Now, the love of Christ will not reside in the bosom already preoccupied with the love of the world, or any other predominating affection. We must give up every thing for it, and we know it deserves that distinction; yet, upon this principle, unless the energy of Divine grace were what it is, mighty and irresistible, who would be saved?

The excellence of our Liturgy and our Establishment is more and more impressed upon my mind: how admirably do her confessions, her penitentiary offerings, her intercessions, her prayers, suit with the case of the Christian! It is a sign that a man's heart is not right with God, when he finds fault with the Liturgy.

Contempt of religion is distinct from unbelief: unbelief may be the result of proud reasonings and independent research; but contempt of the Christian doctrine must proceed from profound ignorance.

LORD! give me a heart to turn all knowledge to thy glory, and not to mine: keep me from being deluded with the lights of vain philosophy: keep me from the pride of human reason: let me not think my own thoughts, nor dream my own imaginations; but, in all things acting under the good guidance of the Holy Spirit, may I live, in all simplicity, humility, and singleness of heart, unto the Lord Jesus Christ, now and evermore. Amen.

[The above prayer was prefixed to a manual, or memorandum-book.

A PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, at the close of another day, I kneel before thee in supplication; and, ere I compose my body to sleep, I would steal a few moments from weariness, to lift up my thoughts to thy perfections, to meditate on thy wonderful dispensations, and to make my request known unto thee.

Although the hours of this day have not been spent in the busy haunts of society, but in the pursuit of needful and godly knowledge, yet I am conscious that my thoughts and actions have been far from pure; and many vain and foolish speculations, many sinful thoughts and ambitious anticipations, have obtruded themselves on my mind. I know that I have felt pleasure in what I ought to have abhorred, and that I have not had thy presence continually in mind; so that my ghostly enemy has mixed poison with my best food, and sowed tares with the good seed of instruction. Sometimes, too, the world has had too much to do with my thoughts: I have longed for its pleasures, its splendours, its honours; and have forgotten that I am a poor follower of Jesus Christ, whose inheritance is not in this land, but in the fields above. I do

therefore supplicate and beseech thee, O thou my God and Father, that thou wilt not only forgive these my wanderings, but that thou wilt chasten my heart, and establish my affections, so that they may not be shaken by the light suggestions of the tempter Satan; and since I am of myself very weak, I implore thy restraining hand upon my understanding, that I may not reason in the pride of worldly wisdom, nor flatter myself on my attainments, but ever hold my judgment in subordination to thy word, and see myself as what I am, a helpless dependent on thy bounty. If a spirit of indolence and lassitude have at times crept on me, I pray thy forgiveness for it; and if I have felt rather inclined to prosecute studies which procure respect from the world, than the humble knowledge which becomes a servant of Christ, do thou check this growing propensity, and only bless my studies so far as they conduce to thy glory, and as thy glory is their chief end. My heart, O Lord! is but too fond of this vain and deceitful world; and I have many fears lest I should make shipwreck of my hope, on the rocks of ambition and vanity. Give me, I pray thee, thy grace to repress these propensities: illumine more completely my wandering mind, rectify my understanding, and give me a simple, humble, and affectionate heart, to love thee and thy sheep with all sincerity. As I increase in learning, let me increase in lowliness of spirit: and, inasmuch as the habits of studious life, unless tempered by preventing grace, but too much tend to produce formality and lifelessness in devotion, do thou, O heavenly Father, preserve me from all cold and speculative views of thy blessed Gospel; and, while with regular constancy I kneel down daily before thee, do not fail to light up the fire of heavenly love in my bosom, and to draw my heart heavenward with earnest longing [to thyself].

And now, O blessed Redeemer! my rock, my hope, and only sure defence, to thee do I cheerfully commit

both my soul and my body. If thy wise Providence see fit, grant that I may rise in the morning, refreshed with sleep, and with a spirit of cheerful activity, for the duties of the day; but whether I wake here or in eternity, grant that my trust in thee may remain sure, and my hope unshaken. Our Father, &c.

[This prayer was discovered amongst some dirty loose papers of H. K. WHITE'S.]

Mem. SEPTEMBER 22d, 1806.

On running over the pages of this book, I am constrained to observe, with sorrow and shame, that my progress in divine light has been little or none.

I have made a few conquests over my corrupt inclinations, but my heart still hankers after its old delights: still lingers—half willing, half unwilling—in the ways of worldly-mindedness.

My knowledge of divine things is very little improved. I have read less of the Scriptures than I did last year. In reading the Fathers, I have consulted rather the pride of my heart than my spiritual good.

I now turn to the cause of these evils; and I find that the great root, the main spring, is—love of the world; next to that, pride; next to that, spiritual sloth.

REMARKS ON THE ENGLISH POETS.

IMITATIONS.

The sublimity and unaffected beauty of the sacred writings are in no instance more conspicuous than in the following verses of the xviiith Psalm:

'He bowed the heavens, also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet.

'And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.'

None of our better versions have been able to preserve the original graces of these verses. That wretched one of Thomas Sternhold, however (which, to the disgrace and manifest detriment of religious worship, is generally used.) has, in this solitary instance, and then perhaps by accident, given us the true spirit of the Psalmist; and has surpassed not only Merrick, but even the classic Buchanan. This version is as follows:—

'The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

'On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.'

Dryden honoured these verses with very high com-

mendation: and, in the following lines of his Annus Mirabilis, has apparently imitated them, in preference to the original:

'The duke less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies.'

And in his Ceyx and Alcyone, from Ovid, he has—

'And now sublime she rides upon the wind:

which is probably imitated, as well as most of the following, not from Sternhold, but the original. Thus Pope—

'Not God alone in the still calm we find;
He mounts the storm, and rides upon the wind.'

And Addison—

'Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.'

The unfortunate Chatterton has—

"And rides upon the pinions of the wind.'

And Gray—

'With arms sublime that float upon the air.'

Few poets of eminence have less incurred the charge of plagiarism than Milton; yet many instances might be adduced of similarity of idea and language with the Scripture, which are certainly more than coincidences; and some of these I shall, in a future number, present to your readers. Thus, the present passage in the Psalmist was in all probability in his mind when he wrote—

——'And with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss.'

Par. Lost, l. 20. *b.* 1.

The third verse of the civth Psalm—

'He maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind,'—

is evidently taken from the before-mentioned verses in the xviiith Psalm, on which it is perhaps an improvement. It has also been imitated by two of our first poets, Shakspeare and Thomson. The former, in Romeo and Juliet—

'Bestrides the lazy-paced clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.'

The latter, in winter, l, 199.

——'Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering winds
Walks dreadfully serene.'

As these imitations have not before, I believe, been noticed, they cannot fail to interest the lovers of polite letters; and they are such as at least will amuse your readers in general. If the sacred writings were attentively perused, we should find innumerable passages from which our best modern poets have drawn their most admired ideas; and the enumerations of these instances would perhaps attract the attention of many persons to those volumes, which they now perhaps think to contain every thing tedious and disgusting, but which, on the contrary, they would find replete with interest, beauty, and true sublimity.

STERNHOLD AND HOPKINS.

MR. EDITOR,

In your Mirror for July, a Mr. William Toone has offered a few observations on a paper of mine, in a preceding number, containing remarks on the versions and imitations of the 9th and 10th verses of the xviiith Psalm, to which I think it necessary to offer a few words by way of reply, as they not only put an erroneous construction on certain passages of that paper, but are otherwise open to material objection.

The object of Mr Toone, in some part of his observations, appears to have been to refute something which he *fancied* I had advanced, tending to establish the general merit of Sternhold and Hopkins' translation of the Psalms: but he might have saved himself this unnecessary trouble, as I have decidedly condemned it as mere doggrel, still preserved in our churches, to the detriment of religion: and the version of the passage in question is adduced as a brilliant, though probably accidental, exception to the general character of the work. What necessity, therefore, your correspondent could see for '*hoping that I should think with him, that the sooner the old version of the Psalms was consigned to oblivion, the better it would be for rational devotion,*' I am perfectly at a loss to imagine.

This concluding sentence of Mr. Toone's paper, which I consider as introduced merely by way of rounding the period and making a graceful exit, needs no further animadversion. I shall, therefore, proceed to examine the objections of the "worthy clergyman of the church of England," to these verses cited by your correspondent, by which he hopes to prove Dryden, Knox, and numerous other eminent

men who have expressed their admiration thereof, to be little better than idiots.—The first is this:

'*Cherubim* is the plural of *Cherub*; but our versioner, by adding an *s* to it, has rendered them both plurals.' By adding an *s* to what? If the pronoun *it* refer to cherubim, as according to the construction of the sentence it really does, the whole objection is nonsense.—But the worthy gentleman, no doubt, *meant* to say, that Sternhold had rendered them both plurals by the addition of an *s to cherub*. Even in this sense, however, I conceive the charge to be easily obviated; for, though cherubim is doubtless usually considered as the plural of cherub, yet the two words are frequently so used, in the Old Testament, as to prove that they were often applied to separate ranks of beings. One of these, which I shall cite, will dispel all doubt on the subject:

'And within the oracle he made *two cherubims* of olive tree, *each* ten cubits high.'—1 *Kings, ver.* 23. *chap.* vi.

The other objection turns upon a word with which it is not necessary for me to interfere; for I did not quote these verses as instances of the merit of Sternhold, or his version; I only asserted that the lines which I then copied, viz.

'The Lord descended from above,' &c.

were truly noble and sublime. Whether, therefore, Sternhold wrote *all the winds* (as asserted by your correspondent, in order to furnish room for objection), or *mighty winds*, is of no import. But if this really be a subsequent alteration, I think at least there is no improvement: for when we conceive the winds as assembling from all quarters, at the omnipotent command of the Deity, and bearing him with their united forces from the heavens, we have a more sublime image than

when we see him as flying merely on *mighty winds*, or as driving his team (or troop) of angels on a *strong* tempest's *rapid* wing, with *most amazing swiftness*, as *elegantly* represented by *Brady and Tate*.*

I differ from your correspondent's opinion that these verses, so far from possessing sublimity, attract the reader merely by their *rumbling sound*: and here it may not be amiss to observe that the true sublime does not consist of high-sounding words or pompous magnificence: on the contrary, it most frequently appears clad in native dignity and simplicity, without art, and without ornament.

The most elegant critic of antiquity, Longinus, in his Treatise on the Sublime, adduces the following passage from the Book of Genesis, as possessing that quality in an eminent degree:

'*God said, Let there be light, and there was light: —Let the earth be, and earth was.*'†

From what I have advanced on this subject, I would not have it inferred that I conceive the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, generally speaking, to be superior to that of Brady and Tate; for, on the contrary, in almost every instance except that above-mentioned, the latter possesses an indubitable right to preeminence. Our language, however, cannot yet boast one version possessing the true spirit of the original: some are beneath contempt; and the best has scarce-

* The chariot of the King of kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a *strong* tempest's *rapid wings,*
With most amazing swiftness flew.

† The quotation appears to have been made from memory, and not correctly.

ly attained mediocrity. Your correspondent has quoted some verses from Tate, in triumph, as comparatively excellent; but in my opinion, these are also instances of our general failure in sacred poetry: they abound in those *ambitiosa ornamenta* which do well to please women and children, but which disgust the man of taste.

To the imitations already noticed of this passage, permit me to add the following:—

'But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds through liquid air.'

Pope's Iliad, b. ii.

'Miguel cruzando os pelagos do vento.'

Carlos Reduzido, Canto I., by Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, an ancient Portuguese poet, of some merit.

WARTON.

THE poems of Thomas Warton are replete with a sublimity and richness of imagery, which seldom fail to enchant: every line presents new beauties of idea, aided by all the magic of animated diction. From the inexhaustible stores of figurative language, majesty, and sublimity, which the ancient English poets afford, he has culled some of the richest and the sweetest flowers. But, unfortunately, in thus making use of the beauties of other writers, he has been too unsparing; for the greater number of his ideas and nervous epithets cannot, strictly speaking, be called his own: therefore, however we may be charmed by the gran-

deur of his images, or the felicity of his expression, we must still bear in our recollection, that we cannot with justice bestow upon him the highest eulogium of genius—that of originality.

It has, with much justice, been observed that Pope and his imitators have introduced a species of refinement into our language, which has banished that nerve and pathos for which Milton had rendered it eminent. Harmonious modulations and unvarying exactness of measure, totally precluding sublimity and fire, have reduced our fashionable poetry to mere sing-song. But Thomas Warton, whose taste was unvitiated by the frivolities of the day, immediately saw the intrinsic worth of what the world then slighted. He saw that the ancient poets contained a fund of strength, and beauty of imagery, as well as diction, which, in the hands of genius, would shine forth with redoubled lustre. Entirely rejecting, therefore, modern niceties, he extracted the honied sweets from these beautiful, though neglected, flowers. Every grace of sentiment, every poetical term, which a false taste had rendered obsolete, was by him revived, and made to grace his own ideas; and though many will condemn him as guilty of plagiarism, yet few will be able to withhold the tribute of their praise.

The peculiar forte of Warton seems to have been in the sombre descriptive. The wild airy flights of a Spenser, the 'chivalrous feats of barons bold,' or the 'cloister'd solitude,' were the favourites of his mind. Of this his bent he informs us in the following lines:—

Through Pope's soft song though all the graces breathe,
And happiest art adorns his attic page,
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As, at the foot of mossy trunk reclin'd,

In magic Spenser's wildly warbled song,
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes and lurid heaths
Weary, forlorn, than where the fated fair*
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing sun.
The *gay description* palls upon the sense;
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Pleasures of Melancholy.

Warton's mind was formed for the grand and the sublime. Were his imitations less verbal and less numerous, I should be led to imagine that the peculiar beauties of his favourite authors had sunk so impressively into his mind, that he had unwittingly appropriated them as his own; but they are in general such as to preclude the idea.

To the metrical and other intrinsic ornaments of style, he appears to have paid due attention. If we meet with an uncouth expression, we immediately perceive that it is peculiarly appropriate, and that no other term could have been made use of with so happy an effect. His poems abound with alliterative lines. Indeed, this figure seems to have been his favourite; and he studiously seeks every opportunity to introduce it: however, it must be acknowledged, that his 'daisy-dappled dales,' &c. occur too frequently.

The poem on which Warton's fame *(as a poet)* principally rests, is, the 'Pleasures of Melancholy;' and (notwithstanding the perpetual recurrence of ideas which are borrowed from other poets) there are few pieces which I have perused with more exquisite gra-

* Belinda. Vide Pope's Rape of the Lock.

tification. The gloomy tints with which he overcasts his descriptions; his highly figurative language; and, above all, the antique air which the poem wears, convey the most sublime ideas to the mind.

Of the other pieces of this poet, some are excellent; and they all rise above mediocrity. In his sonnets, he has succeeded wonderfully; that written at Winslade, and the one to the river Lodon, are peculiarly beautiful; and that to Mr. Gray is most elegantly turned. The 'Ode on the Approach of Summer' is replete with genius and poetic fire; and even over the Birth-day Odes, which he wrote as poet-laureate, his genius has cast energy and beauty. His humorous pieces and satires abound in wit; and, in short, taking him altogether, he is an ornament to our country and our language: and it is to be regretted, that the profusion with which he has made use of the beauties of other poets, should have given room for censure.

I should have closed my short, and I fear jejune, essay on Warton, but that I wished to hint to your truly elegant and acute Stamford correspondent, Octavius Gilchrist (whose future remarks on Warton's imitations I await with considerable impatience), that the passage in the Pleasures of Melancholy,

'——or *ghostly* shape,
At distance seen, invites, with beck'ning hand,
Thy lonesome steps,'

which he supposes to be taken from the following in Comus—

'Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names,'

is more probably taken from the commencement of Pope's Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady —

'What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?'

The original idea was possibly taken from Comus, by Pope, from whom Warton, to all appearance, again borrowed it.

Were the similarity of the passage in Gray to that in Warton less striking and verbal, I should be inclined to think it only a remarkable coincidence; for Gray's biographers inform us that he commenced his Elegy in 1742, and that it was completed in 1744, being the year which he particularly devoted to the muses, though he did not '*put the finishing stroke to it*' until 1750. The Pleasures of Melancholy were published in 4to. in 1747; therefore Gray *might* take his third stanza from Warton: but it is rather extraordinary that the *third stanza* of a poem should be taken from another, published *five* years after that poem was begun, and *three* after it was understood to be completed. One circumstance, however, seems to render the supposition of its being a plagiarism somewhat more probable, which is, that the stanza in question is not essential to the connection of the succeeding and antecedent verses; therefore it might have been added by Gray, when he put the '*finishing stroke*' to his piece in 1750.

CURSORY REMARKS ON TRAGEDY.

THE pleasure which is derived from the representation of an affecting tragedy, has often been the subject of inquiry among philosophical critics, as a singular phenomenon. That the mind should receive gratification from the excitement of those passions which are in themselves painful, is really an extraordinary paradox, and is the more inexplicable, since, when the same means are employed to rouse the more pleasing affections, no adequate effect is produced.

In order to solve this problem, many ingenious hypotheses have been invented. The Abbé Du Bos tells us, that the mind has such a natural antipathy to a state of listlessness and languor, as to render the transition from it to a state of exertion, even though by rousing passions in themselves painful, as in the instance of tragedy, a positive pleasure. Monsieur Fontenelle has given us a more satisfactory account. He tells us that pleasure and pain, two sentiments so different in themselves, do not differ so much in their cause; that pleasure, carried too far, becomes pain; and pain, a little moderated, becomes pleasure. Hence that the pleasure we derive from tragedy is a pleasing sorrow, a modulated pain. David Hume, who has also written upon this subject, unites the two systems, with this addition, that the painful emotions excited by the representation of melancholy scenes, are farther tempered, and the pleasure is proportionably heightened, by the eloquence displayed in the relation—the art shewn in collecting the pathetic circumstances, and the judgment evinced in their happy disposition.

But even now I do not conceive the difficulty to be satisfactorily done away. Admitting the postulatum which the Abbé Du Bos assumes, than languor is so disagreeable to the mind as to render its removal positive pleasure, to be true; yet, when we recollect, as Mr. Hume has before observed, that, were the same objects of distress, which give us pleasure in tragedy, set before our eyes in reality, though they would effectually remove listlessness, they would excite the most unfeigned uneasiness, we shall hesitate in applying this solution in its full extent to the present subject. M. Fontenelle's reasoning is much more conclusive; yet I think he errs egregiously in his premises, if he means to imply that any modulation of pain is pleasing; because, in whatever degree it may be, it is still pain, and remote from either ease or positive pleasure; and if by moderated pain, he means

any uneasy sensation abated though not totally banished, he is no less mistaken in the application of them to the subject before us. Pleasure may very well be conceived to be painful, when carried to excess; because it there becomes exertion, and is inconvenient. We may also form some idea of a pleasure arising from moderated pain, or the transition from the disagreeable to the less disagreeable; but this cannot in any wise be applied to the gratification we derive from a tragedy, for there no superior degree of pain is left for an inferior. As to Mr. Hume's addition of the pleasure we derive from the art of the poet, for the introduction of which he has written his whole dissertation on tragedy, it merits little consideration. The self-recollection necessary to render this art a source of gratification, must weaken the illusion; and whatever weakens the illusion, diminishes the effect.

In these systems, it is taken for granted that all those passions are excited, which are represented in the drama. This I conceive to be the primary cause of error; for to me it seems very probable that the only passion or affection which is excited, is that of sympathy, which partakes of the pleasing nature of pity and compassion, and includes in it so much as is pleasing of hope and apprehension, joy and grief.

The pleasure we derive from the afflictions of a friend is proverbial. Every person has felt, and wondered why he felt, something soothing in the participation of the sorrows of those dear to his heart; and he might, with as much reason, have questioned why he was delighted with the melancholy scenes of tragedy. Both pleasures are equally singular: they both arise from the same source: both originate in sympathy.

It would seem natural that an accidental spectator of a cause in a court of justice, with which he is perfectly unacquainted, would remain an uninterested

auditor of what was going forward. Experience tells us, however, the exact contrary. He immediately, even before he is well acquainted with the merits of the case, espouses one side of the question, to which he uniformly adheres, participates in all its advantages, and sympathises in its success. There is no denying that the interest that man takes in the business is a source of pleasure to him; but we cannot suppose one of the parties in the cause, though his interest must be infinitely more lively, to feel an equal pleasure, because the painful passions are in him really roused, while in the other sympathy alone is excited, which is in itself pleasing. It is pretty much the same with the spectator of a tragedy. And, if the sympathy is the more pleasing, it is because the actions are so much the more calculated to entrap the the attention, and the object so much the more worthy. The pleasure is heightened, also, in both instances, by a kind of intuitive recollection, which never forsakes the spectator, that no bad consequences will result to him from the action he is surveying. The recollection is the more predominant in the spectator of a tragedy, as it is impossible in any case totally to banish from his memory that the scenes are fictitious and illusive. In real life, we always advert to futurity, and endeavour to draw inferences of the probable consequences; but the moment we take off our minds from what is passing on the stage, to reasonings thereupon, the illusion is dispelled, and it again recurs that it is all fiction.

If we compare the degrees of pleasure we derive from the perusal of a novel and the representation of a tragedy, we shall observe a wonderful disparity. In both we feel an interest; in both, sympathy is excited. But in the one, things are merely *related* to us as *having passed*, which it is not attempted to persuade us ever did *in reality* happen, and from which, therefore, we never can deceive ourselves into the

idea that any consequences whatever will result: in the other, on the contrary, the actions themselves pass before our eyes; we are not tempted to ask ourselves whether they did ever happen: we see them happen, we are the witnesses of them; and, were it not for the meliorating circumstances before-mentioned, the sympathy would become so powerful as to be in the highest degree painful.

In tragedy, therefore, every thing which can strengthen the illusion should be introduced; for there are a thousand drawbacks on the effect, which it is impossible to remove, and which have always so great a force as to put it out of the power of the poet to excite sympathy in a too painful degree. Every thing that is improbable, every thing which is out of the common course of nature, should, for this reason, be avoided, as nothing will so forcibly remind the spectator of the unrealness of the illusion.

It is a mistaken idea that we sympathize sooner with the distresses of kings and illustrious personages, than with those of common life. Men are, in fact, more inclined to commiserate the sufferings of their equals, than of those whom they cannot but regard rather with awe than pity, as superior beings; and to take an interest in incidents which might have happened to themselves, sooner than in these remote from their own rank and habits. It is for this reason that Æschylus censures Euripides for introducing his kings in rags, as if they were more to be compassionated than other men:

> Πρῶτον μὲν τοὺς βασιλεύοντας ῥακιαμπίσχων, ἵν' ἐλεεινοὶ
> Τοῖς ἀνθρώποις φαίνοντ' εἶναι.

Some will, perhaps, imagine that it is in the power of the poet to excite our sympathy in too powerful

a degree, because, at the representation of certain scenes, the spectators are frequently affected so as to make them shriek out with terror. But this is not sympathy; it is horror, it is disgust; and is only witnessed when some act is committed on the stage, so cruel and bloody, as to make it impossible to contemplate it, even in idea, without horror.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut humana palám coquat extra nefarius Atreus.

Hor. Ars. Poet. l. 185.

It is for this reason, also, that many fine German dramas cannot be brought on the English stage; such as the Robbers, of Schiller, and the Adelaide of Wulfingen, by Kotzebue: they are too horrible to be *read* without violent emotions; and Horace will tell you what an immense difference there is, in point of effect, between a relation and a representation:

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi trahit spectator. *Ars. Poet. l.* 180.

I shall conclude these desultory remarks, strung together at random, without order or connection, by observing what little foundation there is for the general outcry, in the literary world, against the prevalence of German dramas on our stage. Did they not possess uncommon merit, they would not meet with such general approbation. Fashion has but a partial influence; but they have drawn tears from an audience in a barn, as well as in a theatre royal: they have been welcomed with plaudits in every little market town in the three kingdoms, as well as in

the metropolis. Nature speaks but one language; she is alike intelligible to the peasant and the man of letters, the tradesman and the man of fashion. While the muse of Germany shall continue to produce such plays as the Stranger and Lovers' Vows,* who will not rejoice that translation is able to naturalize her effects in our language?

MELANCHOLY HOURS.

(No. 1.)

———There is a mood
(I sing not to the vacant and the young),
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies. *Dyer.*

Philosophers have divested themselves of their natural apathy, and poets have risen above themselves, in descanting on the pleasures of Melancholy. There is no mind so gross, no understanding so uncultivated, as to be incapable, at certain moments, and amid certain combinations, of feeling that sublime influence upon the spirits, which steals the soul from the petty anxieties of the world,

'And fits it to hold converse with the gods.'

I must confess, if such there be who never felt the divine abstraction, I envy them not their insensibili-

* I speak of these plays only as adapted to our stage by the elegant pens of Mr. Thompson and Mrs. Inchbald.

ty. For my own part, it is from the indulgence of this soothing power that I derive the most exquisite of gratifications. At the calm hour of moonlight, amid all the sublime serenity, the dead stillness, of the night; or when the howling storm rages in the heavens, the rain pelts on my roof, and the winds whistle through the crannies of my apartment, I feel the divine mood of melancholy upon me: I imagine myself placed upon an eminence, above the crowds who pant below in the dusty tracks of wealth and honour. The black catalogue of crimes and of vice, the sad tissue of wretchedness and woe, passes in review before me; and I look down upon man with an eye of pity and commiseration. Though the scenes which I survey be mournful, and the ideas they excite equally sombre; though the tears gush as I contemplate them, and my heart feels heavy with the sorrowful emotions which they inspire; yet are they not unaccompanied with sensations of the purest and most ecstatic bliss.

It is to the spectator alone that Melancholy is forbidding: in herself she is soft and interesting, and capable of affording pure and unalloyed delight. Ask the lover why he muses by the side of the purling brook, or plunges into the deep gloom of the forest. Ask the unfortunate why he seeks the still shades of solitude, or the man who feels the pangs of disappointed ambition, why he retires into the silent walks of seclusion, and he will tell you that he derives a pleasure therefrom, which nothing else can impart. It is the delight of Melancholy; but the melancholy of these beings is as far removed from that of the philosopher, as are the narrow and contracted complaints of selfishness, from the mournful regrets of expansive philanthropy; as are the desponding intervals of insanity, from the occasional depressions of benevolent sensibility.

The man who has attained that calm equanimity

which qualifies him to look down upon the petty evils of life, with indifference: who can so far conquer the weakness of nature, as to consider the sufferings of the individual of little moment, when put in competition with the welfare of the community, is alone the true philosopher. His melancholy is not excited by the retrospect of his own misfortunes; it has its rise from the contemplation of the miseries incident to life, and the evils which obtrude themselves upon society, and interrupt the harmony of nature. It would be arrogating too much merit to myself, to assert that I have a just claim to the title of a philosopher, as it is here defined; or to say that the speculations of my melancholy hours are equally disinterested: be this as it may, I have determined to present my solitary effusions to the public; they will at least have the merit of novelty to recommend them, and may possibly, in some measure, be instrumental in the melioration of the human heart, or the correction of false prepossessions. This is the height of my ambition: this once attained, and my end will be fully accomplished. One thing I can safely promise: though far from being the coinages of a heart at ease, they will contain neither the querulous captiousness of misfortune, nor the bitter taunts of misanthropy. Society is a chain, of which I am merely a link: all men are my associates in error; and though some may have gone farther in the ways of guilt than myself, yet it is not in me to sit in judgment upon them: it is mine to treat them rather in pity than in anger, to lament their crimes, and to weep over their sufferings. As these papers will be the amusement of those hours of relaxation when the mind recedes from the vexations of business, and sinks into itself, for a moment of solitary ease, rather than the efforts of literary leisure, the reader will not expect to find in them unusual elegance of language, or studied propriety of style. In the short and necessary intervals of cessa-

tion from the anxieties of an irksome employment, one finds little time to be solicitous about expression. If, therefore, the fervour of a glowing mind expresses itself in too warm and luxuriant a manner for the cold ear of dull propriety, let the fastidious critic find a selfish pleasure in descrying it. To criticism, melancholy is indifferent. If learning cannot be better employed than in declaiming against the defects, while it is insensible to the beauties, of a performance, well may we exclaim with the poet,

> Ὦ εὐμένης ἄγνοια ὡς ἀμωμός τις εἶ
> Ὅταν σὶ σου οὐ ἔχ ης ὄντως σ' οὐκ ἀγιόει. W.

(No. II.)

> But (wel-a day!) who loves the Muses now?
> Or helpes the climber of the sacred hyll?
> None leane to them: but strive to disalow
> All heavenly dewes the goddesses distil.
>
> *Wm. Brown's Shepheard's Pipe, Eg. 5.*

It is a melancholy reflection, and a reflection which often sinks heavily on my soul, that the Sons of Genius generally seem predestined to encounter the rudest storms of adversity; to struggle, unnoticed, with poverty and misfortune. The annals of the world present us with many corroborations of this remark; and, alas! who can tell how many unhappy beings, who might have shone with distinguished lustre among the stars which illumine our hemisphere, may have sunk unknown beneath the pressure of untoward circumstances? Who knows how many may have shrunk, with all the exquisite sensibility of ge-

nius, from the rude and riotous discord of the world, into the peaceful slumbers of death? Among the number of those whose talents might have elevated them to the first rank of eminence, but who have been overwhelmed with the accumulated ills of poverty and misfortune, I do not hesitate to rank a young man whom I once accounted it my greatest happiness to be able to call my friend.

Charles Wanely was the only son of an humble village rector, who just lived to give him a liberal education, and then left him, unprovided for and unprotected, to struggle through the world as well as he could. With a heart glowing with the enthusiasm of poetry and romance, with a sensibility the most exquisite, and with an indignant pride, which swelled in his veins and told him he was a man, my friend found himself cast upon the wide world, at the age of sixteen, an adventurer, without fortune and without connexion. As his independent spirit could not brook the idea of being a burden to those whom his father had taught him to consider only as allied by blood and not by affection, he looked about him for a situation which could ensure to him, by his own exertions, an honourable competence. It was not long before such a situation offered; and Charles precipitately articled himself to an attorney, without giving himself time to consult his own inclinations, or the disposition of his master. The transition from Sophocles and Euripides, Theocritus and Ovid, to Finche and Wood, Coke and Wynne, was striking and difficult: but Charles applied himself, with his wonted ardour, to his new study, as considering it not only his interest, but his duty, so to do. It was not long, however, before he discovered that he disliked the law, that he disliked his situation, and that he despised his master. The fact was, my friend had many mortifications to endure, which his haughty soul

could ill brook. The attorney to whom he was articled, was one of those narrow-minded beings who consider wealth as alone entitled to respect. He had discovered that his clerk was *very* poor and *very* destitute of friends; and thence he *very* naturally concluded that he might insult him with impunity. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his calculations. I one night remarked that my friend was unusually thoughtful. I ventured to ask him whether he had met with anything particular to ruffle his spirits. He looked at me, for some moments, significantly; then, as if roused to fury by the recollection, —'I have,' said he, vehemently, 'I have, I have. He has insulted me grossly; and I will bear it no longer.' He now walked up and down the room, with visible emotion.—Presently he sat down—He seemed more composed. 'My friend,' said he, 'I have endured much from this man. I conceived it my duty to forbear; but I have forborne until forbearance is blameable; and, by the Almighty, I will never again endure what I have endured this day. But not only this man; every one thinks he may treat me with contumely, because I am poor and friendless. But I am a man; and will no longer tamely submit to be the sport of fools and the foot-ball of caprice. In this spot of earth, though it gave me birth, I can never taste of ease. Here I must be miserable. The principal end of man is to arrive at happiness. Here I can never attain it; and here, therefore, I will no longer remain. My obligations to the rascal who calls himself my master, are cancelled by his abuse of the authority I rashly placed in his hands. I have no relations to bind me to this particular place.' The tears started in his eyes as he spoke. 'I have no tender ties to bid me stay; and why *do* I stay? The world is all before me. My inclination leads me to travel. I will pursue that inclination; and, perhaps, in a

strange land, I may find that repose which is denied to me in the place of my birth. My finances, it is true, are ill able to support the expenses of travelling: but what then? Goldsmith, my friend,' with rising enthusiasm, 'Goldsmith traversed Europe on foot; and I am as hardy as Goldsmith. Yes, I will go; and, perhaps, ere long, I may sit me down on some towering mountain, and exclaim, with him, while a hundred realms lie in perspective before me,

'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.'"

It was in vain I entreated him to reflect maturely, ere he took so bold a step. He was deaf to my importunities; and, the next morning, I received a letter informing me of his departure. He was observed, about sun-rise, sitting on the stile, at the top of an eminence which commanded a prospect of the surrounding country, pensively looking towards the village. I could divine his emotions, on thus casting probably a last look on his native place. The neat white parsonage-house, with the honeysuckle mantling on its wall, I knew would receive his last glance; and the image of his father would present itself to his mind, with a melancholy pleasure, as he was thus hastening, a solitary individual, to plunge himself into the crowds of the world, deprived of that fostering hand which would otherwise have been his support and guide.

From this period, Charles Wanely was never heard of at L——; and, as his few relations cared little about him, in a short time it was almost forgotten that such a being had ever been in existence.

About five years had elapsed from this period, when my occasions led me to the continent. I will confess I was not without a romantic hope that I might again meet with my lost friend; and that often, with that idea, I scrutinized the features of the passengers.

One fine moonlight night, as I was strolling down the grand Italian Strada di Toledo, at Naples, I observed a crowd assembled round a man, who, with impassioned gestures, seemed to be vehemently declaiming to the multitude. It was one of the Improvisatori, who recite extempore verses in the streets of Naples, for what money they can collect from the hearers. I stopped to listen to the man's metrical romance; and had remained in the attitude of attention some time, when, happening to turn round, I beheld a person, very shabbily dressed, steadfastly gazing at me. The moon shone full in his face. I thought his features were familiar to me. He was pale and emaciated; and his countenance bore marks of the deepest dejection. Yet, amidst all these changes, I thought I recognised Charles Wanely. I stood stupified with surprise. My senses nearly failed me. On recovering myself, I looked again; but he had left the spot, the moment he found himself observed. I darted through the crowd, and ran every way which I thought he could have gone; but it was all to no purpose. Nobody knew him. Nobody had ever seen such a person. The two following days I renewed my inquiries: and at last discovered the lodgings where a man of his description had resided. But he had left Naples, the morning after his form had struck my eyes. I found he gained a subsistence by drawing rude figures in chalks, and vending them among the peasantry. I could no longer doubt it was my friend; and immediately perceived that his haughty spirit could not bear to be recognised, in such degrading circumstances, by one who had known him in better days. Lamenting the misguided notions which had thus again thrown him from me, I left Naples, now grown hateful to my sight, and embarked for England. It is now nearly twenty years since this rencounter, during which period he has not been heard

of; and there can be little doubt that this unfortunnate young man has found, in some remote corner of the continent, an obscure and an unlamented grave.

Thus, those talents which were formed to do honour to human nature, and to the country which gave them birth, have been nipped in the bud by the frosts of poverty and scorn; and their unhappy possessor lies in an unknown and nameless tomb, who might, under happier circumstances, have risen to the highest pinnacle of ambition and renown.

W.

(No. III.)

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
Can e'er afford.

Warton's Melancholy.

In one of my midnight rambles down the side of the Trent, the river which waters the place of my nativity, as I was musing on the various evils which darken the life of man, and which have their rise in the malevolence and ill-nature of his fellows, the sound of a flute, from an adjoining copse, attracted my attention. The tune it played was mournful, yet soothing. It was suited to the solemnity of the hour. As the distant notes came wafted, at intervals, on my ear, now with gradual swell, then dying away on the silence of the night, I felt the tide of indignation subside within me, and give place to the solemn calm of repose. I listened for some time, in breathless ravishment. The

strains ceased, yet the sounds still vibrated on my heart; and the visions of bliss which they excited, still glowed on my imagination. I was then standing in one of my favourite retreats. It was a little alcove, overshadowed with willows; and a mossy seat at the back invited to rest. I laid myself listlessly on the bank. The Trent murmured softly at my feet; and the willows sighed, as they waved over my head. It was the holy moment of repose; and I soon sunk into a deep sleep. The operations of fancy, in a slumber induced by a combination of circumstances so powerful and uncommon, could not fail to be wild and romantic in the extreme. Methought I found myself in an extensive area, filled with an immense concourse of people. At one end was a throne of adamant, on which sat a female, in whose aspect I immediately recognised a divinity. She was clad in a garb of azure. On her forehead she bore a sun, whose splendour the eyes of many were unable to bear; and whose rays illumined the whole space, and penetrated into the deepest recesses of darkness. The aspect of the goddess, at a distance, was forbidding; but, on a nearer approach, it was mild and engaging. Her eyes were blue and piercing; and there was a fascination, in her smile, which charmed as if by enchantment. The air of intelligence which beamed in her look, made the beholder shrink into himself with the consciousness of inferiority; yet the affability of her deportment, and the simplicity and gentleness of her manners, soon reassured him; while the bewitching softness which she could at times assume, won his permanent esteem. On inquiry, of a bystander, who it was that sat on the throne, and what was the occasion of so uncommon an assembly, he informed me it was the Goddess of Wisdom, who had at last succeeded in regaining the dominion of the earth, which Folly had so long usurped: that she sat there, in her judicial capacity, in order

to try the merits of many who were supposed to be the secret emissaries of Folly. In this way I understood Envy and Malevolence had been sentenced to perpetual banishment, though several of their adherents yet remained among men, whose minds were too gross to be irradiated with the light of Wisdom. One trial, I understood, was just ended; and another supposed delinquent was about to be put to the bar. With much curiosity, I hurried forward to survey the figure which now approached. She was habited in black, and veiled to the waist. Her pace was solemn and majestic; yet in every movement was a winning gracefulness. As she approached the bar, I got a nearer view of her, when, what was my astonishment to recognize, in her, the person of my favourite goddess, Melancholy! Amazed that she, whom I had always looked upon as the sister and companion of Wisdom, should be brought to trial as an emissary and an adherent of Folly, I waited, in mute impatience, for the accusation which could be framed against her. — On looking towards the centre of the area, I was much surprised to see a bustling little *Cit* of my acquaintance, who, by his hemming and clearing, I concluded was going to make the charge. As he was a self-important little fellow, full of consequence and business, and totally incapable of all the finer emotions of the soul, I could not conceive what ground of complaint *he* could have against Melancholy, who, I was persuaded, would never have deigned to take up her residence, for a moment, in *his* breast. When I recollected, however, that he had some sparks of ambition in his composition, and that he was an envious, carping little mortal, who had formed the design of shouldering himself into notice by decrying the defects of others, while he was insensible to his own, my amazement and apprehensions vanished, as I perceived he only wanted to make a display of his own ta-

lent, in doing which I did not fear his making himself sufficiently ridiculous.

After a good deal of irrelevant circumlocution, he boldly began the accusation of Melancholy. I shall not dwell upon many absurd and many invidious parts of his speech, nor upon the many blunders in the misapplication of words, such as '*d duce*' for '*detract*,' and others of a similar nature, which my poor friend committed in the course of his harangue, but shall only dwell upon the material parts of the charge.

He represented the prisoner as the offspring of *Idleness* and *Discontent*, who was, at all times, a sulky, sullen, and '*eminently useless*,' member of the community, and not unfrequently a very dangerous one. He declared it to be his opinion that, in case she were to be suffered to prevail, mankind would soon become '*too idle to go*;' and would all lie down and perish through indolence, or through forgetting that sustenance was necessary for the preservation of existence: and concluded with painting the horrors which would attend such a depopulation of the earth, in such colours as made many weak minds regard the goddess with fear and abhorrence.

Having concluded, the accused was called upon for her defence. She immediately, with a graceful gesture, lifted up the veil which concealed her face; and discovered a countenance so soft, so lovely, and so sweetly expressive, so to strike the beholders with involuntary admiration, and which, at one glance, overturned all the flimsy sophistry of my poor friend the citizen: and when the silver tones of her voice were heard, the murmurs, which until then had continually arisen from the crowd, were hushed to a dead still; and the whole multitude stood transfixed in breathless attention. As near as I can recollect, these were the words in which she addressed herself to the throne of Wisdom:—

'*I shall not deign to give a* DIRECT *answer to the various insinuations which have been thrown out against me, by my accuser.* Let it suffice that I declare my true history, in opposition to that which has been so artfully fabricated to my disadvantage. In that early age of the world when mankind followed the peaceful avocations of a pastoral life only, and contentment and harmony reigned in every vale, I was not known among men; but when, in process of time, Ambition and Vice, with their attendant evils, were sent down as a scourge to the human race, I made my appearance. I am the offspring of Misfortune and Virtue; and was sent, by Heaven, to teach my parents how to support their afflictions with magnanimity. As I grew up, I became the intimate friend of the wisest among men. I was the bosom friend of Plato and other illustrious sages of antiquity; and was then often known by the name of Philosophy: though, in present times, when that title is usurped by mere makers of experiments and inventors of blacking-cakes, I am only known by the appellation of Melancholy. So far from being of a discontented disposition, my very essence is pious and resigned contentment. I teach my votaries to support every vicissitude of fortune, with calmness and fortitude. It is mine to subdue the stormy propensities of passion and vice, to foster and encourage the principles of benevolence and philanthropy, and to cherish and bring to perfection the seeds of virtue and wisdom. Though feared and hated by those who, like my accuser, are ignorant of my nature, I am courted and cherished by all the truly wise, the good, and the great. The poet wooes me as the goddess of inspiration. The true philosopher acknowledges himself indebted to me for his most expansive views of human nature. The good man owes to me that hatred of the wrong and love of the right, and that disdain for the consequences which may result

from the performance of his duties, which keeps him good; and the religious flies to me for the only clear and unencumbered view of the attributes and perfections of the Deity. So far from being idle, my mind is ever on the wing, in the regions of fancy, or that true philosophy which opens the book of human nature, and raises the soul above the evils incident to life. If I am useless, in the same degree were Plato and Socrates, Locke and Paley, useless. It is true that my immediate influence is confined; but its effects are disseminated, by means of literature, over every age and nation; and mankind, in every generation and in every clime, may look to me as their remote illuminator, the original spring of the principal intellectual benefits they possess. But, as there is no good without its attendant evil, so I have an elder sister, called Frenzy, for whom I have often been mistaken; who sometimes follows close on my steps, and to her I owe much of the obloquy which is attached to my name: though the puerile accusation which has just been brought against me, turns on points which apply more exclusively to myself.'

She ceased; and a dead pause ensued. The multitude seemed struck with the fascination of her utterance and gesture; and the sounds of her voice still seemed to vibrate on every ear. The attention of the assembly, however, was soon recalled to the accuser; and their indignation at his baseness rose to such a height as to threaten general tumult, when the Goddess of Wisdom arose, and, waving her hand for silence, beckoned the prisoner to her, placed her on her right hand, and, with a sweet smile, acknowledged her for her old companion and friend. She then turned to the accuser, with a frown of severity, so terrible, that I involuntarily started with terror from my poor, misguided friend, and with the violence of the start I awoke; and, instead of the throne of the

Goddess of Wisdom, and the vast assembly of people, beheld the first rays of the morning peeping over the eastern cloud; and, instead of the loud murmurs of the incensed multitude, heard nothing but the soft gurgling of the river at my feet, and the rustling wing of the sky-lark, who was now beginning his first matin-song. W.

(No. IV.)

Σκοπησαμενος ευρισκον ευδαιμων αν αλλως οι τος διαπραξαμενος.—*Isocr.*

The world has often heard of fortune-hunters, legacy-hunters, popularity-hunters, and hunters of various descriptions. One diversity, however, of this very extensive species has hitherto eluded public animadversion. I allude to the class of friend-hunters—men who make it the business of their lives to acquire friends, in the hope, through their influence, to arrive at some desirable point of ambitious eminence. Of all the mortifications and anxieties to which mankind voluntarily subject themselves, from the expectation of future benefit, there are, perhaps, none more galling, none more insupportable, than those attendant on friend-making. Shew a man that you court his society; and it is a signal for him to treat you with neglect and contumely. Humour his passions; and he despises you as a sycophant. Pay implicit deference to his opinions; and he laughs at you for your folly. In all, he views you with contempt, as the creature of his will, and the slave of his caprice. I remember I once solicited the acquaintance, and coveted the friendship, of one man; and, thank God, I can yet say (and I hope on my death-bed I shall be able to say the same) of ONLY one man.

Germanicus was a character of considerable eminence in the literary world. He had the reputation not only of an enlightened understanding and refined taste, but of openness of heart and goodness of disposition. His name always carried with it that weight and authority which are due to learning and genius in every situation. His manners were polished, and his conversation elegant. In short, he possessed every qualification which could render him an enviable addition to the circle of every man's friends. With such a character, as I was then very young, I could not fail to feel an ambition of becoming acquainted, when the opportunity offered; and, in a short time, we were upon terms of familiarity. To ripen this familiarity into friendship, as far as the most awkward diffidence would permit, was my strenuous endeavour. If his opinions contradicted mine, I immediately, without reasoning on the subject, conceded the point to him, as a matter of course that he must be right, and by consequence that I must be wrong. Did he utter a witticism, I was sure to laugh; and, if he looked grave, though nobody could tell why, it was mine to groan. By thus conforming myself to his humour, I flattered myself I was making some progress in his good graces; but I was soon undeceived. A man seldom cares much for that which costs him no pains to procure. Whether Germanicus found me a troublesome visitor, or whether he was really displeased with something I had unwittingly said or done, certain it is that, when I met him, one day, in company with persons of apparent figure, he had lost all recollection of my features. I called upon him; but Germanicus was not at home. Again and again I gave a hesitating knock at the great man's door—all was to no purpose. He was still not at home. The sly meaning, however, which was couched in the sneer of the servant, the last time

that, half ashamed of my errand, I made my inquiries at his house, convinced me of what I ought to have known before, that Germanicus was at home to all the world save me. I believe, with all my seeming humility, I am a confounded proud fellow at bottom; my rage at this discovery, therefore, may be better conceived than described. Ten thousand curses did I imprecate on the foolish vanity which led me to solicit the friendship of my superior; and again and again did I vow down eternal vengeance on my head, if I ever more condescended *thus* to *court* the acquaintance of man. To this resolution I believe I shall ever adhere. If I am destined to make any progress in the world, it will be by my own individual exertions. As I elbow my way through the crowded vale of life, I will never, in any emergency, call on my selfish neighbour for assistance. If my strength give way beneath the pressure of calamity, I shall sink without *his* whine of hypocritical condolence: and, if I do sink, let him kick me into a ditch, and go about his business. I asked not his assistance, while living: it will be of no service to me, when dead.

Believe me, reader, whoever thou mayest be, there are few, among mortals, whose friendship, when acquired, will repay thee for the meanness of solicitation. If a man voluntarily holds out his hand to thee, take it with caution. If thou find him honest, be not backward to receive his proffered assistance; and be anxious, when occasion shall require, to yield to him thine own. A real friend is the most valuable blessing a man can possess; and, mark me, it is by far the most rare. It is a black swan. But, whatever thou mayest do, *solicit* not friendship. If thou art young, and would make thy way in the world, bind thyself a seven years' apprentice to a city tallow-chandler; and thou mayest, in time, come to be lord mayor. Many people have made their fortunes

at a tailor's board. Perriwig-makers have been known to buy their country-seats; and bellows-menders have started their curricles: but seldom, very seldom, has the man who placed his dependence on the friendship of his fellow-men, arrived at even the shadow of the honours to which, through that medium, he aspired. Nay, even if thou shouldst find a friend ready to lend thee a helping hand, the moment, by his assistance, thou hast gained some little eminence, he will be the first to hurl thee down to thy primitive, and now, perhaps, irremediable obscurity.

Yet I see no more reason for complaint on the ground of the fallacy of human friendship, than I do for any other ordonnance of nature, which may *appear* to run counter to our happiness. Man is naturally a selfish creature; and it is only by the aid of philosophy that he can so far conquer the defects of his being, as to be capable of disinterested friendship. *Who*, then, can expect to find that benign disposition, which manifests itself in acts of disinterested benevolence and spontaneous affection, a common visitor? Who can preach philosophy to the mob?

The recluse, who does not easily assimilate with the herd of mankind, and whose manners with difficulty bend to the peculiarity of others, is not likely to have many *real friends*. His enjoyments, therefore, must be solitary, lone, and melancholy. His only friend is himself. As he sits, immersed in reverie, by his midnight fire; and hears, without, the wild gusts of wind fitfully careering over the plain, he listens, sadly attentive: and, as the varied intonations of the howling blast articulate to his enthusiastic ear, he converses with the spirits of the departed; while, between each dreary pause of the storm, he holds solitary communion with himself. Such is the social intercourse of the recluse; yet he frequently feels the soft consolations of friendship. A heart formed for

the gentler emotions of the soul, often feels as strong an interest for what are called *brutes*, as most bipeds affect to feel for each other. Montaigne had his cat. I have read of a man whose only friend was a large spider; and Trenck, in his dungeon, would sooner have lost his right hand than the poor little mouse, which, grown confident with indulgence, used to beguile the tedious hours of imprisonment, with its gambols. For my own part, I believe my dog, who, at this moment, seated on his hinder legs, is wistfully surveying me, as if he was conscious of all that is passing in my mind:—my dog, I say, is as sincere, and, whatever the world may say, nearly as *dear*, a friend as any I possess: and when I shall receive that summons which may not now be far distant, he will whine a funeral requiem over my grave, more piteously than all the hired mourners in Christendom. Well, well, poor Bob has had a kind master of me; and, for my part, I verily believe there are few things on this earth I shall leave with more regret than this faithful companion of the happy hours of my infancy.

W.

(No. V.)

Un Sonnet sans defaut vaut seul un long poeme,
Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver;
A peine.....
.....peut-on admirer deux ou trois entre mille.

Boileau.

There is no species of poetry which is better adapted to the taste of a melancholy man, that the sonnet. While its brevity precludes the possibility of its becoming tiresome, and its full and expected close ac-

cords well with his dejected, and perhaps somewhat languid, tone of mind, its elegiac delicacy and querimonious plaintiveness come in pleasing consonance with his feelings.

This elegant little poem has met with a peculiar fate, in this country: half a century ago, it was regarded as utterly repugnant to the nature of our language; while, at present, it is the popular vehicle of the most admired sentiments of our best living poets. This remarkable mutation in the opinions of our countrymen may, however, be accounted for on plain and common principles. The earlier English sonnetteers confined themselves, in general, too strictly to the Italian model, as well in the disposition of the rhymes, as in the cast of the ideas. A sonnet, with them, was only another word for some metaphysical conceit or clumsy antithesis, contained in fourteen harsh lines, full of obscure inversions and ill-managed expletives. They bound themselves down to a pattern which was in itself faulty; and they met with the common fate of servile imitators, in retaining all the defects of their original, while they suffered the beauties to escape in the process. Their sonnets are like copies of a bad picture: however accurately copied, they are still bad. Our contemporaries, on the contrary, have given scope to their genius, in the sonnet, without restraint; sometimes even growing licentious in their liberty, setting at defiance those rules which form its distinguishing peculiarity, and, under the name of sonnet, soaring or falling into ode or elegy. Their compositions, of course, are impressed with all those excellences which would have marked their respective productions in any similar walk of poetry.

It has never been disputed that the sonnet first arrived at celebrity in the Italian; a language which, as it abounds in a musical similarity of terminations,

is more eminently qualified to give ease and elegance to the legitimate sonnet, restricted as it is to stated and frequently-recurring rhymes of the same class. As to the inventors of this little structure of verse, they are involved in impenetrable obscurity. Some authors have ascribed it singly to Guitone D'Arezzo, an Italian poet of the thirteenth century; but they have no sort of authority to adduce in support of their assertions. Arguing upon probabilities, with some slight coincidental corroborations, I should be inclined to maintain that its origin may be referred to an earlier period; that it may be looked for among the Provencals, who left scarcely any combination of metrical sounds unattempted; and who, delighting, as they did, in sound and jingle, might very possibly strike out this harmonious stanza of fourteen lines. Be this as it may, Dante and Petrarch were the first poets who rendered it popular; and to Dante and Petrarch, therefore, we must resort for its required rules.

In an ingenious paper of Dr. Drake's 'Literary Hours,' a book which I have read again and again with undiminished pleasure, the merits of the various English writers in this delicate mode of composition are appreciated with much justice and discrimination. His veneration for Milton, however, has, if I may venture to oppose my judgment to his, carried him too far in praise of his sonnets. Those to the nightingale and to Mr. Lawrence are, I think, alone entitled to the praise of *mediocrity;* and, if my memory fail me not, my opinion is sanctioned by the testimony of our late illustrious biographer of the poets.

The sonnets of Drummond are characterized as exquisite. It is somewhat strange, if this description be just, that they should so long have sunk into utter oblivion, to be revived only by a species of black-letter *mania*, which prevailed during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of which some vestiges yet

remain; the more especially as Dr. Johnson, to whom they could scarcely be unknown, tells us, that 'The fabric of the sonnet has *never* succeeded in our language.' For my own part, I can say nothing of them. I have long sought a copy of Drummond's works, and I have sought it in vain: but, from specimens which I have casually met with, in quotations, I am forcibly inclined to favour the idea that, as they possess natural and pathetic sentiments, clothed in tolerably harmonious language, they are entitled to the praise which has been so liberally bestowed upon them.

Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella consists of a number of sonnets, which have been unaccountably passed over by Dr. Drake and all our other critics who have written on this subject. Many of them are eminently beautiful. The works of this neglected poet may occupy a future number of my lucubrations.

Excepting these two poets, I believe there is scarcely a writer who has arrived at any degree of excellence in the sonnet, until of late years, when our vernacular bards have raised it to a degree of eminence and dignity among the various kinds of poetical composition, which seems almost incompatible with its very circumscribed limits.

Passing over the classical compositions of Warton, which are formed more on the model of the Greek epigram or epitaph than the Italian sonnet, Mr. Bowles and Charlotte Smith are the first modern writers who have met with distinguished success in the sonnet. Those of the former, in particular, are standards of excellence in this department. To much natural and accurate description, they unite a strain of the most exquisitely tender and delicate sentiment; and with a nervous strength of diction and a wild freedom of versification, they combine an euphonious melody and consonant cadence, unequalled in the English language. While they possess, however, the superior

merit of an original style, they are not unfrequently deformed by instances of that ambitious singularity which is but too frequently its concomitant. Of these, the introduction of rhymes long since obsolete is not the least striking. Though, in some cases, these revivals of antiquated phrase have a pleasing effect; yet they are oftentimes uncouth and repulsive. Mr. Bowles has almost always thrown aside the common rules of the sonnet. His pieces have no more claim to that specific denomination, than that they are confined to fourteen lines. How far this deviation from established principle is justifiable, may be disputed: for if, on the one hand, it be alleged that the confinement to the stated repetition of rhymes, so distant and frequent, is a restraint which is not compensated by an adequate effect; on the other, it must be conceded that these little poems are no longer *sonnets* than while they conform to the rules of the sonnet; and that, the moment they forsake them, they ought to resign the appellation.

The name bears evident affinity to the Italian *sonaire*, '*to resound*'—'*sing around*', which originated in the Latin *sonans*,—*sounding*, *jingling*, *ringing*: or, indeed, it may come immediately from the French *sonner*, to sound or ring, in which language, it is observable, we first meet with the word *sonnette*, where it signifies a *little bell*, and *sonnettier*, a maker of little bells: and this derivation affords a presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that the conjecture before advanced, that the sonnet originated with the Provençals, is well founded. It is somewhat strange that these contending derivations have not been before observed, as they tend to settle a question, which, however intrinsically unimportant, is curious, and has been much agitated.

But, wherever the name originated, it evidently bears relation only to the peculiarity of a set of chim-

ing and jingling terminations; and, of course, can no longer be applied, with propriety, where that peculiarity is not preserved.

The single stanza of fourteen lines, properly varied in their correspondent closes, is, notwithstanding, so well adapted for the expression of any pathetic sentiment, and is so pleasing and satisfactory to the ear, when once accustomed to it, that our poetry would suffer a material loss were it to be disused, through a rigid adherence to mere propriety of name. At the same time, our language does not supply a sufficiency of similar terminations to render the strict observance of its rules at all easy, or compatible with ease or elegance. The only question, therefore, is, whether the musical effect produced by the adherence to this difficult structure of verse, overbalances the restraint it imposes on the poet; and, in case we decide in the negative, whether we ought to preserve the denomination of *sonnet*, when we utterly renounce the very peculiarities which procured it that cognomen.

In the present enlightened age, I think it will not be disputed that mere jingle and sound ought invariably to be sacrificed to sentiment and expression. Musical effect is a very subordinate consideration; it is the gilding to the cornices of a Vitruvian edifice; the colouring to a shaded design of Michael Angelo. In its place, it adds to the effect of the whole; but, when rendered a principal object of attention, it is ridiculous and disgusting. Rhyme is no necessary adjunct of true poetry. Southey's Thalaba is a fine poem, with no rhyme, and very little measure or metre; and the production which is reduced to mere prose, by being deprived of its jingle, could never possess, in any state, the marks of inspiration.

So far, therefore, I am of opinion that it is advisable to renounce the Italian fabric altogether. We have already sufficient restrictions laid upon us by the

metrical laws of our native tongue; and I do not see any reason, out of a blind regard for precedent, to tie ourselves to a difficult structure of verse, which probably originated with the Troubadours, or wandering bards, of France and Normandy, or with a yet ruder race; one which is not productive of any rational effect, and which only pleases the ear by frequent repetition, as men who have once had the greatest aversion to strong wines and spirituous liquors, are, by habit, at last brought to regard them as delicacies.

In advancing this opinion, I am aware that I am opposing myself to the declared sentiments of many individuals whom I greatly respect and admire. Miss Seward (and Miss Seward is in herself a host) has, both theoretically and practically, defended the Italian structure. Mr. Capel Lofft has likewise favoured the world with many sonnets, in which he shews his approval of the legitimate model, by his adherence to its rules; and many of the beautiful poems of Mrs. Lofft, published in the Monthly Mirror, are likewise successfully formed by those rules. Much, however, as I admire these writers, and ample as is the credence I give to their critical discrimination, I cannot, on mature reflection, subscribe to their position of their expediency of adopting this structure in our poetry; and I attribute their success in it more to their individual powers, which would have surmounted much greater difficulties, than to the adaptability of this foreign fabric to our stubborn and intractable language.

If the question, however, turn only on the propriety of giving to a poem a name which must be acknowledged to be entirely inappropriate, and to which it can have no sort of claim, I must confess that it is manifestly indefensible; and we must then either pitch upon another appellation for our quatorzain, or banish it from our language; a measure which every lover of true poetry must sincerely lament.

(No. VI.)

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—*Gray.*

Poetry is a blossom of very delicate growth: it requires the maturing influence of vernal suns, and every encouragement of culture and attention, to bring it to its natural perfection. The pursuits of the mathematician, or the mechancial genius, are such as require rather strength and insensibility of mind, than that exquisite and finely-wrought susceptibility which invariably marks the temperament of the true poet: and it is for this reason that, while men of science have not unfrequently arisen from the abodes of poverty and labour, very few legitimate children of the Muse have ever emerged from the shades of hereditary obscurity.

It is painful to reflect how many a bard now lies, nameless and forgotten, in the narrow house, who, had he been born to competence and leisure, might have usurped the laurels from the most distinguished personages in the temple of Fame. The very consciousness of merit itself often acts in direct opposition to a stimulus to exertion, by exciting that mournful indignation at suppositious neglect, which urges a sullen concealment of talent, and drives its possessor to that misanthropic discontent which preys on the vitals, and soon produces untimely mortality. A sentiment like this has, no doubt, actuated beings who attracted notice, perhaps, while they lived, only by their singularity; and who were forgotten almost ere their parent earth had closed over their heads;—beings who lived but to mourn and to languish for what they

were never destined to enjoy; and whose exalted endowments were buried with them in their graves, by the want of a little of that superfluity which serves to pamper the debased appetites of the enervated sons of luxury and sloth.

The present age, however, has furnished us with two illustrious instances of poverty bursting through the cloud of surrounding impediments, into the full blaze of notoriety and eminence. I allude to the two Bloomfields, bards who may challenge a comparison with the most distinguished favourites of the Muse, and who both passed the day-spring of life, in labour, indigence, and obscurity.

The author of the Farmer's Boy has already received the applause he justly deserved. It yet remains for the Essay on War to enjoy all the distinction it so richly merits, as well from its sterling worth, as from the circumstances of its author. Whether the present age will be inclined to do it full justice, may indeed be feared. Had Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield made his appearance in the horizon of letters, prior to his brother, he would undoubtedly have been considered as a meteor of uncommon attraction; the critics would have admired, because it would have been the fashion to admire. But it is to be apprehended that our countrymen became inured to phenomena:—it is to be apprehended that the frivolity of the age cannot endure a repetition of the uncommon—that it will no longer be the rage to patronise indigent merit: that the *beau monde* will therefore neglect; and that, by a necessary consequence, the critics will sneer.

Nevertheless, sooner or later, merit will meet with its reward: and, though the popularity of Mr. Bloomfield may be delayed, he *must*, at one time or other, receive the meed due to his deserts. Posterity will judge impartially; and if bold and vivid images, and original conceptions, luminously displayed and judi-

ciously apposed, have any claim to the regard of mankind, the name of Nathaniel Bloomfield will not be without its high and appropriate honours.

Rousseau very truly observes that, with whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily obtained. If this be applicable to men enjoying every advantage of scholastic initiation, how much more forcibly must it apply to the offspring of a poor village tailor, untaught and destitute both of the means and the time necessary for the cultivation of the mind! If the art of writing be of difficult attainment to those who make it the study of their lives, what must it be to him, who, perhaps, for the first forty years of his life, never entertained a thought that anything he could write would be deemed worthy the attention of the public!—whose only time for rumination was such as a sedentary and sickly employment would allow; on the tailor's board, surrounded with men, perhaps, of depraved and rude habits, and impure conversation!

And yet, that Mr. N. Bloomfield's poems display acuteness of remark and delicacy of sentiment, combined with much strength and considerable *selection* of diction, few will deny. The Pæan to Gunpowder would alone prove both his power of language, and the fertility of his imagination; and the following extract presents him to us in the still higher character of a bold and vivid *painter*. Describing the field, after a battle, he says,

Now here and there, about the horrid field,
Striding across the dying and the dead,
Stalks up a man, by strength superior,
Or skill and prowess in the arduous fight,
Preserv'd alive:—fainting, he looks around;
Fearing pursuit—not caring to pursue.
The supplicating voice of bitterest moans,

Contortions of excruciating pain,
The shriek of torture, and the groan of death,
Surround him;—and, as night her mantle spreads,
To veil the horrors of the morning field,
With cautious step shaping his devious way,
He seeks a covert where to hide and rest:
At every leaf that rustles in the breeze,
Starting, he grasps his sword; and every nerve
Is ready strain'd, for combat or for flight.

P. 12. *Essay on War.*

If Mr. Bloomfield had written nothing besides the Elegy on the Enclosure of Honington Green, he would have had a right to be considered as a poet of no mean excellence. The heart which can read passages like the following, without a sympathetic emotion, must be dead to every feeling of sensibility:—

VI. The proud city's gay wealthy train,
Who nought but refinement adore,
May wonder to hear me complain
That Honington Green is no more;
But if to the church you e'er went,
If you knew what the village has been,
You will sympathise while I lament
The enclosure of Honington Green.

VII. That no more upon Honington Green
Dwells the matron whom most I revere,
If by pert Observation unseen,
I e'en now could indulge a fond tear.
Ere her bright morn of life was o'ercast,
When my senses first woke to the scene,
Some short happy hours she had past
On the margin of Honington Green.

VIII. Her parents with plenty were blest,
And num'rous her children, and young;
Youth's blossoms her cheek yet possest,
And melody woke when she sung:
A widow so youthful to leave,
(Early clos'd the blest days he had seen)
My father was laid in his grave,
In the churchyard on Honington Green.

* * * * *

XXI. Dear to me was the wild thorny hill,
And dear the brown heath's sober scene;
And youth shall find happiness still,
Though he rove not on common or green.

* * * * *

XXII. So happily flexile man's make,
So pliantly docile his mind,
Surrounding impressions we take,
And bliss in each circumstance find.
The youths of a more polish'd age,
Shall not wish these rude commons to see;
To the bird that's inur'd to the cage,
It would not be bliss to be free.

There is a sweet and tender melancholy pervades the *elegiac ballad* efforts of Mr. Bloomfield, which has the most indescribable effects on the heart. Were the versification a little more polished, in some instances, they would be read with unmixed delight. It is to be hoped that he will cultivate this engaging species of composition; and (if I may venture to throw out the hint) if judgment may be formed from the

poems he has published, he would excel in sacred poetry. Most heartily do I recommend the lyre of David to this engaging bard. Divine topics have seldom been touched upon, with success, by our modern Muses: they afford a field in which he would have few competitors; and it is a field worthy of his abilities. W.

(No. VII*.)

If the situation of man, in the present life, be considered in all its relations and dependencies, a striking inconsistency will be apparent to a very cursory observer. We have sure warrant for believing that our abode here is to form a comparatively insignificant part of our existence; and that on our conduct in this life will depend the happiness of the life to come: yet our actions daily give the lie to this proposition, inasmuch as we commonly act like men who have no thought but for the present scene, and to whom the grave is the boundary of anticipation. But this is not the only paradox which humanity furnishes to the eye of a thinking man. It is very generally the case, that we spend our whole lives in the pursuit of objects which common experience informs us are not capable of conferring that pleasure and satisfaction which we expect from their enjoyment. Our views are uniformly directed to one point: *happiness*, in whatever garb it be clad, and under whatever figure shadowed, is the

* My predecessor, the Spectator, considering that the seventh part of our time is set apart for religious purposes, devoted every seventh lucubration to matters connected with Christianity and the severer part of morals: I trust none of my readers will regret that, in this instance, I follow so good an example.

great aim of the busy multitudes whom we behold toiling through the vale of life, in such an infinite diversity of occupation and disparity of views. But the misfortune is, that we seek for Happiness where she is not to be found; and the cause of wonder, that the experience of ages should not have guarded us against so fatal and so universal an error.

It would be an amusing speculation to consider the various points after which our fellow-mortals are incessantly straining, and in the possession of which they have placed that imaginary chief good which we are all doomed to covet, but which, perhaps, none of us, in this sublunary state, can attain. At present, however, we are led to considerations of a more important nature. We turn from the inconsistencies observable in the prosecution of our subordinate pursuits, from the partial follies of individuals, to the general delusion which seems to envelope the whole human race:—the delusion under whose influence they lose sight of the chief end of their being, and cut down the sphere of their hopes and enjoyments to a few rolling years, and that, too, in a scene where they know there is neither perfect fruition nor permanent delight.

The faculty of contemplating mankind in the abstract, apart from those prepossessions which, both by nature and the power of habitual associations, would intervene to cloud our view, is only to be obtained by a life of virtue and constant meditation, by temperance, and purity of thought. Whenever it *is* attained, it must greatly tend to correct our motives—to simplify our desires—and to excite a spirit of contentment and pious resignation. We then, at length, are enabled to contemplate our being, in all its bearings and in its full extent; and the result is, that superiority to common views and indifference to the things of this life, which should be the fruit of all *true* philo-

sophy, and which, therefore, are the more peculiar fruits of that system of philosophy which is called the Christian.

To a mind thus sublimed, the great mass of mankind will appear like men led astray by the workings of wild and distempered imaginations —visionaries who are wandering after the phantoms of their own teeming brains; and their anxious solicitude for mere matters of worldly accommodation and ease, will seem more like the effects of insanity than of prudent foresight, as they are esteemed. To the awful importance of futurity he will observe them utterly insensible; and he will see, with astonishment, the few allotted years of human life wasted in providing abundance they will never enjoy, while the eternity they are placed here to prepare for, scarcely employs a moment's consideration. And yet the mass of these poor wanderers in the ways of error, have the light of truth shining on their very foreheads. They have the revelation of Almighty God himself, to declare to them the folly of worldly cares, and the necessity for providing for a future state of existence. They know, by the experience of every preceding generation, that a very small portion of joy is allowed to the poor sojourners in this vale of tears, and that, too, embittered with much pain and fear; and yet every one is willing to flatter himself that he shall fare better than his predecessors in the same path, and that happiness will smile on him, which hath frowned on all his progenitors.

Still it would be wrong to deny the human race all claim to temporal felicity. There may be comparative, although very little positive, happiness;—whoever is more exempt from the cares of the world and the calamities incident to humanity—whoever enjoys more contentment of mind, and is more resigned to the dispensations of Divine Providence—in a word, who-

ever possesses more of the true spirit of Christianity than his neighbours, is comparatively happy. But the number of these, it is to be feared, is very small. Were all men equally enlightened by the illuminations of truth, as emanating from the spirit of Jehovah himself, they would all concur in the pursuit of virtuous ends by virtuous means—as there would be no vice, there would be very little infelicity. Every pain would be met with fortitude, every affliction with resignation. We should then all look back to the past with complacency, and to the future with hope. Even this unstable state of being would have many exquisite enjoyments—the principal of which would be the anticipation of that approaching state of beatitude to which we might then look with confidence, through the medium of that atonement of which we should be partakers; and our acceptance, by virtue of which, would be sealed by that purity of mind, of which human nature is, *of itself*, incapable. But it is from the mistakes and miscalculations of mankind, to which their fallen natures are continually prone, that arises that flood of misery which overwhelms the whole race, and resounds wherever the footsteps of man have penetrated. It is the lamentable error of placing happiness in vicious indulgences, or thinking to pursue it by vicious means. It is the blind folly of sacrificing the welfare of the future to the opportunity of immediate guilty gratification, which destroys the harmony of society, and poisons the peace, not only of the immediate procreators of the errors—not only of the identical actors of the vices themselves, but of all those of their fellows who fall within the reach of their influence or example, or who are in any wise connected with them by the ties of blood.

I would, therefore, exhort you earnestly—you who are yet unskilled in the ways of the world—to beware on what object you concentre your hopes. Pleasures

may allure—pride or ambition may stimulate; but their fruits are hollow and deceitful, and they afford no sure, no solid satisfaction. You are placed upon the earth in a state of probation—your continuance here will be, at the longest, a very short period; and, when you are called from hence, you plunge into an eternity, the completion of which will be in correspondence to your past life, unutterably happy or inconceivably miserable. Your fate will probably depend on your early pursuits—it will be these which will give the turn to your character and to your pleasures. I beseech you, therefore, with a meek and lowly spirit, to read the pages of that Book which the wisest and best of men have acknowledged to be the word of God. You will there find a rule of moral conduct, such as the world never had any idea of, before its divulgation. If you covet earthly happiness, it is only to be found in the path you will find there laid down; and I can confidently promise you, in a life of simplicity and purity, a life passed in accordance with the divine word, such substantial bliss, such unruffled peace, as is no where else to be found. All other schemes of earthly pleasure are fleeting and unsatisfactory. They all entail upon them repentance and bitterness of thought. This alone endureth for ever—this alone embraces equally the present and the future—this alone can arm a man against every calamity—can alone shed the balm of peace over that scene of life when pleasures have lost their zest, and the mind can no longer look forward to the dark and mysterious future. Above all, beware of the *ignis fatuus* of false philosophy: that must be a very defective system of ethics, which will not bear a man through the most trying stage of his existence; and I know of none that will do it, but the Christian.

(No. VIII.)

Οστις λόγους γαρ παρακαταθήκην ὡς λαβὼν
Εξείπεν, ἄδικός ἐστιν, ἢ ἀκρατὴς ἄγαν.
——ἴσως δέ γ' εἰσιν ἀμφότεροι κάκοι.

Anaxandrides, apud Suidam.

MUCH has been said, of late, on the subject of *inscriptive writing*; and that, in my opinion, to very little purpose. Dr. Drake, when treating on this topic, is, for once, inconclusive; but his essay does credit to his discernment, however little it may honour him as a promulgator of the laws of criticism: the exquisite specimens it contains prove that the doctor has a feeling of propriety and general excellence, although he may be unhappy in defining them. Boileau says, briefly, '*Les inscriptions doivent etre simples, courtes, et familiares.*' We have, however, many examples of this kind of writing, in our language, which, although they possess none of these qualities, are esteemed excellent. Akenside's classic imitations are not at all *simple*, nothing *short*, and the very reverse of *familiar;* yet who can deny that they are beautiful, and in some instances appropriate? Southey's inscriptions are noble pieces; for the opposite qualities of tenderness and dignity, sweetness of imagery and terseness of moral, unrivalled: they are, perhaps, wanting in propriety; and (which is the criterion) produce a much better effect in a book, than they would on a column or a cenotaph. There is a certain chaste and majestic gravity expected from the voice of tombs and monuments, which probably would displease in epitaphs never intended to be engraved, and inscriptions for obelisks which never existed.

When a man visits the tomb of an illustrious character, a spot remarkable for some memorable deed, or a scene connected, by its natural sublimity, with the

higher feelings of the breast, he is in a mood only for the nervous, the concise, and the impressive; and he will turn with disgust alike from the puerile conceits of the epigrammatist and the tedious prolixity of the herald. It is a nice thing to address the mind in the workings of generous enthusiasm. As words are not capable of exciting such an effervescence of the sublimer affections, so they can do little towards increasing it. Their office is rather to point these feelings to a beneficial purpose; and, by some noble sentiment or exalted moral, to impart to the mind that pleasure which results from warm emotions, when connected with the virtuous and the generous.

In the composition of inscriptive pieces, great attention must be paid to local and topical propriety. The occasion and the place must not only regulate the tenor, but even the style, of an inscription: for what, in one case, would be proper and agreeable, in another would be impertinent and disgusting. But these rules may always be taken for granted, that an inscription should be unaffected and free from conceits; that no sentiment should be introduced of a trite or hackneyed nature; and that the design and the moral to be inculcated should be of sufficient importance to merit the reader's attention, and insure his regard. Who would think of setting a stone up in the wilderness to tell the traveller what he knew before, or what, when he had learned for the first time, was not worth the knowing? It would be equally absurd to call aside his attention to a simile or an epigrammatic point. Wit on a monument is like a jest from a judge, or a philosopher cutting capers. It is a severe mortification to meet with flippancy where we looked for solemnity, and meretricious elegance where the occasion led us to expect the unadorned majesty of truth.

That branch of inscriptive writing which commemorates the virtues of departed worth, or points out the ashes of men who yet live in the admiration of their

posterity, is, of all others, the most interesting, and, if properly managed, the most useful.

It is not enough to proclaim to the observer that he is drawing near to the reliques of the deceased genius,—the occasion seems to provoke a few reflections. If these be *natural*, they will be in unison with the feelings of the reader; and, if they tend where they ought to tend, they will leave him better than they found him. But these reflections must not be too much prolonged. They must rather be hints than dissertations. It is sufficient to start the idea; and the imagination of the reader will pursue the train to much more advantage than the writer could do by words.

Panegyric is seldom judicious in the epitaphs on *public characters*; for, if it be deserved, it cannot need publication, and, if it be exaggerated, it will only serve to excite ridicule. When employed in memorizing the retired virtues of domestic life, and qualities which, though they only served to cheer the little circle of privacy, still deserved, from their unfrequency, to triumph, at least for a while, over the power of the grave, it may be interesting and salutary in its effects. To this purpose, however, it is rarely employed. An epitaph-book will seldom supply the exigencies of character; and men of talents are not always, even in these favoured times, at hand to eternize the virtues of private life.

The following epitaph, by Mr. Hayley, is inscribed on a monument to the memory of Cowper, in the church of *East Dereham*:

'Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name:

Sense, Fancy, Wit, conspire not all to raise
So clear a title to Affection's praise;
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.'

'This epitaph,' says a periodical critic,* 'is simply elegant and appropriately just.' I regard this sentence as peculiarly unfortunate; for the epitaph seems to me to be *elegant* without *simplicity*, and *just* without *propriety*. No one will deny that it is correctly written, and that it is not destitute of grace: but in what consists its simplicity I am at a loss to imagine. The initial address is laboured and circumlocutory. There is something artificial rather than otherwise in the personification of England; and her ranking the poet's *name* 'with her dearest sons,' instead of with *those of* her dearest sons, is like ranking poor John Doe with a proper *bona fide* son of Adam, in a writ of arrest. Sense, Fancy, and Wit, 'raising a title,' and that to 'Affection's praise,' is not very simple, and not over intelligible. Again, the epitaph is just, because it is strictly true; but is by no means, therefore, appropriate. Who that would turn aside to visit the ashes of Cowper, would need to be told that England ranks him with her favourite sons, and that sense, fancy, and wit, were not his greatest honours, for that his virtues formed the magic of his song; or who, hearing this, would be the better for the information? Had Mr. Hayley been employed in the monumental praises of a private man, this might have been excusable; but, speaking of such a man as Cowper, it is idle. This epitaph is not appropriate, therefore; and we have shewn that it is not remarkable for simplicity. Perhaps the respectable critics themselves may not feel inclined to dispute this point very tenaciously. Epithets are very convenient little things for rounding off a period; and it will not be the first time that truth has been sacrificed to verbosity and antithesis.

*The Monthly Reviewer.

To measure lances with Hayley may be esteemed presumptuous; but probably the following, although much inferior as a composition, would have had more effect that his polished and harmonious lines:

INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF COWPER.

READER! if with no vulgar sympathy
Thou view'st the wreck of genius and of worth,
Stay thou thy footsteps near this hallow'd spot.
Here Cowper rests. Although renown has made
His name familiar to thine ear, this stone
May tell thee that his virtues were above
The common portion:—that the voice, now hush'd
In death, was once serenely querulous
With pity's tones, and in the ear of woe
Spake music. Now forgetful at thy feet
His tir'd head presses on it last long rest,
Still tenant of the tomb;—and on the cheek,
Once warm with animation's lambent flush,
Sits the pale image of unmark'd decay.
Yet mourn not. He had chosen the better part;
And, these sad garments of mortality
Put off, we trust that to a happier land
He went, a light and gladsome passenger.
Sigh'st thou for honours, reader? Call to mind
That glory's voice is impotent to pierce
The silence of the tomb; but virtue blooms
Even on the wreck of life, and mounts the skies;
So gird thy loins with lowliness, and walk
With Cowper on the pilgrimage of Christ.

This inscription is faulty, from its length; but, if a painter cannot get the requisite effect at one stroke, he must do it by many. The laconic style of epitaphs is the most difficult to be managed of any, inasmuch

as most is expected from it. A sentence standing alone on a tomb or a monument, is expected to contain something particularly striking; and, when this expectation is disappointed, the reader feels like a man who, having been promised an excellent joke, is treated with a stale conceit or a vapid pun. The best specimen of this kind which I am acquainted with, is that on a French general:

'Siste, Viator; Heroem calcas!'

Stop, traveller; thou treadest on a hero! W.

(No. IX.)

Scires e sanguine natos.—*Ovid.*

It is common for busy and active men to behold the occupations of the retired and contemplative person with contempt. They consider his speculations as idle and unproductive; as they participate in none of his feelings, they are strangers to his motives, his views, and his delights: they behold him elaborately employed on what they conceive forwards none of the interests of life, contributes to none of its gratifications, removes none of its inconveniences: they conclude, therefore, that he is led away by the delusions of futile philosophy; that he labours for no good, and lives to no end. Of the various frames of mind which they observe in him, no one seems to predominate more, and none appears to them more absurd, than sadness, which seems, in some degree, to pervade all his views, and shed a solemn tinge over all his thoughts. Sadness, arising from no personal grief, and connected with no individual concern, they regard as moon-struck melancholy, the effect of a mind overcast with constitutional gloom, and diseased with habits of vain and fanciful speculation.—'We can share with the

sorrows of the unfortunate,' say they; 'but this monastic spleen merits only our derision: it tends to no beneficial purpose; it benefits neither its possessor nor society.' Those who have thought a little more on this subject than the gay and busy crowd, will draw conclusions of a different nature. That there is a sadness, springing from the noblest and purest sources, a sadness friendly to the human heart, and, by direct consequence, to human nature in general, is a truth which a little illustration will render tolerably clear, and which, when understood in its full force, may probably convert contempt and ridicule into respect.

I set out, then, with the proposition, that the man who thinks deeply, especially if his reading be extensive, will, unless his heart be very cold and very light, become habituated to a pensive, or, with more propriety, a mournful cast of thought. This will arise from two more particular sources—from the view of human nature in general, as demonstrated by the experience both of past and present times, and from the contemplation of individual instances of human depravity and of human suffering. The first of these is, indeed, the last in the order of time; for his general views of humanity are in a manner consequential, or resulting from the special; but I have inverted that order, for the sake of perspicuity.

Of those who have occasionally thought on these subjects, I may, with perfect assurance of their reply, inquire what have been their sensations when they have, for a moment, attained a more enlarged and capacious notion of the state of man, in all its bearings and dependencies. They have found, and the profoundest philosophers have done no more, that they are enveloped in mystery; and that the mystery of man's situation is not without alarming and fearful circumstances. They have discovered that all they know of themselves is that they live; but that from

whence they came, or whither they are going, is by Nature altogether hidden: that impenetrable gloom surrounds them on every side, and that they even hold their morrow on the credit of to-day, when it is, in fact, buried in the vague and indistinct gulf of the ages to come.—These are reflections deeply interesting, and lead to others so awful, that many gladly shut their eyes on the giddy and unfathomable depths which seem to stretch before them. The meditative man, however, endeavours to pursue them to the farthest stretch of the reasoning powers, and to enlarge his conceptions of the mysteries of his own existence; and, the more he learns, and the deeper he penetrates, the more cause does he find for being serious, and the more inducements to be continually thoughtful.

If, again, we turn from the condition of mortal existence, considered in the abstract, to the qualities and characters of man, and his condition in a state of society, we see things, perhaps, equally strange and infinitely more affecting.—In the economy of creation, we perceive nothing inconsistent with the power of an all-wise and all-merciful God. A perfect harmony runs through all the parts of the universe. Plato's syrens sing not only from the planetary octave, but through all the minutest divisions of the stupendous whole; order, beauty, and perfection, the traces of the great Architect, glow through every particle of his work. At man, however, we stop: there is one exception. The harmony of order ceases; and vice and misery disturb the beautiful consistency of creation, and bring us first acquainted with positive evil. We behold men carried irresistibly away by corrupt principles and vicious inclinations, indulging in propensities destructive as well to themselves as to those around them; the stronger oppressing the weaker, and the bad persecuting the good. We see the depraved in prosperity, the virtuous in adversity, the guilty unpunished, the deserving overwhelmed with unpro-

voked misfortunes. From hence we are tempted to think that He whose arm holds the planets in their course, and directs the comets along their eccentric orbits, ceases to exercise his providence over the affairs of mankind, and leaves them to be governed and directed by the impulses of a corrupt heart, or the blind workings of chance alone. Yet this is inconsistent both with the wisdom and the goodness of the Deity. If God permit evil, he causes it; the difference is casuistical. We are led, therefore, to conclude that it was not always thus: that man was created in a far different and far happier condition; but that, by some means or other, he has forfeited the protection of his Maker. Here then is a mystery. The ancients, led by reasonings alone, perceived it with amazement, but did not solve the problem. They attempted some explanation of it by the lame fiction of a golden age and its cession, where, by a circular mode of reasoning, they attribute the introduction of vice to their gods having deserted the earth, and the desertion of the gods to the introduction of vice.* This, however, was the logic of the poets: the philosophers disregarded the fable, but did not dispute the fact it was intended to account for. They often hint at human degeneracy, and some unknown curse hanging over our being, and even coming into the world along with us. Pliny,

*Και τοτε δη προς Ολυμπον απο χθιος ευρυοδειης,
Λευκοισιν φαρεεσσι καλυψαμενω χροα καλον,
Αθανατων μετα φυλον ιτον, προλιποντ' ανθρωπους
Αιδως και Νεμεσις· τα δε λειψεται άλγεα λυγρα
Θνητοις ανθρωποισι, κακου δ' ουκ εσσεται αλκη.

Hesiod. Opera et Dies. Lib. i. 195.

Victa jacet Pietas: et Virgo cæde madentes
Ultima cœlestum terras Astræa reliquit.

Ovid. Metamor. L. i. Fab. 4

Paulatim deinde ad Superos Astræa recessit,
Hac comite atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.

Juvenal. Sat. vi. l. 10.

in the preface to his seventh book, has this remarkable passage: 'The animal about to rule over the rest of created animals, lies weeping, bound hand and foot; making his first entrance upon life with sharp pangs, and *this, for no other crime than that he is born man.*' —Cicero, in a passage for the preservation of which we are indebted to St. Augustine, gives a yet stronger idea of an existing degeneracy in human nature:— 'Man,' says he, 'comes into existence, not as from the hands of a mother, but of a step-dame nature, with a body feeble, naked, and fragile, and a mind exposed to anxiety and care, abject in fear, unmeet for labour, prone to licentiousness; in which, however, there still dwell some sparks of the divine mind, though obscured, and, as it were, in ruins.' And, in another place, he intimates it as a current opinion that man comes into the world as into a state of punishment expiatory of crimes committed in some previous stage of existence, of which we now retain no recollection.

From these proofs, and from daily observation and experience, there is every ground for concluding that man is in a state of misery and depravity quite inconsistent with the happiness for which, by a benevolent God, he must have been created. We see glaring marks of this, in our own times. Prejudice alone blinds us to the absurdity and the horror of those systematic murders which go by the name of wars, where man falls on man, brother slaughters brother; where death, in every variety of horror, preys '*on the finely-fibred human frame*,' and where the cry of the widow and the orphan rise up to heaven, long after the thunder of the fight and the clang of arms have ceased, and the bones of sons, brothers, and husbands, slain, are grown white on the field. Customs like these vouch, with most miraculous organs, for the depravity of the human heart; and these are not the most mournful of those considerations which present themselves to the mind of the thinking man.

Private life is equally fertile in calamitous perversion of reason and extreme accumulation of misery. On the one hand, we see a large proportion of men sedulously employed in the eduction of their own ruin, pursuing vice in all its varieties, and sacrificing the peace and happiness of the innocent and unoffending to their own brutal gratifications; and, on the other, pain, misfortune, and misery, overwhelming alike the good and the bad, the provident and the improvident. But too general a view would distract our attention: let the reader pardon me if I suddenly draw him away from the survey of the crowds of life, to a few detached scenes. We will select a single picture, at random. The character is common.

Behold that beautiful female, who is rallying a well-dressed young man, with so much gaiety and humour. Did you ever see so lovely a countenance? There is an expression of vivacity in her fine dark eye, which quite captivates one; and her smile, were it a little less bold, would be bewitching. How gay and careless she seems! One would suppose she had a very light and happy heart. Alas! how appearances deceive! This gaiety is all feigned. It is her business to please; and, beneath a fair and painted outside, she conceals an unquiet and forlorn breast. When she was yet very young, an engaging but dissolute young man took advantage of her simplicity, and of the affection with which he had inspired her to betray her virtue. At first, her infamy cost her many tears; but habit wore away this remorse, leaving only a kind of indistinct regret; and, as she fondly loved her betrayer, she experienced, at times, a mingled pleasure even in this abandoned situation. But this was soon over. Her lover, on pretence of a journey into the country, left her for ever. She soon afterwards heard of his marriage, with an agony of grief which few can adequately conceive, and none describe. The calls of want, however, soon subdued the more distracting

ebullitions of anguish. She had no choice left: all the gates of virtue were shut upon her; and, though she really abhorred the course, she was obliged to betake herself to vice, for support. Her next keeper possessed her person, without her heart. She has since passed through several hands; and has found, by bitter experience, that the vicious, on whose generosity she is thrown, are devoid of all feeling but that of self-gratification; and that even the wages of prostitution are reluctantly and grudgingly paid. She now looks on all men as sharpers. She smiles but to entangle and destroy; and, while she simulates fondness, is intent only on the extorting of that, at best poor, pittance which her necessities loudly demand. Thoughtless as she may seem, she is not without an idea of her forlorn and wretched situation: and she looks only to sudden death, as her refuge against that time when her charms shall cease to allure the eye of incontinence; when even the lowest haunts of infamy shall be shut against her; and, without a friend or a hope, she must sink under the pressure of want and disease.

But we will now shift the scene, a little, and select another object. Behold yon poor weary wretch, who, with a child wrapt in her arms, with difficulty drags along the road. The man, with a knapsack, who is walking before her, is her husband, and is marching to join his regiment. He has been spending, at a dram-shop in the town they have just left, the supply which the pale and weak appearance of his wife proclaims was necessary for her sustenance. He is now half-drunk; and is venting the artificial spirits which intoxication excites, in the abuse of his weary helpmate behind him. She seems to listen to his reproaches, in patient silence. Her face will tell you more than many words, as, with a wan and meaning look, she surveys the little wretch who is asleep on her arm. The turbulent brutality of the man ex-

cites no attention: she is pondering on the future chance of life, and the probable lot of her heedless little one.

One other picture, and I have done. The man pacing with a slow step and languid aspect over yon prison court, was once a fine dashing fellow, the admiration of the ladies, and the envy of the men. He is the only representative of a once respectable family; and is brought to this situation, by unlimited indulgence at that time when the check is most necessary. He began to figure in genteel life, at an early age. His misjudging mother, to whose sole care he was left, thinking no alliance too good for her darling, cheerfully supplied his extravagance, under the idea that it would not last long, and that it would enable him to shine in those circles where she wished him to rise. But he soon found that habits of prodigality, once well gained, are never eradicated. His fortune, though genteel, was not adequate to such habits of expense. His unhappy parent lived to see him make a degrading alliance, and come in danger of a jail; and then died of a broken heart. His affairs soon wound themselves up. His debts were enormous, and he had nothing to pay them with. He has now been in that prison, many years; and, since he is excluded from the benefit of an insolvency act, he has made up his mind to the idea of ending his days there. His wife, whose beauty had decoyed him, since she found he could not support her, deserted him for those who could; leaving him, without friend or companion, to pace, with measured steps, over the court of a country jail, and endeavour to beguile the lassitude of imprisonment, by thinking on the days that are gone, or counting the squares in his grated window, in every possible direction, backwards, forwards, and across, till he sighs to find the sum always the same, and that the more anxiously

we strive to beguile the moments in their course, the more sluggishly they travel.

If these are accurate pictures of some of the varieties of human suffering, and if such pictures are common even to triteness, what conclusions must we draw as to the condition of man in general; and what must be the prevailing frame of mind, of him who meditates much on these subjects, and who, unbracing the whole tissue of causes and effects, sees Misery invariably the offspring of Vice, and Vice existing in hostility to the intentions and wishes of God? Let the meditative man turn where he will, he finds traces of the depraved state of Nature, and her consequent misery. History presents him with little but murder, treachery, and crimes, of every description. Biography only strengthens the view, by concentrating it. The philosophers remind him of the existence of evil, by their lessons how to avoid or endure it; and the very poets themselves afford him pleasure, not unconnected with regret, as, either by contrast, exemplification, or deduction, they bring the world and its circumstances before his eyes.

That such a one, then, is prone to sadness, who will wonder? If such meditations are beneficial, who will blame them? The discovery of evil naturally leads us to contribute our mite towards the alleviation of the wretchedness it introduces. While we lament vice, we learn to shun it ourselves, and to endeavour, if possible, to arrest its progress in those around us; and, in the course of these high and lofty speculations, we are insensibly led to think humbly of ourselves, and to lift up our thoughts to Him who is alone the fountain of all perfection and the source of all good.

W.

(No. X.)

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

FEW histories would be more worthy of attention than that of the progress of knowledge, from its first dawn, to the time of its meridian splendour among the ancient Greeks. Unfortunately, however, the precautions which, in this early period, were almost generally taken to confine all knowledge to a particular branch of men; and, when the Greeks began to contend for the palm among learned nations, their backwardness to acknowledge the sources from whence they derived the first principles of their philosophy, have served to wrap this interesting subject in almost impenetrable obscurity. Few vestiges, except the Egyptian hieroglyphics, now remain of the learning of the more ancient world. Of the two millions of verses said to have been written by the Chaldean Zoroaster,* we have no relics: and the oracles which go under his name, are pretty generally acknowledged to be spurious.

The Greeks unquestionably derived their philosophy from the Egyptians and Chaldeans. Both Pythagoras and Plato had visited those countries, for the advantage of learning: and, if we may credit the received accounts of the former of these illustrious sages, he was regularly initiated in the schools of Egypt, during the period of twenty-two years that he resided in that country; and became the envy and admiration of the Egyptians themselves. Of the Pythagorean doctrines, we have some accounts remaining; and nothing is wanting to render the system of Platonism complete and intelligible. In the dogmas of these philosophers, therefore, we may be able to trace the learning of these primitive nations; though our con-

* Pliny.

clusions must be cautiously drawn, and much must be allowed to the active intelligence of two Greeks. Ovid's short summary of the philosophy of Pythagoras deserves attention:

——Isque, licet cœli regione remotos
Mente Deos adit: et quæ natura negabat
Visibus humanis oculis ea pectoris hausit.
Cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia curâ;
In medium discenda dabat: cœtumque silentum,
Dictaque mirantum, magni primordia mundi
Et rerum causas et quid natura docebat,
Quid Deus: unde nives: quæ fulminis esset origo
Jupiter an venti, discussa nube tonarent,
Quid quateret terras: quâ sidera lege mearent
Et quodcumque latet.

If we are to credit this account, and it is corroborated by many other testimonies, Pythagoras searched deeply into natural causes. Some have imagined, and strongly asserted, that his central fire was figurative of the sun; and, therefore, that he had an idea of its real situation: but this opinion, so generally adopted, may be combated with some degree of reason. I should be inclined to think Pythagoras gained his idea of the great central, vivifying, and creative fire, from the Chaldeans; and that, therefore, it was the representative, not of the sun, but of the Deity. Zoroaster taught that there was one God, Eternal, the Father of the Universe: he assimilated the Deity to light; and applied to him the names of Light, Beams, and Splendour. The Magi, corrupting this representation of the Supreme Being, and taking literally what was meant as an allegory or symbol, supposed that God was this central fire, the source of heat, light, and life, residing in the centre of the universe; and from hence they introduced, among the Chaldeans, the worship of fire. That Pythagoras was tainted with this superstition, is well known. On the testimony of Plutarch,

his disciples held that, in the midst of the world, is fire, or, in the midst of the four elements, is the fiery globe of Unity, or Monad -the procreative, nutritive, and excitative power. The sacred fire of Vesta, among the Greeks and Latins, was a remain of this doctrine.

As the limits of this paper will not allow me to take in all the branches of this subject, I shall confine my attention to the opinions, held by these early nations, of the nature of the Godhead.

Amidst the corruptions introduced by the Magi, we may discern, with tolerable certainty, that Zoroaster taught the worship of the one true God; and Thales, Pythagoras, and Plato, who had all been instituted in the mysteries of the Chaldeans, taught the same doctrine. These philosophers likewise asserted the omnipotence and eternity of God; and that he was the creator of all things, and the governor of the universe. Plato decisively supported the doctrines of future rewards and punishments; and Pythagoras, struck with the idea of the omnipresence of the Deity, defined him as *animus per universas mundi partes omnemque naturam commeans atque diffusus, ex quo omnia quæ nascuntur animalia vitam capiunt.**—An intelligence moving upon, and diffused over, all the parts of the universe and all nature, from which all animals derive their existence. As for the swarm of gods worshipped both in Egypt and Greece, it is evident they were only esteemed as inferior deities. In the time of St. Paul, there was a temple, at Athens, inscribed to the unknown God; and Hesiod makes them younger than the earth and heaven.

> Ἐξ ἀρχης οὐς Γαια και Ουρανος ευρυς ετικτον
> Οἱ τ' ἐκ των εγενοντο θεοι δωτηρες εαων. THEOG.

* Lactantius Div. Inst. lib. cap. 5. etiam, Minucius Felix. 'Pythagoræ Deus est animus per universam rerum naturam commeans atque intentus, ex quo etiam animalium omnium vita capiatur.'

If Pythagoras, and the other philosophers who succeeded him, paid honour to these gods, they either did it through fear of encountering ancient prejudices, or they reconciled it by recurring to the Demonology of their masters, the Chaldeans, who maintained the agency of good and bad demons, who presided over different things, and were distinguished into the powers of light and darkness, heat and cold. It is remarkable, too, that, amongst all these people, whether Egyptians or Chaldeans, Greeks or Romans, as well as every other nation under the sun, sacrifices were made to the gods, in order to render them propitious to their wishes, or to expiate their offences—a fact which proves that the conviction of the interference of the Deity in human affairs is universal; and, what is much more important, that this custom is primitive, and derived from the first inhabitants of the world.

* * * * *

(No. XI.)

While the seat of empire was yet at Byzantium, and that city was the centre, not only of dominion, but of learning and politeness, a certain hermit had fixed his residence in a cell, on the banks of the Athyras, at the distance of about ten miles from the capital. The spot was retired, although so near the great city; and was protected, as well by woods and precipices, as by the awful reverence with which, at that time, all ranks beheld the character of a recluse. Indeed, the poor old man, who tenanted the little hollow at the summit of a crag, beneath which the Athyras rolls its impetuous torrent, was not famed for the severity of his penances, or the strictness of his mortifications. That he was either studious, or protracted his devotions to a late hour, was evident; for his lamp was often seen to stream through the trees which shaded his dwelling, when accident called any of the peasants from their

beds, at unseasonable hours. Be this as it may, no miracles were imputed to him: the sick rarely came to petition for the benefit of his prayers; and, though some both loved him and had good reason for loving him, yet many undervalued him, for the want of that very austerity which the old man seemed most desirous to avoid.

It was evening; and the long shadows of the Thracian mountains were extending still farther and farther along the plains, when this old man was disturbed in his meditations, by the approach of a stranger. 'How far is it to Byzantium?' was the question put by the traveller. 'Not far to those who know the country,' replied the hermit; 'but a stranger would not easily find his way through the windings of these woods, and the intricacies of the plains beyond them. Do you see that blue mist which stretches along the bounding line of the horizon, as far as the trees will permit the eye to trace it? That is the Propontis: and, higher up on the left, the city of Constantinople rears its proud head above the waters. But I would dissuade thee, stranger, from pursuing thy journey farther, to-night. Thou mayest rest in the village, which is half way down the hill; or, if thou wilt share my supper of roots, and put up with a bed of leaves, my cell is open to thee.'—'I thank thee, father,' replied the youth; 'I am weary with my journey, and will accept thy proffered hospitality.' They ascended the rock together. The hermit's cell was the work of nature. It penetrated into the rock; and, in the innermost recess, was a little chapel, furnished with a crucifix and a human skull, the objects of the hermit's nightly and daily contemplation; for neither of them received his adoration. That corruption had not as yet crept into the Christian church. The hermit now lighted up a fire of dry sticks (for the nights are very piercing in the regions about the Hellespont and the Bosphorus,) and then proceeded to prepare

their vegetable meal. While he was thus employed, his young guest surveyed, with surprise, the dwelling which he was to inhabit for the night. A cold rock-hole on the bleak summit of one of the Thracian hills, seemed to him a comfortless choice for a weak and solitary old man. The rude materials of his scanty furniture still more surprised him. A table fixed to the ground, a wooden bench, an earthen lamp, a number of rolls of papyrus and vellum, and a heap of leaves in a corner, the hermit's bed, were all his stock. 'Is it possible,' at length he exclaimed, 'that you can tenant this comfortless cave, with these scanty accommodations, through choice? Go with me, old man, to Constantinople; and receive from me those conveniences which befit your years.' 'And what art thou going to do at Constantinople, my young friend,' said the hermit; 'for thy dialect bespeaks thee a native of more southern regions. Am I mistaken? Art thou not an Athenian?' 'I am an Athenian,' replied the youth, 'by birth; but I hope I am not an Athenian in vice. I have left my degenerate birth-place, in quest of happiness. I have learned from my master, Speusippus, a genuine asserter of the much-belied doctrines of Epicurus, that, as a future state is a mere phantom and vagary of the brain, it is the only true wisdom to enjoy life while we have it. But I have learned from him, also, that virtue alone is true enjoyment. I am resolved, therefore, to enjoy life, and that too with virtue as my companion and guide. My travels are begun with the design of discovering where I can best unite both objects: enjoyment the most exquisite, with virtue the most perfect. You, perhaps, may have reached the latter, my good father; the former you have certainly missed. To-morrow, I shall continue my search. At Constantinople, I shall laugh and sing with the gay, meditate with the sober, drink deeply of every unpolluted pleasure, and taste all the fountains of wisdom and philosophy. I have

heard much of the accomplishments of the women of Byzantium. With us, females are mere household slaves; here, I am told, they have *minds*. I almost promise myself that I shall marry and settle at Constantinople, where the loves and graces seem alone to reside, and where even the *women* have *minds*. My good father, how the wind roars about this aërial nest of yours: and here you sit, during the long cold nights, all alone, cold and cheerless, when Constantinople is just at our feet, with all its joys, its comforts, and its elegancies. I perceive that the philosophers of our sect, who succeeded Epicurus, were right when they taught that there might be virtue without enjoyment, and that virtue without enjoyment is not worth the having.' The face of the youth kindled with animation as he spake these words: and he visibly enjoyed the consciousness of superior intelligence. The old man sighed, and was silent. As they ate their frugal supper, both parties seemed involved in deep thought. The young traveller was dreaming of the Byzantine women: his host seemed occupied with far different meditations. 'So, you are travelling to Constantinople, in search of happiness,' at length exclaimed the hermit: 'I, too, have been a suitor of that divinity; and it may be of use to you to hear how I have fared. The history of my life will serve to fill up the interval before we retire to rest; and my experience may not prove altogether useless to one who is about to go the same journey which I have finished.

'These scanty hairs of mine were not always gray, nor these limbs decrepit: I was once, like thee, young, fresh, and vigorous; full of delightful dreams and gay anticipations. Life seemed a garden of sweets, a path of roses; and I thought I had but to choose in what way I would be happy. I will pass over the incidents of my boyhood, and come to my maturer years. I had scarcely seen twenty summers, when I formed one of those extravagant and ardent attachments, of which

youth is so susceptible. It happened that, at that time, I bore arms under the emperor Theodosius, in his expedition against the Goths, who had overrun a part of Thrace. In our return from a successful campaign, we staid some time in the Greek cities which border on the Euxine. In one of these cities, I became acquainted with a female, whose form was not more elegant than her mind was cultivated and her heart untainted. I had done her family some trivial services; and her gratitude spoke too warmly, to my intoxicated brain, to leave any doubt on my mind that she loved me. The idea was too exquisitely pleasing to be soon dismissed. I sought every occasion of being with her. Her mild persuasive voice seemed like the music of heaven to my ears, after the toils and roughness of a soldier's life. I had a friend, too, whose converse, next to that of the dear object of my secret love, was most dear to me. He formed the third in all our meetings; and, beyond the enjoyment of the society of these two, I had not a wish. I had never yet spoken explicitly to my female friend; but I fondly hoped we understood each other. Why should I dwell on the subject? I was mistaken. My friend threw himself on my mercy. I found that he, not I, was the object of her affections. Young man, you may conceive, but I cannot describe, what I felt, as I joined their hands. The stroke was severe; and, for a time, unfitted me for the duties of my station. I suffered the army to leave the place, without accompanying it; and thus lost the rewards of my past services, and forfeited the favour of my sovereign. This was another source of anxiety and regret to me, as my mind recovered its wonted tone. But the mind of youth, however deeply it may feel for a while, eventually rises up from dejection, and regains its wonted elasticity. That vigour by which the spirit recovers itself from the depths of useless regret, and enters upon new prospects with its accustomed ardour, is only sub-

duced by time. I now applied myself to the study of philosophy, under a Greek master; and all my ambition was directed towards letters. But ambition is not quite enough to fill a young man's heart. I still felt a void there; and sighed, as I reflected on the happiness of my friend. At the time when I visited the object of my first love, a young Christian woman, her frequent companion, had sometimes taken my attention. She was an Ionian, by birth; and had all the softness and pensive intelligence which her countrywomen are said to possess, when unvitiated by the corruptions so prevalent in that delightful region. You are no stranger to the contempt with which the Greeks then treated, and do still, in some places, treat, the Christians. This young woman bore that contempt, with a calmness which surprised me. There were then but few converts to that religion, in those parts; and its profession was, therefore, more exposed to ridicule and persecution, from its strangeness. Notwithstanding her religion, I thought I could love this interesting and amiable female; and, in spite of my former mistake, I had the vanity to imagine I was not indifferent to her. As our intimacy increased, I learned, to my astonishment, that she regarded me as one involved in ignorance and error; and that, although she felt an affection for me, yet she would never become my wife, while I remained devoted to the religion of my ancestors. Piqued at this discovery, I received the books, which she now for the first time put into my hands with pity and contempt. I expected to find them nothing but the repositories of a miserable and deluded superstition, more presuming than the mystical leaves of the Sibyls or the obscure triads of Zoroaster. How was I mistaken! There was much which I could not at all comprehend; but, in the midst of this darkness, the effect of my ignorance, I discerned a system of morality, so exalted, so exquisitely pure, and so far removed from all I would have conceived of the most

perfect virtue, that all the philosophy of the Grecian world seemed worse than dross in the comparison. My former learning had only served to teach me that something was wanting to complete the systems of philosophers. Here that invisible link was supplied; and I could, even then, observe a harmony and consistency in the whole, which carried irresistible conviction to my mind. I will not enlarge on this subject. Christianity is not a mere set of opinions, to be embraced by the understanding. It is the work of the heart, as well as the head. Let it suffice to say that, in time, I became a Christian, and the husband of Sapphira.

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REFLECTIONS.—ON PRAYER.

If there be any duty which our Lord Jesus Christ seems to have considered as more indispensably necessary towards the formation of a true Christian, it is that of prayer. He has taken every opportunity of impressing on our minds the absolute need in which we stand of the divine assistance, both to persist in the paths of righteousness, and to fly from the allurements of a fascinating, but dangerous, life; and he has directed us to the only means of obtaining that assistance, in constant and habitual appeals to the throne of grace. Prayer is certainly the foundation-stone of the superstructure of a religious life: for a man can neither arrive at true piety, nor persevere in its ways, when attained, unless, with sincere and continued fervency, and with the most unaffected anxiety, he implore Almighty God to grant him his perpetual grace, to guard and restrain him from all those derelictions of heart to which we are, by nature, but too prone. I should think it an insult to the understanding of a Christian, to dwell on the necessity of prayer; and, before we can harangue an infidel on its

efficacy, we must convince him, not only that the Being to whom we address ourselves really exists, but that he condescends to hear and to answer our humble supplications. As these objects are foreign to my present purpose, I shall take my leave of the necessity of prayer, as acknowledged by all to whom this paper is addressed; and shall be content to expatiate on the strong inducements which we have to lift up our souls to our Maker, in the language of supplication and of praise; to depict the happiness which results, to the man of true piety, from the exercise of this duty; and, lastly, to warn mankind, lest their fervency should carry them into the extreme of fanaticism, and their prayers, instead of being silent and unassuming expressions of gratitude to their Maker, and humble entreaties for his favouring grace, should degenerate into clamorous vociferations and insolent gesticulations, utterly repugnant to the true spirit of prayer, and to the language of a creature addressing his Creator.

There is such an exalted delight, to a regenerate being, in the act of prayer, and he anticipates, with so much pleasure, amid the toils of business and the crowds of the world, the moment when he shall be able to pour out his soul, without interruption, into the bosom of his Maker, that I am persuaded that the degree of desire or repugnance which a man feels to the performance of this amiable duty, is an infallible criterion of his acceptance with God. Let the unhappy child of dissipation—let the impure voluptuary, boast of his short hours of exquisite enjoyment: even in the degree of bliss they are infinitely inferior to the delight of which the righteous man participates in his private devotions; while, in their opposite consequences, they lead to a no less wide extreme than heaven and hell, a state of positive happiness and a state of positive misery. If there were no other inducement to prayer, than the very gratification it imparts to the soul, it would deserve to be regarded as the most im-

portant object of a Christian; for no where else could he purchase so much calmness, so much resignation, and so much of that peace and repose of spirit, in which consists the chief happiness of this otherwise dark and stormy being. But to prayer, besides the inducement of momentary gratification, the very self-love implanted in our bosoms would lead us to resort, as the chief good; for our Lord hath said, 'Ask, and it shall be given to thee; knock, and it shall be opened;' and not a supplication, made in the true spirit of faith and humility, but shall be answered; not a request, which is urged with unfeigned submission and lowliness of spirit, but shall be granted, if it be consistent with our happiness, either temporal or eternal. Of this happiness, however, the Lord God is the only judge; but this we do know, that, whether our requests be granted, or whether they be refused, all is working together for our ultimate benefit.

When I say that such of our requests and solicitations as are urged in the true spirit of meekness, humility, and submission, will indubitably be answered, I would wish to draw a line between supplications so urged, and those violent and vehement declamations which, under the name of prayers, are sometimes heard to proceed from the lips of men professing to worship God in the spirit of meekness and truth. Surely, I need not impress on any reasonable mind, how directly contrary these inflamed and bombastic harangues are to every precept of Christianity, and every idea of the deference due from a poor worm, like man, to the omnipotent and all-great God. Can we hesitate, a moment, as to which is more acceptable in his sight—the diffident, the lowly, the retiring, and yet solemn and impressive, form of worship of our excellent church; and the wild and laboured exclamations, the authoritative and dictatory clamours, of men who, forgetting the immense distance at which they stand from the awful Being whom they address, boldly,

and with unblushing front, speak to their God as to an equal, and almost dare to prescribe, to his infinite wisdom, the steps it shall pursue? How often has the silent, yet eloquent, eye of misery wrung, from the reluctant hand of charity, that relief which has been denied to the loud and importunate beggar? And is heaven to be taken by storm? Are we to wrest the Almighty from his purposes, by vociferation and importunity? God forbid! It is a fair and a reasonable, though a melancholy, inference, that the Lord shuts his ears against prayers like these; and leaves the deluded supplicants to follow the impulse of their own headstrong passions, without a guide, and destitute of every ray of his pure and holy light.

Those mock apostles, who thus disgrace the worship of the true God, by their extravagance, are very fond of appearing to imitate the conduct of our Saviour, during his mortal peregrination; but how contrary were his habits to those of these deluded men! Did he teach his disciples to insult the ear of Heaven with noise and clamour? Were his precepts those of fanaticism and passion? Did he inflame the minds of his hearers with vehementand declamatory harangues? Did he pray with all this confidence—this arrogance—this assurance? How different was his conduct! He divested wisdom of all its pomp and parade, in order to suit it to the capacities of the meanest of its auditors. He spake to them in the lowly language of parable and similitude; and, when he prayed, did he instruct his hearers to attend to him with a loud chorus of Amens? Did he (participating as he did in the Godhead), did he assume the tone of sufficiency and the language of assurance? Far from it! He prayed, and he instructed his disciples to pray, in lowliness and meekness of spirit: he instructed them to approach the throne of grace, with fear and trembling, silently, and with the deepest awe and veneration; and he evinced, by his condemnation of the pray-

er of the self-sufficient Pharisee, opposed to that of the diffident publican, the light in which those were considered in the eyes of the Lord, who, setting the terrors of his Godhead at defiance, and boldly building on their own unworthiness, approached him with confidence and pride.

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THERE is nothing so indispensably necessary towards the establishment of future earthly, as well as heavenly, happiness, as early impressions of piety. For, as religion is the sole source of all human welfare and peace, so habits of religious reflection, in the spring of life, are the only means of arriving at a due sense of the importance of divine concerns, in age, except by the bitter and hazardous roads of repentance and remorse. There is not a more awful spectacle in nature, than the death-bed of a *late* repentance. The groans of agony which attend the separation of the soul from the body, heightened by the heart-piercing exclamation of mental distress; the dreadful ebullitions of horror and remorse, intermingled with the half-fearful, but fervent, deprecations of the divine wrath, and prayers for the divine mercy, joined to the pathetic imploring, to the friends who stand weeping around the bed of the sinner, to pray for him, and to take warning from his awful end, contribute to render this scene such an impressive and terrible memento of the state of those who have neglected their souls, as must bring to a due sense of his duty, the most hardened of infidels.

It is to ensure you, my young friends, as far as precept can ensure you, from horrors like these, in your last moments, that I write this little book, in the hopes that, through the blessing of the Divine Being, it may be useful in inducing you to reflect on the importance of early piety, and lead you into the cheer-

ful performance of your duties to God and to your own souls. In the pursuit of this plan, I shall, first, consider the bliss which results from a pious disposition, and the horrors of a wicked one. Secondly, the necessity of an early attention to the concerns of the soul, towards the establishment of permanent religion, and its consequent happiness; and, thirdly, I shall point out and contrast the last moments of those who have acted in conformity, or in contradiction, to the rules here laid down.

The contrast between the lives of the good and the wicked man affords such convincing arguments in support of the excellence of religion, that even those infidels who have dared to assert their disbelief of the doctrine of Revelation, have confessed that, in a political point of view, if in no other, it ought to be maintained. Compare the peaceful and collected course of the virtuous and pious man, with the turbulent irregularity and violence of him who neglects his soul for the allurements of vice; and judge for yourselves of the policy of the conduct of each, even in this world. Whose pleasures are the most exquisite? Whose delights the most lasting? Whose state is the most enviable? His who barters his hopes of eternal welfare for a few fleeting moments of brutal gratification; or his who, while he keeps a future state alone in his view, finds happiness in the conscientious performance of his duties, and the scrupulous fulfilment of the end of his sojourn here? Believe me, my friends, there is no comparison between them. The joys of the infatuated mortal who sacrifices his soul to his sensualities, are mixed with bitterness and anguish. The voice of conscience rises distinctly to his ear, amid the shouts of intemperance and the sallies of obstreperous mirth. In the hour of rejoicing, she whispers her appalling monitions to him: and his heart sinks within him; and the smile of triumphant villany is converted into the ghastly grin

of horror and hopelessness. But, oh! in the languid intervals of dissipation; in the dead hour of the night, when all is solitude and silence, when the soul is driven to commune with itself, and the voice of remorse, whose whispers were before half-drowned in the noise of riot, rises dreadfully distinct —what,—what are his emotions?—Who can paint his agonies, his execrations, his despair? Let that man lose again, in the vortex of fashion, and folly, and vice, the remembrance of his horrors; let him smile, let him laugh and be merry: believe me, my dear readers, he is *not* happy; he is *not* careless; he is *not* the jovial being he appears to be. His heart is heavy within him: he cannot stifle the reflections which assail him in the very moment of enjoyment; but strip the painted veil from his bosom, lay aside the trappings of folly, and that man is *miserable*, and not only so, but he has purchased that misery at the expense of eternal torment.

Let us oppose to this awful picture, the life of the good man: of him who rises in the morning, with cheerfulness, to praise his Creator for all the good he hath bestowed upon him, and to perform, with studious exactness, the duties of his station; and lays himself down on his pillow, in the evening, in the sweet consciousness of the applause of his own heart. Place this man on the stormy seas of misfortune and sorrow—press him with afflictive dispensations of Providence —snatch from his arms the object of his affections—separate him for ever from all he loved and held dear on earth; and leave him isolated and an outcast in the world, —he is calm —he is composed— he is grateful —he weeps, for human nature is weak; but he still preserves his composure and resignation —he still looks up to the Giver of all good, with thankfulness and praise; and perseveres, with calmness and fortitude, in the path of righteousness. His disappointments cannot overwhelm him; for his chief hopes

are placed far, very far, beyond the reach of human vicissitude. 'He hath chosen that good part which none can take away from him.'

Here, then, lies the great excellence of religion and piety; they not only lead to *eternal* happiness, but to the happiness of this world; they not only ensure everlasting bliss, but they are the sole means of arriving at that degree of felicity which this dark and stormy being is capable of, and are the sole supports in the hour of adversity and affliction. How infatuated, then, must that man be, who can wilfully shut his eyes to his own welfare, and deviate from the paths of righteousness which lead to bliss! Even allowing him to entertain the erroneous notion that religion does not lead to happiness in this life, his conduct is incompatible with every idea of a reasonable being. In the Spectator, we find the following image employed to induce a conviction of the magnitude of this truth: supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball, or mass, of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years; supposing, then, that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass was consuming, by this slow method, till there was not a grain of it left, on condition that you were to be miserable ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed that, in this case, so many * * * * * * *

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The life of man is transient and unstable: its fairest passages are but a lighter shade of evil; and yet those passages form but a disproportionate part of the pic-

ture. We all seek Happiness, though with different degrees of avidity; while the fickle object of our pursuits continually evades the grasp of those who are the most eager in the chase; and, perhaps, at last throws herself into the arms of those who had entirely lost all sight of her, and who, when they are most blessed with her enjoyments, are least conscious that they possess her. Were the objects in which we placed the consummation of our wishes always virtuous, and the means employed to arrive at the bourn of our desires uniformly good, there can be little doubt that the aggregate of mankind would be as happy as is consistent with the state in which they live: but, unfortunately, vicious men pursue vicious ends, by vicious means; and, by so doing, not only ensure their own misery, but they overturn and destroy the fair designs of the wiser and the better of their kind. Thus, he who has no idea of a bliss beyond the gratification of his brutal appetites, involves, in the crime of seduction, the peace and the repose of a good and happy family; and an individual act of evil extends itself, by a continued impulse, over a large portion of society. It is thus that men of bad minds become the pest of the societies of which they happen to be members. It is thus that the virtuous among men pay the bitter penalty of the crimes and follies of their unworthy fellows.

Men who have passed their whole lives in the lap of luxury and enjoyment, have no idea of misery, beyond that of which they happen to be the individual objects. * * *

THE END.

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